

K Stanhope (P. 8)
THE

Humours of the Times,

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

SEVERAL CURIOUS PIECES,

IN VERSE and PROSE.

By the most CELEBRATED GENIUSSES,

For MIRTH, WIT, and HUMOUR:

PARTICULARLY,

Lord CHESTERFIELD,
Lord LYTTELTON,
Mr. WILKES,

Mr. CHURCHILL,
Mr. POTTER, and
Dr. AKENSIDE.

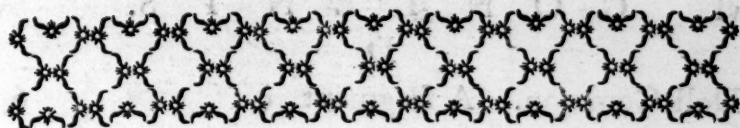
&c. &c. &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXI.

[Price Four Shillings and Sixpence.]





T H E
C O N T E N T S.

A		
A Simile	— —	3
A description of London	—	26
A dialogue in a thin house	—	30
A curious advertisement, versified	—	78
An ode in 1764	— —	81
A sketch. Written on the change of the ministry in 1765	— —	95
A parody on the famous ballad of Chevy- Chace	— —	103
A new political creed for 1766	—	117
An apology for Mr. P	— —	123
An epistle to a friend in the country	—	130
Analogy between legislation and horse-racing		172
C		
Corinna vindicated	— —	10
Colonel Drumgold. By lord Lyttelton		41
Curious Description of West Wycombe church, By Mr. John Wilkes	—	47
		Doll

vi C O N T E N T S.

D

Doll Common. A fragment. 6

E

Epigram on a certain lady's coming into the
rooms at Bath with a diamond crescent
in her hair. By Mr. Potter —

Epigram on the battle of Minden — 31

Epigram ————— 43

Epigram	—	—	—	77
---------	---	---	---	----

Earl of C——'s apology — 139

F

Female characters ————— 93

H

Hints for a political print ————— 157

I

Invitation to the dowager duchess D'Aiguillon.

By Lord Lyttelton 40

Inscription for a column at Runnymede,
Windfor. By Dr. Akenfide — 86

Inscription for the Statues sent to America 120

L

Lord Lyttelton's letter to the earl of Hardwicke 38

M

Mr. Pitt's letter to his friend in the city,
verified ————— 44

N

New and humorous method of reading the
news-papers ————— 164
On

C O N T E N T S. vii

O

On Mr. Nash's picture at full length between the busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath. By the earl of Chesterfield	28
On the monuments in Westminster-abbey. By C. Churchill	32
On Mr. Pitt's resignation in 1761	34
On the dismission of earl Temple from the lieutenancy of the county of Bucks	76
On the thirtieth of November, being St. Andrew's day, and the birth day of the princess dowager of Wales	77
On a certain lawyer's taking a patent of pre- cedence	80
On the execution of John Ayliffe, Esq;	163

P

Proposals for the print of a late commoner, with a specimen	136
--	-----

Q

Quin's soliloquy on seeing duke Humphry at St. Alban's. By D. G.	43
---	----

S

Stanzas addressed to no minister nor great man	12
Stanzas addressed to a great minister and great man	15
Sent with a piece of painted flowered silk to lady	

viii C O N T E N T S

lady Charles Spencer, who said she was low in pocket. By countess Temple	87
Singular inscriptions in earl Temple's gardens at Stowe	91

T

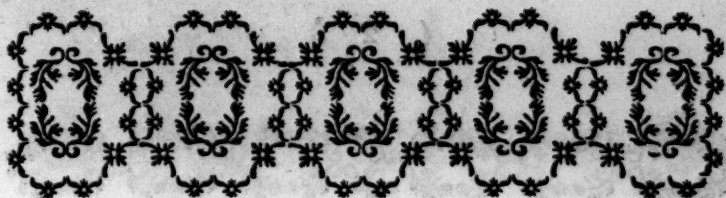
The Beavers. A fable, by Mr. Kenrick	18
The three conjurors. A political interlude	54
To the earl Temple on gardening. By Countess Temple	88
To the late minority, on reading the history of their conduct	97
The muse at a horse-race	99
The earl. An ode	124
The coronet. A song	126
To lord C——m. An ode	152
The Jesuit's double-faced creed	156
Two extraordinary advertisements	174

V

Verses written in Windsor Park in 1762. By C Churchill	33
Virtue and Fame. To the countess of Egremont. By lord Lyttelton	35
——Addition extempore. By the earl of Hardwicke	37

W

Written under the picture of doctor Hayter, after his dismissal from being governor to the prince of Wales	2
--	---



A N

E P I G R A M

On a certain Lady's coming into the
Room at Bath, with a Diamond
Crescent in her Hair.

By Mr. P O T T E R.

CHaste Dian's crescent on her front display'd,
Behold! the wife proclaims herself a maid!
Come, fierce Taillard, or fiercer Julius, come;
On this fair subject urge the contest home,
Pluck honour from this emblematic moon,
And solve the point which puzzles W——n:
This radiant emblem you may then transpose,
And give the horned crescent to the spouse.

B

Written.



Written under the PICTURE of

Dr. HAYTER, Bishop of *Norwich*,

Soon after he was dismissed from his
Post of Governor to the Prince of
WALES, in 1752.

NOT gentler virtues glow'd in Cambray's
breast,
Not more his young Telemachus was blest'd ;
'Till envy, faction, and ambitious rage
Drove from a guilty court the pious sage.
Back to his flock with transport he withdrew,
And but one sigh, an honest one, he knew !
O guard my royal pupil, heav'n ! he said ;
Let not this youth be, like my age betray'd !
I would have form'd his footsteps in thy way—
But " vice prevails, and impious men bear sway."



A S I M I L E.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
 Harbour'd strange notions in her head,
 Notions in town quite out of fashion :
 Such as, that love's a dangerous passion ;
 That virtue is the maiden's jewel ;
 And, to be safe, she must be cruel.

Thus arm'd, she'ad long secur'd her honour
 From all assaults yet made upon her,
 Had scratch'd th'impetuous captain's hand ;
 Had torn the lawyer's gown and band ;
 And gold refus'd from knights and squires
 To bribe her to her own desires :
 For, to say truth, she thought it hard
 To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,
 She saw by others freely tasted ;
 So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted :
 Yet notwithstanding her condition,
 Continued firm in opposition.

At length a troop of horse came down,
 And quarter'd in a neighbouring town.

The cornet, he was tall and young,
 And had a most bewitching tongue.
 They saw and lik'd. The siege begun,
 Each hour he some advantage won.
 He ogled first ;—she turn'd away ;—
 But met his eyes the following day.
 Then her reluctant hand he seizes :
 That soon she gives him, when he pleases.
 Her ruby lips he next attacks :—
 She struggles ;—in a while she smacks.
 Her snowy breasts he then invades :
 That yields too after some parades ;
 And of that fortress once possess'd,
 He quickly masters all the rest.
 No longer now, a dupe to fame,
 She smothers, or resists her flame,
 But loves without or fear for shame.

So have I seen the *Tory* race,
 Long in the pouts for want of place,
 Never in humour, never well,
 Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
 Their heads with country-notions fraught,
 Notions in town not worth a groat,
 These tenets all reluctant quit,
 And step by step at last submit,
 To reason, eloquence, and *Pitt*.

At

At first to Hanover a plum
 Was sent—They said—*A trivial sum,*
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and swore they'd cry out Murder.
 Ere long a larger sum is wanted,
 They pish'd and frown'd,—but still they granted—
 He push'd for more, and more again—
Well money's better sent than men.
 Here virtue made another stand——
No—not a man shall leave the land.
 “What?—not one regiment to Embden?”
 They start, but now they're fairly hemm'd in.
 These soon and many more are sent.—
 They're silent—Silence gives consent.
 Our troops they now can plainly see,
 May Britain guard in Germany:
 Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians
 Are paid t'oppose the French and Russians;
 Nor scruple they with truth to say,
 They're fighting for America.
 No more they make a fiddle-faddle
 About an Hessian horse or saddle;
 No more of Continental measures,
 No more of wasting British treasures;
 Ten millions, and a vote of credit——
 'Tis right—he can't be wrong, who did it:
 They're fairly fous'd o'er head and ears,
 And cur'd of all their rustic fears.

DOLL



DOLL COMMON.

A FRAGMENT.

In answer to the foregoing.

* * * * *

So lost to sense of shame and duty,

Doll came to town, to sell her beauty:

Cælia, her friend, with heart-felt pain,

Had preach'd up virtue's lore in vain:

In vain she tried each winning art;

For Doll had lewdness in her heart.

Thus bent to be a sordid whore,

She knock'd at prostitution's door,

** arose, and let her in,

And stroak'd her cheek, and chuck'd her chin;

While far from whimpers, fobs, or weeping,

Doll curt'sied, and was soon in keeping:

Now

Now in Hyde Park she flaunts by day,
 At night she flutters at the play.
 This keeper and a second dy'd;
 Now Doll is humbled in her pride.
 At length she comes upon the town;
 First palms a guinea, then a crown;
 Nay, slander says, that underhand,
 The forlorn wretch would walk the Strand;
 'Till grown the scorn of man and woman,
 A pot of beer would buy Doll Common.

Mean time, deep smit with honest flame,
 Cælia espous'd a youth of fame;
 From the chaste bed fair issue sprung;
 With peals of joy the country rung.
 Again the matron pregnant grown,
 Now hastens to lie in, in town.
 There *near* the Park, Doll Common *found* her,
 (Her little family around her)
 Then Doll began—so modest miss!
 Is all your prud'ry come to this?
 Why, by your apron's round, I see,
 You're e'en a strumpet rank, like me:
 “ *Quite cur'd of all your rustick fears,*
 “ *And fairly sous'd o'er head and ears.*”

Coy

Coy simp'ring maids, I find can sin :
 For shame your belly's at your chin :
 In spite of all your virt'ous lore,
 You're now become an errant whore.

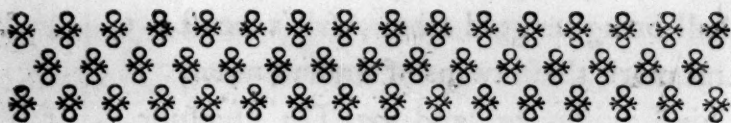
Fair Cælia's cheek a blush o'erspread ;
 And thus with calm disdain she said ;
 That love possesses me, 'tis true ;
 Yet heav'n be praised ! I am not you ;
" My head's with country notions fraught,
" Notions to you not worth a groat."

Aided by ev'ry virt'ous art,
 A gen'rous youth hath won my heart.
 Yet never did I yield my charms,
 'Till honour led me to his arms.
 My charms I never basely fold ;
 I am no prostitute for gold ;
 On my own rents I liv'd before,
 Nor has my William added more.
 Wealth is our scorn ; our humble labours
 Aim but to serve or save our neighbours.
 See—Heav'n has blest our chaste embrace ;
 Behold this little smiling race,
 The offspring of an honest bed ;——
 Here, Senegal, hold up your head :

This

This tawny boy, his parents boast,
 Shall bring us gold from Afric's coast :
 And mark these twins of Indian mien,
 This Louisbourg, and that Du Quesne :
 Their bold and honest looks presage
 They'll be our comfort in old age.
 And if the babe that swells my womb,
 To a propitious birth shall come,
 O'erjoy'd I'll bless the happy day,
 And call our child America.

Thus Cælia spake with modest grace,
 But rage deform'd the harlot's face :
 Her fiery eyes began to roll,
 A hag in look, a fiend in soul :
 And now she vomits forth the din
 Of oyster-wenches drunk with gin.
 Nay, rumour scruples not to tell ye,
 The strumpet kick'd the matron's belly,
 Of the fair coming birth afraid ;
 For black *abortion* was her trade.



CORINNA VINDICATED.

CORINNA, virtue's child, and chaste
 As *vestal* made of yore,
 Nor sought the nuptial rites in haste,
 Nor yet those rights forswore.

Her, many a worthless knight, to wed,
 Pursu'd in various shaps;
 But she, tho' chusing not to lead,
 Would not be led by——*Apes*.

Roysters they were, and each a mere
 Penelope's gallant;
 They eat and drank up all her chear,
 And lov'd her into want.

See her by W—— first address'd,
 (But W—— caught a Tartar)
 Him, while an ill-earn'd ribband grac'd,
 She wore a nobler garter.

A pair of brothers next advance,
 Alike for business fit:
 The filly 'gan to kick and prance,
 And spurn the P—— bit.

But who comes next? O well I ken
 Him playing fast and loose;
 Cease, F—, the prey will ne'er be thine,
 Corinna's not a goose.

See, last, the man by heav'n design'd,
 To make Corinna bless'd;
 To ev'ry virtuous act inclin'd,
 All *patriot* in his breast.

He woo'd the fair with manly sense,
 And, flattery apart,
 By dint of sterling eloquence
 Subdu'd Corinna's heart.

She gave her hand—but, left her hand,
 So giv'n, should prove a curse,
 The *priest* omitted, by command,
For better and for worse.



Some STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO

No MINISTER nor Great MAN.

WITH all thy titles, all thy large estate,
And all the favours which a king can grant,
Something is wanting still to make *thee* great,
And still that something *thou* wilt ever want.

For is it greatness, at a sumptuous board
To feast a county, and to hear thy name
'Mid noisy revels riotously roar'd,
When longer than the banquet, lasts not fame?

Or is it greatness in the pomp of pow'r
Each morn a crowd obsequious to collect,
Pleas'd to accept th' obeisance of an hour,
When with the levee endeth all respect?

He

He who is great, some nobler purpose shews :

Nor feasts nor levees *his* attention claim :

That which is fit and right he first pursues,

And after finds it justify'd by fame.

What tho' a fawning academic train,

O shame to learning ! on thy footsteps wait ;

Tho' flattering muses in a courtly strain

Salute *thee* pillar of the British state ;

Yet in fair history's impartial page,

Penn'd nor in flatt'ring nor invective strain,

Truth will report *thee* to the future age

No statesman, but a courtier light and vain.

For hath *thy* civil prudence well upheld

The state, 'gainst foreign or domestic foe ?

Was fierce rebellion by *thy* counsels quell'd ?

By *thee* averted Gallia's threat'ned blow ;

Where was thy foresight, when the Gaul prepar'd

To seize the provinces of Albion's realm ?

That foul disgrace with *thee* tho' *others* shar'd,

Yet seiz'd they were when *thou* wert at the helm ?

And

And tho' once more Britannia lifts her head;
 By pow'rful nations fees herself rever'd,
 And hails her valiant sons by glory led
 T'assault that realm whence late assault she
 fear'd;

Yet from their deeds no honour *thou* can'st gain,
 Tho' vict'ry's laurels should their brows intwine:
 For when did'st *thou* their arduous toils maintain?
 Or of their bold exploits which plan was *thine*?

Did'st *thou* secure the harvest of the land
 Amid invasion's threat and war's alarm?
 When martial weapons fill'd the reaper's hand,
 Was it *thy* voice exhorted him to harm?

Have fleets and armies by *thy* orders mov'd
 To distant lands and oceans far remote?
 And when success those orders hath approv'd,
 Do crowds *thy* wisdom and *thy* spirit note?

Yet in the triumph *thou* assum'st a share,
 Bufling, important, full of giddy zeal;
 And vainly fit'st with ministerial air,
 A fly of state on glory's chariot-wheel.



STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO

A Great Minister and Great Man.

WITH titles, honours, and a large estate,
 And all a favour'd subject can possess,
 Can ought be wanting still to make thee great,
 Or can envenom'd slander make thee less ?

For sure 'tis greatness, nobly to disdain
 The high rewards that wait the statesman's toils,
 And rather, with unsparing hand, to drain
 Thy private wealth, than share the public spoils.

And sure 'tis greatness to the muse's choir
 Thy fost'ring care and bounty to extend,
 With royal smiles her grateful train to fire,
 And Attic grace with Spartan morals blend.

Who,

Who, such a length of years, 'midst party rage
 And veering patriots, with deserv'd applause,
 In place, in pow'r, has shone, from youth to age,
 True to his king and to his country's cause?

On whose firm credit, ere the terms were known,
 Have Britain's wealthy sons so oft rely'd,
 In whom such boundless confidence been shewn,
 Or on whose word such millions been supply'd?

Hence to thy toils each distant nation pays
 That just regard which envy here denies;
 Hence, future annals shall record thy praise,
 And lasting trophies to thy honour rise.

Who, when of old the public torrent ran,
 With boist'rous rage, polluted from its source,
 In early life, with care and cost began
 To check, to turn, and regulate its course?

Who, unreprouch'd, has since for half an age,
 In freedom's cause such stedfast zeal approv'd?
 Who cou'd th' esteem of Sire and Son engage,
 By each entrusted; and by each belov'd?

And

And tho' detraction now these wreaths would tear,
 And break those bands whence all our triumphs
 flow,

Who plac'd our Tully in the consul's chair ?
 To whose advice this statesman do we owe ?

Say, when Hortensius in the senate rose,
 Who on his rival fix'd his sov'reign's choice ?
 That well-weigh'd choice deplor'd by Britain's
 foes,
 And prais'd with transport by the public voice !

Still may the world, *distinguish'd pair*, behold
 What bliss your country to this union owes !
 Still to the winds her conqu'ring flags unfold,
 And pour her strength collected on her foes !

And oh ! in glory's radiance tho' the flies
 Of envy float, on brisk but transient wing,
 Their harmless rage regard with scornful eyes,
 Nor heed their buzz, — you cannot fear their
 sting.

D.

THE



T H E
B E A V E R S.
A F A B L E.

W R I T T E N in M D C C L I X.

Sic vos non vobis.

O N C E on a time, how long ago
Perhaps chronologifts may know,
On a wide lake, far north and cold,
A race of beavers had their hold ;
Their ifland cabbins duly ftor'd,
And feafted at a plenteous board.
To induftry and labour bred,
Mean-while they toil'd, as well as fed ;

Nor

Nor waited their decreasing store
 To fail, ere provident of more.
 Continual plenty, hence, by stealth,
 Grew up to luxury and wealth :
 When now, alas ! in evil hour,
 To wealth succeeds the thirst of power.
 No longer satisfy'd to reign
 Sole masters of the wat'ry main,
 To see the trembling otter fly,
 Hereditary enemy !
 Condemn'd, tho' starving on the shore,
 To trespass on the lake no more :
 Contented not that nature gave
 The spoils and triumphs of the wave ;
 But, vainly fond to shew their might,
 Or turn out champions for the *right*,
 They interfere in all disputes
 Between the continental brutes,
 And, parties in their feuds to make,
 Their island tenements forsake ;
 Transporting madly brutes and stores,
 Blind war to wage on foreign shores,
 And save, from otters, bears or cats,
 Land-beavers vile or worthless rats.
 Mean-while, at home, in various ways
 Their wealth's consum'd, their strength decays ;

Recruits and payment of allies
 Demand exorbitant supplies ;
 While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd,
 Their little state is only drain'd.

Sagacious creatures shall we call
 The brutes that squander thus their all ?
 Or shall we not their wit deride,
 Who thus expose their weakest side ?

But time and circumstance you say,
 May change the face of things.---They may :
 Yet neither, sure, can change the nature,
 Of brutal more than human creature !
 And yet, as if some revolution
 Had happen'd in his constitution,
 Thus, oft' the beaver leaves his home,
 On mountain-wilds, for wars, to roam ;
 Unnat'ral wars ! to him at least,
 Amphibious, moisture-loving beast !
 In which, a gen'rous jack, with pride,
 He always takes the weakest side ;
 And hires the poor at his expence,
 To stand up in their own defence :
 While ten to one, he trusts the Gods,
 To him are even trifling odds :

As

As if, to win, his surest way
 Was still to choose the losing play,
 Or loggerheads he took delight in,
 And fought but for the sake of fighting.

Yet beavers are accounted wise,
 And need no burthenfome allies ;
 Their holds, in liquid walls immur'd,
 From danger and assaults secur'd.

Alas, dame Nature surely meant
 Each creature for its element.
 If birds must dive and fishes fly,
 What wonder if they droop and die !

Now so it happ'd, as poets sing,
 A Land-rat was the beaver's king :
 By all belov'd, without dispute,
 A just, humane, and honest brute ;
 Who, yet, throughout his gracious reign,
 Too highly priz'd his old domain ;
 Too poor, too weak, without allies
 To stand amidst its enemies.
 And therefore at their own expence
 The beavers purchas'd its defence ;

Or

Or when by chance of war 'twas lost
 Redeem'd it always at their cost ;
 Bribing the tygers, bears and cats,
 With subsidies to spare the rats,
 And keeping in their constant pay,
 The bandogs, not to prowl that way.

Now on a day, it so fell out,
 The landed brutes began their rout,
 A cat, of cat-a-mountain race,
 Spit in the lordly tyger's face ;
 And, aided by a wild she-bear,
 In pieces vow'd his limbs to tear.
 The tyger bravely bid defiance,
 And claim'd the beaver-king's alliance.
 Mean-while the otters join'd the cats,
 And wreak'd their vengeance on the rats :
 A vengeance they were urg'd to take,
 For what they suffer'd on the lake ;
 Where now their fishing haunts were gone,
 And holds all ruin'd, one by one ;
 And not an otter dar'd to dive,
 Or, daring, reach'd the shore alive..
 So powerful were the beaver's grown,
 While conquest made the lake their own !

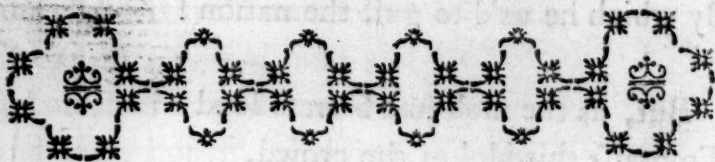
Vain conquest ! if constrain'd, at last,
 To fully all their glory past,
 By giving back each dear-bought prize,
 To save their poor or weak allies ;
 Who now, by num'rous foes enthrall'd,
 Aloud for their assistance call'd ;
 The beavers readily consenting
 To do, what done, they're sure repenting.
 And yet, alas ! 'twas all in vain,
 The patriots ventur'd to complain :
 'Twas all in vain to represent
 The stores immense they yearly spent,
 How much they ow'd, and, to their sorrow,
 How much they still were forc'd to borrow :
 In vain they shew'd the end they fought,
 When, 'gainst the otters first they fought,
 By almost ev'ry battle gain'd,
 At length completely was obtain'd ;
 And therefore, having got their end,
 They need no longer to contend ;
 But, standing on their own defence,
 Might now contract the war's expence :
 And, would the foe accept of peace,
 Exact a general release ;
 Or, sparing thus their blood and treasure,
 Might leave him to make peace at leisure.

Remonstrance

Remonstrance just! but 'twas in vain:
 Success had turn'd each beaver's brain;
 The tyger's martial fame and fire
 Did all their heated breasts inspire;
 And every honest, plodding, beaver,
 Seiz'd with a military fever,
 Careless of what was done, or doing,
 Ran, fighting-mad, the road to ruin.
 Nay, ev'n the chief, who, once, more loud
 Than any of the patriot crowd,
 Roar'd out his insolent reflections
 On the great Rat and his connections,
 A ministerial beaver grown,
 Now bow'd obedient to the throne;
 And worse, than either of the *brothers*,
 Adapted measures, damn'd in others;
 Measures himself condemn'd so late,
 As big with ruin to the state!
 Yet now he swallow'd all th' objections,
 He made before to land connections.
 " The Tyger's call, the Rats' distress,
 " Demanded instantly redress;
 " And gen'rous brutes should sacrifice
 " Themselves, their all, for their allies."
 How much unlike this specious cant,
 To all his former, noisy, rant!

To that fine, florid, declamation,
By which he us'd to gull the nation !

But, as the mob had been so loud
To praise this idol of the crowd,
His friends were now asham'd to own
Their honest chief had chang'd his tone ;
And let him lead them, by the snout,
As though he ne'er had turn'd about.
Mean-while, with grief, the patriot few,
Who best the beaver-int'rest knew,
Saw him, on every slight pretence,
Abuse the public confidence ;
And enter into every measure,
Contriv'd to squander blood and treasure :
Beheld the waste of both increase
To purchase war, instead of peace ;
While more their toil and less their gain :
How just a reason to complain !
The fruits of half their labour thrown
Away, in quarrels not their own.



A

DESCRIPTION

O F

L O N D O N.

HOUSES, churches mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

Warrants,

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicans,
 Noble, simple, all conditions :
 Worth, beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villainy, bedawb'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
 Some that will not—more that will.

Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a widow not unwilling ;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it,
 This is London—How d'ye like it ?



O N

Mr. *NASH*'s PICTURE,

At full Length, between the Busts of
Sir I. NEWTON, and Mr. POPE, at *Bath*.

By the Earl of *CHESTERFIELD*.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic drefs ;
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guesfs.

Moderns, to hit the self-fame path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath :
Forgive them, god of arts !

Newton,

Newton, if I can judge aright,

All wisdom doth exprefs :

His knowledge gives mankind delight,

Adds to their happinefs.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,

The fun-shine of the mind :

Read o'er his works in fearch of it,

You'll endless pleasure find.

Nafh represents man in the mafs,

Made up of wrong and right,

Sometimes a knave, sometimes an afs :

Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the bufts between,

Adds to the thought much ftrengh ;

Wifdom and Wit, are little feen,

But Folly's at full length.



A Dialogue in a thin House.

SAYS Sir John to lord E—, how uncrowded
we sit,

And find no delay, or from reason or wit!

Your pencil was fear'd and your notes caus'd
remark,

But now all is snug without *hear him, or bark!*

Let's into the country, and wait some event,

LORD E—. But what shall we tell those by
whom we were sent?

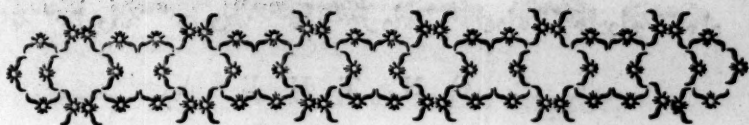
SIR J--. We must tell them, in short, that
attendance is vain,

Till business is done in the house once again;

For that now at the council the laws are all made,

And the Commons are Cyphers in taxes and trade.

EPIGRAM



E P I G R A M.

On the Battle of *Minden*.

IN ancient times the Roman laws decreed
 A sure reward for ev'ry martial deed ;
 And he who *sav'd one Roman life*, 'tis said,
 A Civic crown embrac'd the hero's head.—
 —Hail happy times, and justly Golden nam'd !
 Ye gave rewards where Britons would be blam'd.
 He *now*, who saves our men, no crown obtains ;
 Who saves our ships, we shoot him for his pains.
 Since these are so, it follows then of course,
 Small's the reward *for him who saves our horse*.



ON THE
MONUMENTS.
IN
WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

By the late Mr. C. CHURCHILL.

IN fam'd cathedrál, who'd expect
Pallas, a heathen goddess,
To lift her shield, come to protect
Lord Stanhope—this most odd is !

Or to see Hercules, a son
Of Jupiter (as fabled)
Hov'ring like old nurse, o'er an Admiral's bust,
As if his pupil, or by him enabled.

What could they more,
In times of yore
Do, heroes to defend ?
What could our stage exhibit more,
Than make the Gods descend ?

Verges,

Verger, or Beadle, who thou art,
 That hast the supervising part,
 Fain would I-mace lay thee on ;
 For Dean's-Yard boys, with much surprife,
 Being thus greatly edify'd,
 May throw their books of Heathen Gods aside ;
 And, shortly, there (I fear) see rise
 In statuary, *The whole Pantheon.*



Verfes written in *Windfor* Park.

In the Year MDCC LXII.

By the fame.

WHEN Pope to fatire gave its lawful way,
 And made the Nimrods of mankind his
 prey,

When haughty Windfor heard thro' ev'ry wood ;
 Their fhame, who durst be great, yet not be good ;
 Who drunk with pow'r, and with ambition blind,
 Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind ;

F

Sinking

Sinking the man to magnify the prince,
 Were heretofore what Stuarts have been since :
 Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
 How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,
 Inspir'd by virtue, and for freedom bold,
 Matters of diff'rent import have foretold !
 How might his muse, if any muse's tongue
 Could equal such an argument, have sung.
 One William who makes all mankind his care,
 And shines the saviour of his country there ;
 One William who to every heart gives law ;
 The son of George, the image of Nassau !



O N

Mr. *PITT*'s RESIGNATION

In M DCC LXI.

NE'ER yet in vain did heav'n its omens send,
 Some dreadful ills unusual signs portend !
 When Pitt resign'd, a nation's tears will own,
 ‡ *Then fell the brightest jewel in the crown.*

‡ Alluding to the largest jewel falling out of the King's crown at his coronation.

VIRTUE



VIRTUE and FAME.

TO THE

Countess of EGREMONT.

By Lord LYTTELTON.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way,
Said Virtue, 'Hark ye, madam Fame,
' Your ladyship is much too blame;
' Jove bids you always wait on me,
' And yet your face I seldom see.
' The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
' And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
' Or, thund'ring thro' the ranks of war,
' Ambition ties you to her car.'

Saith Fame, ‘ Dear madam, I protest,
 ‘ I never find myself so blest
 ‘ As when I humbly wait behind you ;
 ‘ But ’tis so mighty hard to find you !
 ‘ In such obscure retreats you lurk !
 ‘ To seek you is an endless work.’

‘ Well,’ answer’d Virtue, ‘ I allow
 ‘ Your plea, But hear, and mark me now.
 ‘ I know (without offence to others)
 ‘ I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 ‘ Who never pass’d an useless day
 ‘ In scandal, gossiping, or play ;
 ‘ Whose modest wit, chastis’d by sense,
 ‘ Is lively, chearful innocence ;
 ‘ Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 ‘ Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 ‘ Nor rul’d by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 ‘ Her parents’ joy, her husband’s passion.

Fame smil’d, and answer’d, ‘ On my life,
 ‘ This is some country parson’s wife,
 ‘ Who never saw the court nor town,
 ‘ Whose face is homely as her gown ;
 ‘ Who banquets upon eggs and bacon —
 ‘ No, Madam, no — You’re much mistaken —

‘ I

- ‘ I beg you’ll let me fet you right —
- ‘ ’Tis one with every beauty bright ;
- ‘ Adorn’d with ev’ry polish’d art
- ‘ That rank or fortune can impart ;
- ‘ ’Tis the most celebrated toast
- ‘ That Britain’s spacious isle can boast ;
- ‘ ’Tis princely Petworth’s noble dame ;
- ‘ Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame !’

ADDITION EXTEMPORE,

By the EARL of HARDWICKE.

- Fame heard with pleasure—strait reply’d,
- ‘ First on my roll stands Wyndham’s bride.
 - ‘ My trumpet oft I’ve rais’d to sound
 - ‘ Her modest praise the world around ;
 - ‘ But notes were wanting.—Can’st thou find
 - ‘ A muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 - ‘ Believe me, I can name but one,
 - ‘ A friend of yours — ’tis Lyttelton.”

Lord



Lord L——'s LETTER

TO THE

EARL of HARDWICKE.

Occasioned by the foregoing VERSES.

MY LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me avision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The muse who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.

She

She smil'd, and said, ' Once more I see
 ' My fugitive returns to me ;
 ' Long had I lost you from my bower,
 ' You scorn'd to own my gentle power ;
 ' With me no more your genius sported,
 ' The grave historic muse you courted ;
 ' Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
 ' Pursu'd Urania through the skies ;
 ' But now, to my forsaken track,
 ' Fair Egremont has brought you back ;
 ' Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 ' That soft, that pleasing path to tread ;
 ' For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 ' Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 ' Lo ! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 ' Her fav'rite son the goddess brings,
 ' The council's and the senate's guide :
 ' Law's oracle, the nation's pride :
 ' He comes, he joys with thee to join
 ' In singing Wyndham's charms divine ;
 ' To thine he adds his nobler lays,
 ' Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 ' Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt,
 ' His fame with burgeses, or with cit ;
 ' For sure one line from such a bard
 ' Virtue would think her best reward.'



INVITATION

TO THE

Dowager Duchefs D'AIGUILLON.

By Lord *LYTTELTON*.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendship bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which envy's self disarms
Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So shall by France amends be made
(If such a debt can e'er be paid)
For having, with seducing art
From Britain stol'n her H--v-y's heart.

TO



T O

Colonel DRUMGOLD.

 By the same.

DRUMGOLD whose ancestors from Albion's
shore

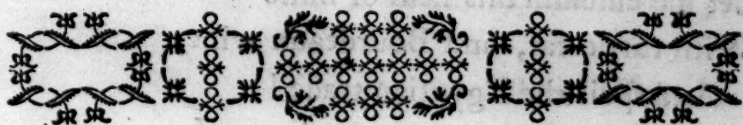
Their conqu'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
 Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came;
 Its force, its energy to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
 The graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th'Aonian choir,

G

And

And gave to sober wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;
 By pride unfullied, genuine dignity ;
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
 And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

EPIGRAM



E P I G R A M.

SAYS epicure Quin ! should the D---l in H-ll,
 In fishing for men take delight,
 His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
 By G-d, I am sure I should bite !



QUIN'S SOLILOQUY.

ON SEEING

Duke HUMPHRY at *St. Alban's*.

A Plague on Egypt's arts, I say !
 Embalm the dead ! on senseless clay
 Rich wines and spices waste !
 Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
 Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
 Which I can never taste ?

G 2

Let

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
 With turtle-fat, and Bourdeaux wine,
 And spoil the Egyptian trade !
 Than Humphry's duke more happy I —
 Embalm'd *alive*, old Quin shall die
 A mummy ready made.



Mr. *PITT*'s LETTER*

To his Friend in the City, versified.

It was written on Occasion of his resigning the
 SEALS in M DCC LXI.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING found with surprise, that my late
 resignation,
 Both in manner and cause, by misrepresentation
 Hath been grossly abus'd: that his Majesty's grace,
 Which follow'd, *spontaneous*, my quitting my place,

* There was no genuine answer to this Letter, as was pretended.

Hath

Hath been slander'd most basely, and vilely per-
verted

To a bargain, for having the public deserted ;
The truth of these facts I am forc'd to proclaim,
And the manner, no gentlemen surely will blame.
That I, and the Council were of diff'rent opinions
Of importance to Britain, her crown and domi-
nions,

Regarding the measures we should take against
Spain,

(Yet pray, my dear Sir, understand what I mean)
Not founded on what she may now be designing,
But what she has done, was my cause for resigning.

Lord Temple and I submitted in writing,
And sign'd by us both, our project for fighting,
But as the whole council against us combin'd,
On the fifth of this instant the seals I resign'd,
That I might not for measures hereafter be try'd,
Which I was not allow'd any longer to guide.
Most gracious the marks of the king's appro-
bation,

That follow'd, not went before, my resignation,
No merit I boasted, no pension I crav'd,
Yet with pride from the best of all sov'reigns, re-
ceiv'd,

For

For the honour of truth I these matters explain,
 Nor any man's confidence wish to regain,
 Who with a credulity weak as unjust,
 Can suspect one of basely betraying his trust,
 Who long serv'd his country with zeal and suc-
 cess,

And rais'd her to glory from shame and distress :
 Who justly the candid and upright reveres,
 But the base and capricious nor values, nor fears.
 I beg, my dear sir, my best thanks you'll receive
 For all your *kind friendship*, and will always be-
 lieve,

That I am, &c. &c. &c.

CURIOUS



CURIOUS DESCRIPTION

O. F

West-Wycombe Church, &c.

By Mr. JOHN WILKES.

I AM just returned from a tour into Buckinghamshire, which has afforded me much pleasure. The noble prospect from Cliefdenhouse enchanted me, and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of Stowe. As an Englishman, I was pleased that all the great patriots

patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred, king William the third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive there that just tribute of praise, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to superior virtue. At Stowe both ancient and modern virtue are enshrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good taste, but patriotism, are conspicuous in that delightful paradise, the favourite abode of the virtues, graces, and muses. *Stowe*, however, has so often been described by abler pens, that I shall dwell no longer there, tho' I never leave it without the most sensible regret.

I returned by West-Wycombe, and passed a day in viewing the villa of Lord Le Despencer, and the church he has just built on the *top* of a hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the *bottom* of it. I must own, the noble lord's gardens gave me no stronger idea of his virtue or patriotism, than the situation of the new built church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade or vanity. I believe this is the first church which has ever been built for a prospect.

prospect. The word memento in immense letters on the steeple surprised and perplexed me. I could not find the *mori*, or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble lord. As to the elegance of the *Latin*, his lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his English. *Memento meri* is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the other word on the outside must be *meri*, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the steeple, which is hollowed and made so very convenient in the inside for the celebration, not of devotional, but of convivial rites, that it is the best globe tavern I was ever in; but I must own that I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate, as his lordship's was from a high station, which *turned his head too*. I admire likewise the silence and secrecy which reign in that great globe, undisturbed but by his jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy, it is the most convenient place imaginable; and it is whispered, that a negotiation was here entamée

by the noble lord himself, with messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his lordship's oratory; but if from perverseness neither of those gentlemen then yielded to his wise reasons, nor to his dazzling offers, they were both delighted with his divine milk punch.

There is one remarkable temple in the gardens at West-Wycombe, dedicated to—the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for ****. To this object his lordship's devotion is undoubtedly sincere, though I believe now not fervent, nor do I take him to be often prostrate, or indeed in any way very regular in his ejaculations. He is however here consistent, for he keeps up the same public worship in the country, which he has been accustomed to in town. There was for many years in the great room at the King's Arms tavern, in Old Palace-yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood presented by himself to the *Dilettanti* club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, kneeling before the Venus of Medicis, his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modesty of nature seems most desirous to conceal,

conceal, and a bumper in his hand, with the words *matri sanctorum* in capitals. The glory too, which, till then had only encircled the sacred heads of our Saviour and the apostles, is made to beam on that favourite spot, and seems to pierce the hallowed gloom of Maidenhead-thicket. The public saw, and were for many years offended with so infamous a picture, yet it remained there, 'till that club left the house. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at first what is called an *error in limine*; for the entrance to it is the same entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is what some idle wits have called the door of life. It is reported that, on a late visit to his chancellor, lord Bute particularly admired this building, and advised the noble owner to lay out the 500l. bequeathed to him by lord Melcombe's will for an erection, in a Paphian column to stand at the entrance, and it is said he advised it to be made of Scottish pebbles. There are in these gardens no busts of Socrates, Epaminondas, or Hampden, but there is a most indecent statue of the unnatural satyr; and, at the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns sacred to the Ephesian matron, and

to Potiphar's wife, with the inscriptions *Matronæ Ephesiæ Cineres, Dominae Potiphar Cineres*. Between these urns, containing the sacred ashes of the great and virtuous dead, which are, with a happy propriety, *doubly gilt* (though not quite so strongly as that at HammerSmith for the ashes of lord Melcombe's—wife) you ascend to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular column, designed, I suppose, to represent our former very upright state, when we could say *fuimus tories, fuit ingens gloria*, and is skirted with pretty underwood, the Cyprian myrtle, &c. the meaning of which I could not find out.

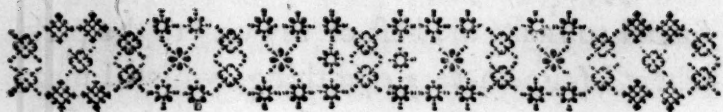
The house contains nothing remarkable, excepting only that there is on the grand staircase a very moral painting of a maid stealing to her master's bed, laying at the same time her fingers on her lips, as if she were the *Dea Angerona* of West Wycombe.

On my return I had the pleasure of seeing the noble lord's elegant japanned coach; but while I was reading his new motto in Gothic letters, *Pro magna Charta*, the mob were hollowing,
Liberty,

Liberty, Property, and no Excise; and I was forced to make the best of my way to the park, where I found a very odd thing, which I mean to present to the society of antiquaries. It is a gold button, with IHS, and the sign of the cross enamelled on it, which I guessed to belong to some concealed brother of the society of Jesus, though a servant in green claimed it as the property of St. Francis, and said that it was a part of the *pontificalibus* worn by his master when he officiated on certain festivals of high laugh at the mysteries of —

I made afterwards a little tour to the celebrated abbey of Medmenham, the description of which I am sure would entertain you; but I am too fair a man to disclose to the public the English Eleusinian mysteries of that renowned convent.

The



The Three Conjurors,

A POLITICAL Interlude.

Stolen from *Shakespeare*.

As it was performed at sundry Places in *Westminster*, on *Saturday* the 30th of *April*, and *Sunday* the first of *May*, 1763.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREMONTE,	}	Three Conjurors.
HAXY,		
BOREAS,		

MACBOOTE,	}	Great Men.
SPENCO,		

HECATE,	}	Inferior Conjurors.
PHILIP,		
ROBERT,		

Messengers, Constables, Bagpipers, and other
suitable attendants.

SCENE

SCENE *A private place.*

Hollow murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurers.

1st C. **W**HEN shall we three see again
An easy and a peaceful reign?

2^d C. When the hurly burly's o'er,
When this W--kes shall be no more.

3^d C. Then we reach a safer shore:

1st C. When will't be?

2^d C. That's in dispute.

3^d C. Now let's go to meet Mackboote!

(*Hecate from within.*) — Gremonte!

1st C. Hecate calls, away!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
To skreen Mackboote is all our care.

(*All rise from their seats and hurry off.*)

SCENE *changes to the fields, with a magnificent
statue in the middle.*

Re-enter the Three Conjurers.

1st C. Where hast thou been, brother?

2^d C. Signing writs.

3^d C. Brother, where thou?

1st

1st C. A clumsy priest had papers in his hand,
And laugh'd, and laugh'd, and laugh'd; give me,
Quoth I!

Avaunt thee, wretch! the rump-fed pastor cries,
His comrade to the *castle* gone, master o'th' *Briton*,
But a pursuivant I'll send
Who shall bar out ev'ry friend,
I'll do—I'll do—I'll do.—

2^d C. I'll give thee a voice.

1st C. I do rejoice.

3^d C. And I another.

1st C. Macboote himself has all the other.

Master of the venal tribe
Who can ev'ry law prescribe
To the c—c-l-board.
He shall drain him dry as hay ;
Sleep shall neither night or day
Hang upon his penthouse lid :
From friends and pen and ink forbid ;
Seven long days, and nights, or nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine,
Tho' a m—mb—r cant be lost,
Yet he shall be faction tost ;
Look what I have !

2^d C. Shew me, shew me.

1st.

1st C. Here are Peace Preliminaries,
Sign'd—tho' all bedside miscarries.

(Here a general whisper, which is interrupted
by the sound of bagpipes)

3d. C. The bagpipes hear !
Macboote is near !

All. The British conj'rors cheek-by-jowl
Subject to Macboote's controul
Thus do go about, about.

1st C. Thrice to thine.

2d C. And thrice to mine !

3d C. And thrice again to make up nine !

All. Peace, the state's wound up.

*Enter Macboote and Spenco, with pipers, messengers,
constables, and other suitable attendants.*

Mac. So fair and foul a day I have not seen.

Spenc. How far is't hence to th' castle ? what
are these

So stupid and so strange in their address,
That look not like the m—n—ers of st—te,
And yet are in't—Cheat you, or are you aught
That man may trust ? you seem to understand me
By each at once his empty noddle laying
Upon his shoulder—you should be *old women*,

I

And

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
So well of you.

Mac. I charge you speak ! what bring you ?

1st C. All hail Macboote ! hail to the k—
O'th' Th—tle !

2d C. All hail Macboote ! hail to thee k—t
O'th' G—t—r !

3d C. All hail Macboote ! that *would*'st be
King hereafter !

Spenc. Why do you start, my lord, and seem
amaz'd

At things which you do know ?—I'th' the devil's
name

Are you old womanish, or that indeed
Which outwardly you shew ?—my noble patron
You greet with present grace, which he posselles ;
Of nobler having, and of future hopes
He now seems wrapt withal ; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the m—n—try,
And see which man shall rise, and which shall not,
Speak then to me, who humbly beg your favour,
And greatly fear your hate.

1st C. Hail !

2d C. Hail !

3d C. Hail !

1st C. Fatter than Macboote, and shorter.

Not

2d C. Not so *poor*, yet much poorer.

3d C. Thou may'st get lords, but he get—
So all hail — Macboote and Spenco,
Spenco and Macboote, all hail!

(The conjurers bow and go off.)

Spen. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these the *lightest*, whither are they gone?

Mac. Into th' court--my business calls 'em there.

Spen. What business, good my lord?

Mac. I'm more than m—n—r,
In act not less than —, yet fear this W—kes;
His horrid image does unfit my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my star,
Against the use of nature.

Spenc. Worthy Macboote.

Mac. Give me your favour, my *dull* brain was
wrought

With doubts and fears—There's not a printer
But in his house I keep a devil feed;
I will this moment unto Hecate speed:
More shall she speak, more shall she do, for now
I'm bent to act the worst, for my own good,
By the worst means; all nobles shall give place;
Strange things I have in head, which must to hand,
Which ere they're acted, if they should be scann'd,
I must retire, and quit this troubled land.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE *changes to an apartment in Macboote's house.*

Enter lady Macboote and a servant.

Lady. Say to my lord I would attend his leisure
For a few words.——

Serv. Madam, I will.——

Exit.

Lady. Nought's left——all spent,
And our desire is got without content;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macboote musing.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Thinking on that which cannot be recall'd.
They have been fools—but things without rem'dy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Mac. We have but scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it,

She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

Let taxes multiply—a general Excise!

Let liberty e'en lose her odious name

Ere we will eat our meat in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of those terrible thoughts

That

That keep me waking—But, have I not resign'd
My staff of office? who then dare accuse
Me more? Monitors, North Britons, nothing
Can touch me farther!

Lady. Come on.

Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your pallid looks.

Mac. Oh! full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that T——ple and his faction live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy is not eternate.

Mac. 'Tis true, tho' great, they are affailable,
Then let's be jocund—ere the sun hath made
His second course—ere to sweet Hecate's summons
Thy faithful Sawney moves with vig'rous limb,
Gremonte, and my faithful Haxylaff
Shall do a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of th' knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed—Come, guilt-fraught
Hecate,

Lend thy assistance to my great design!
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! that fatal *Magna Charta*.
This once atchiev'd, my country rears her head,
Famine no more shall hover o'er our land,

But

But fix his empire in Brit-n-ia's heart,
 While Ca-do-nia grasps her plunder'd wealth.
 Thou wonder'st at my word, but get thee in,
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by sin.

(*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to a garden.*

Three Conjurers and Hecate meeting.

1st C. Why, how now, Hecate, you look
 angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, *Numsculls* as you are :
 Bold and precipitate ! how did you dare
 T'advise and traffic with Macboote
 In matters of such high dispute ?
 And I the mistress of his charms,
 The dark contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of my art ?
 The best on't is, what you have done
 Has been for my true Scottish son ;
Beauteous and bashful, who as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now take your heels,
 And at the house in——*Fields*,

Meet

Meet me i'th' morning—thither he
 Will come to know his destiny;
 Two pair of messengers provide,
 Your constables and all beside.
 I'm for my bed, this night I'll spend
 Unto a most delicious end.
 Jobs must be jobb'd ere Friday noon,
 Therefore be sure to meet me soon;
 Mean while I must with choicest care,
 Some fine-drawn schemes, and spells prepare,
 That by their strength may set to rights
 The blund'ring of the *thick-scall'd* wights.
 And try if bribes, or power's illusion,
 Can draw on W—kes to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 Confinement without sign of fear;
 And we all know security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. (*Bagpipes and howling.*
 Hark, I'm call'd; my bonny Scotsman see,
 Sits in a hackney-coach, and waits for me.

(*Macboote without calls. All this accompanied
 by the bagpipes.*)

Hecate! Hecate! come away!

Hec. Hark! hark! I'm call'd,
 My gallant, bonny Scotsman see, see, see,
 Sits in a hackney-coach and waits for me.

Mac.

Mac. Hecate! Hecate!

Hec. Thy chearful voice I hear,
So blythesome to my ear,
At which I come away,
With all the speed I may.

Mac. Where's H—ll—d?

Hec. Gone.

Mac. Where's Haxy?

Hec. Here.

Gremonte too, and Boreas too;
We want but you, we want but you.

Mac. Come away, come away,—make up th'

Hec. With sterling gold, (accounts,
For places sold,
I will but stuff.

Mac. Oh, bring enough! bring enough!

Hec. Now I am furnish'd,
Now I am furnished for my flight.

(*Loud symphony of bagpipes whilst Hecate gets
into the coach*)

Now we go, and we fly,
Macboote my sweet Scotsman, and I.
Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this
To ride in a coach,
While the riot's abroad;
To laugh, to sing

To

To toy and kifs,
Over vet'ran, over novice,
Over ev'ry public office,
Over friend, and over stranger,
We preside—despising danger.

(Drive off with a full chorus.)

A C T II.

SCENE *the inside of a large house, in the fields,
a dark room, a cauldron burning in the middle.*

Hollow Murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors very angry.

1st. Thrice, and thrice the lien roar'd,

2^d. Twice and once the bagpipe droned,

3^d. Hecate cries, 'tis time, 'tis time!

1st C. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortured morsels throw.

*(They march round the cauldron, and throw in the
several ingredients as a preparation of the charm.)*

All. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morsels throw.

K

2^d. C.

2d C. Shape the wax, stick the pin,
Despair attend what we put in.

1st C. Priest, that wrap'd in slander's robe,
Inflicts beyond the plagues of Job,
Sweltning venom guzzling got;
Boil thou first i'th charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2d C. Number.

3d C. Which?

2d C. The first we hit on,
Of the ranc'rous damn'd *North Briton*,
Stuff'd with loss of Newfoundland,
Licence giv'n to Gallic band
To fish upon that fatal bed
That well nigh wash'd off Oxf--d's head;
'Vectives on the new-rais'd loan
Giv'n to friends——because our own:
Tax disclos'd to vulgar eyes
Elucidation of Excise,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3d C. Spleen of P——d, soul of P——t,
T——ple's virtue, fire and wit

Of

Of the patriot prisoner,
 Whose curs'd genius made us err.
 B--t--n's courage—G--t--n's pride,
 That swells 'cause noble Scots preside,
 D--n--e's new wrested wand
 From a truly patriot hand;
 Add, a valiant Un--le's chawdron
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1st C. Cool it with N--c--le's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Enter Hecate.

Oh ! well done ! I commend your toil,
 And ev'ry one shall share i'th' spoil ;
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like prudent courtiers in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

*(The following incantation is to be sung, accompanied
 by bagpipes, and the chorus by all the conjurors
 principal and inferior)*

1st C. Rich courtiers and poor,

Old courtiers and new,
Mingle, mingle, mingle.

Hec. Oh! I see but few!—

Chorus. Mingle, mingle, mingle.

Oh! we see but few!

Hec. Oh, give us pow'r

To send to th' T——r

Ev'ry writer,

Or inditer,

And keep him there,

Till he despair,

Or else submit

As we think fit,

Chorus. Round, around, around, around, about
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1st C. Here's W——m's fat.

Hec. Oh! put in that,

Oh! put in that.

2d. C. Here Gr——th——m's brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

3d C. Here's S——d's gall,

And T——n——nd's humour,

Adding weight to factious rumour;

To add to these and make the charm most fit,

Lo! here's the pickled tongue of patriot P——t.

Chorus. Round, around, around, around, about
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

Hec.

Hec. By the itching of my bum,
A Scotsman sure should this way come;
Open locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter Macboote.

Mac. How now, you stupid, sad, and servile
loons,

What is't you do?

All. A deed that *wants* a name.

Mac. I conjure ye by that which ye profess,
I care not whence you know it; answer me,
Tho' ye unmask the state, and let it fight
Against the nation,—though the greedy cits
Monopolize all traffic to themselves,
Tho' orchards be destroy'd, and trees cut down,
Tho' palaces, and their inhabitants,
Do stoop ev'n to the ground, and the welfare
Of B—n's children crumble all together,
Ev'n till the island sicken.—Answer me,
To what I ask you!

1st C. Speak.

2d C. Demand.

3d C. We'll answer,

1st C. Say if th'had'ft rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or

Or from our master ?

Mac. Call him ; let me see him.

1st C. Pour in milk that she-afs carries,
Simple, soft, as giv'n in Paris
To Englishmen.

All. Come high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly shew.

(Sign of the B---d Head rises.)

Mac. Tell me, thou empty scull,

1st C. He smells thy thought,
Hear his speech, and say thou nought.

Head. Macboote, Macboote, Macboote, of
W--kes beware,

Avoiding him, nought else is worth thy care.

Mac. Head. Oh head---most noble head ! I give thee
thanks,

Thou'ft prob'd my fears to th' quick ; one word
more.

2d C. He's an em---r and cannot stay,
But here's his se---ry not wiser
Than his master.

(Shade of a powdered Se---ry rises)

Sec. Macboote ! Macboote ! Macboote !

Mac. Had I three ears I'd hear thee.---

Sec. Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to
scorn

The

The pen of W--kes—nought but a gibbet shun,
That fatal end, from which myself did run,
When Wood's do move, be sure thy fate's begun.

Mac. Then write on W--kes what need I fear
of thee,

Since noble by descent, I ne'er shall die
Upon a common gibbet, so—to Paris—hye!

Sec. Good b'ye.

(Sinks in a great hurry.)

*(Apparition of a bastard child arises, with a bonnet
on his head, and a bannock in his hand.)*

Mac. What is this

That rises like the issue of a Scot,
And carries in his baby hand a cake
Of barley meal?

All. Listen, but speak not.

Sc. Ch. Be proud and insolent and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or who conspirers are;
Macboote a happy m-n-r shall be
Till freedom springs from loss of liberty,
And till profuseness be *æconomy*—

Mac. That ne'er shall be.

Who can unite absurdity in terms?
Can freedom spring from loss of liberty?
Or can my fav'rite term *æconomy*
Be call'd profusion?—Oh! *sweet bairn*, I thank
thee, And

And yet my heart longs to know more,—pray tell
If you can tell—shall Jacob's issue never [me
Mount a throne again?

All. Seek to know no more!

Mac. I will be satisfied—deny me this
And I will *out ye all*—ungrateful slaves.

Why do you hang your heads? What noise is this?

(More hideous groans than before)

1st C. Shew!

2d C. Shew!

3d C. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Like shadows come and so depart:

*(Eight m-mb-rs appear and pass through the
apartment—W-lkes the last, with a paper
in his hand inscribed M-g-a Ch-r-a.)*

Mac. Thou art like the spirit of impeachment.
Thy scream doth crack my ear-strings, and thy
yell,

Thou other legislative fiend like his——
Another is like the former—*blundering boobies.*

Why do you shew me this? a fourth?—more
yelling.

What! will their clamours break the drum o'th'
ears?

Another yet? a seventh! I'll see no more—

And

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a parchment
That bodes me many fears—nay, now 'tis true,
For W--kes in *M-g-a Ch-r-a* arm'd, grins at me,
And points at them for his—What! is this?

1st. C. Ay, Sir, it must be so—but why
Stands Macboote amazedly?

Come brothers, let us chear our hearts

T'enable us to bear our parts

I'th' plot—we, nor can make, no marr it,

So—Madam, pray let's have some claret,

That this great lord may have to say,

His mistress did his welcome pay.

(*Exit Hecate to order a bottle of wine.*)

Phillip, a very inferior conjuror enters in a great hurry.

Mac. Thou com'st to use thy tongue, thy story
quickly!

Philip. My gracious Lord, I would report that
which

I say I know, but know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, try Sir!

Philip. As I fate within my desk
And look'd toward G—e Street, anon methought
A *Wood* began to move.

2d C. Liar! and slave!

Philip. Let me be turn'd adrift if't be not so.
Look out at window, you may see him going,

L

I

I say a moving *Wood*!

3d C. Moving indeed!

(*Stepping to the window and looking out.*)

Enter a Doctor.

Mac. How do'st thou, good Bardanus?

Bard. All is confirmed, my lord, that was reported.

Mac. Send out more courtiers, scour the place,
Hang those that speak of W--kes, give me some
whisky,

How do your patients, doctor?

Doctor. My sweet lord,

They're dying fast, in spite of all my balsam.

Mac. Throw balsam to the dogs—I'll none on't.
Hecate, my sweet!—Doctor, the mob insults me—
Hecate, I say, if thou could'st, doctor, purge
The humours of this W--kes—abate his pride
And humble him to take a pension from me,
I would applaud thee to the very *statue*
That should applaud again.—

Doctor. I cannot, good my lord.

Mac. Take thy face hence!

(*Exit Doctor with a low bow.*)

I have reign'd long enough—my way of life
Is fall'n into reproach and infamy,—

And that which should attend on resignation,

As

As praise, and gratitude, and troops of friends,
 I must not look to save—but in their stead
 Curfes both loud and deep—Oh Hecate, come
 Thy faithful Sawney save, whose life—whose soul
 Are truly thine!

Enter Hecate.

Hec. Come then, my gallant swain,
 Since fate no longer will propitious prove
 To all I venerate and all I love,
 With gentle action, mount the beezom strait,
 And I'll convey you safe to H—g—e.

(Macboote mounts the beezom.)

Both. Farewel, thou town ungrateful and
 uncivil;
 Farewel, thou London, dwelling of the devil.

(Both fly off.)



O N T H E

Dismission of Earl TEMPLE

F R O M T H E

Lieutenancy of the County of *Bucks.*

TO honour virtue in the lord of Stowe,
 The pow'r of courtiers can no further go;
 Forbid him Court, from Council blot his name,
 E'en these distinctions cannot raise his fame.
 Friend to the liberties of England's state,
 'Tis not to courts he looks to make him great;
 He to his much-lov'd country trusts his cause,
 And dares assert the honour of her laws.

O N



On the Thirtieth of NOVEMBER,
Being St. ANDREW's Day, and the Birth-Day
of the Princess Dowager of WALES.

HAIL black November, in whose foggy rear,
Rich Autumn lingers e'er he leaves the year,
The late ripe cath'rine peach adorns thy train,
And luscious medlars rot beneath thy reign.
And now while Andrew and Augusta smile,
Charming new suns to chear our gloomy isle,
In the same flow'ry bed fair union shows,
Beauteously twin'd, a thistle and a rose.



E P I G R A M.

SAY, when will England be from faction freed?
When will domestic quarrels cease?
Ne'er till that wish'd-for epitaph we read,

"Here lies the man who made the peace." E. G.

A



A

Singular Advertifement verfified.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of *Gloucester**.

A Courtier profess'd, much esteem'd by the
great,
As a weather-cock fixt to a point, or as *fate*,

* To the gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Gloucester.

G E N T L E M E N,

THOUGH I am fixed as fate, to abide by the determination of the general meeting of the 13th instant, permit me to declare my wishes that lord COLERAINE may be the object of your choice, as I know him to be a man of honour and principle, and most obnoxious to the late convention of the 28th of March.

I have the honour to be,

Grosvenor-street,

Gentlemen,

April 4, 1763.

Your obliged and devoted servant,

N. B E R K E L E Y.

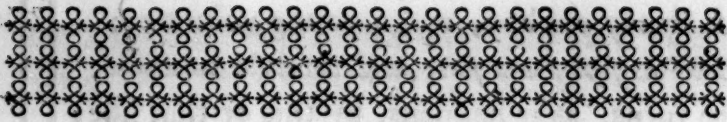
I send my best compliments round the whole shire:
 A steady old boy, and a young voluntier:
Tho' as fate I am fixt, and resolv'd to abide,
 In turns, as it happens, by this or that side;
 Permit me, good people, to now recommend
 This very good lord, and my very good friend;
 Pray let him have *yours*, as I give him *my* voice,
 And make this *choice object* your object of choice.
 I know him—that's all—he will stick to his plan,
 Like a harmless, *obnoxious*, pretty sort of a man.
My merits you know, and you'll thank me, I'm
 clear,

For thinking so much of your *cyder* this year:
 In behalf of which tax *I'd be proud to divide*,
Tho' the whole house oppos'd, with my † friend
 on my side.

Obnoxious I am, and *obnoxious* is HE,
 And *obnoxious* this lord—so *obnoxious* all three.
 I rely on your favours—so grant me this suit.
 And depend on my service to tell my lord Bute.

† Sir J—— D——d.

ON



O N A

CERTAIN LAWYER'S

Taking a Patent of Precedence in 1764.

SEE! from his colours, turncoat Y— retreat!
 And humbly cast himself at G——lle's feet;
 Warm from his heart, in copious music now,
 Prerogative's melodious accents flow;
 While tame servility with longing eyes,
 Courts, and would hope, a H—y's s—l the prize.
 Why lives not Churchill's spirit to rehearse,
 Such prostitution in immortal verse;
 And, on the strong foundation of such shame,
 Erect a monument to Norton's fame?
 Tho' dead the muse, yet hist'ry still remains,
 And truth, to blush at such unmanly stains.

A N



A N

O D E,

M DCC LXIV.

WHENCE can arise these dread alarms?

Why are the rabble up in arms?

And why this mighty faction?

No Mary Squires, no Cock-lane Ghost,

No witch to drown, no priest to roast,

No *Batteaux-plats* upon our coast,

To keep their minds in action.

Nor Lord to hang, nor chief to shoot,

Now bonfires now for Clive or Coote,

No Indian spoils to share,

That — distress'd our trade,

How much his service was o'er-paid,

And what a shameful peace we made,

Is all an old affair.

M

Implore

Implore of heav'n some phantom new,
 'Till war shall be again in view,
 To keep the people quiet,
 Else shall we be at wond'rous pains,
 Since there's no foe abroad remains,
 To knock out one another's brains,
 In party-feuds and riot.

Who then to seek in such a case
 But those true patriots out of place,
 Those *only* men of merit;
 Not who from principle resign'd,
 But those not let to stay behind,
 They always can an object find
 That's worthy such a spirit.

Yes, when their hopeful schemes are cross'd,
 Their incense gone, their sal'ries lost,
 They've quite sufficient reason;
 (So 't'as been judg'd at least of late,)
 To set at variance K— and State,
 That perturbation to create,
 But little short of t——.

How

How oft in this unsteady realm,
Shall headstrong ——— seize the helm

Through popular delusion !
Confess no Sov'—n but the mob,
And being each assign'd his job,
Their c—nt—y thus combine to rob,
And spoil its constitution.

C——, thy cause was sure the worst,
Yet own'd in *ev'ry* cause the first
For virtues as for birth;
Tears at thy death from *all* sides flow,
But hadst thou died some years ago,
The *public* had not honour'd so
Thy *then* *unfollied* worth.

Is there no praise, no glory due,
To Gr—n— now, nor e'en to you
When out of *opposition* ;
There S—— is endear'd to fame,
There C—— too a fav'rite name,
Nor one nor t'other was to blame
In fight or expedition.

These all are blest'd with wealth and parts,
 With knowing heads and honest hearts

They love the Common-weal;

G——'s a p—— of vast renown,

T—— owes nothing to the Crown,

But cringing to a giddy town

Displays a noble zeal.

S—— has judgment, L—— sense,

B—— harangues in mood and sense,

H—— shews both wit and reading,

T—— stability and truth,

P—— integrity and youth,

Nor W—— nor B—— are uncouth

In visage or in breeding.

Rare heroes these to brave their ——,

So good, so wise, to ev'ry thing

Great oracles of freedom;

Fit leaders of a clam'rous throng,

'Gainst all in office, *right* or *wrong*,

In hopes, no doubt, before 'tis long,

That they shall supersede 'em.

Let's

Let's sift both parties *man by man*,
 For e'er since government began,
 E'en to this very hour,
 The nation's faith hath been abus'd,
 We've been too easily amus'd,
 With *cant* of *patriotism* us'd,
 To cover *lust* of *pow'r*.

Many there are both *out* and *in*
 Dispos'd to go thro' thick and thin,
 And so I end my story,
 Inscrib'd to H—— and to H——,
 Statesmen who often have been tried
 And always chuse the *strongest* side,
 Be't either *Whig* or *Tory*.

A N



A N

I N S C R I P T I O N

For a Column at RUNNYMEDE, WINDSOR.

 By Dr. *A K E N S I D E*.

THOU who the verdant plain dost traverse
 here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou have blest'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue: And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

S E N T



SENT WITH A

Piece of painted flowered Silk,

To Lady CHARLES SPENCER, who said she
was low in Pocket.

By the Right Hon. Countess *TEMPLE*.

SINCE the times are so bad, and are still
growing worse,

You may call this your own without sinking your
purse.

The nymphs and the fawns say the pattern is new,
And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true:

'Twas finish'd and destin'd for beauty's fair queen;
So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.

Tho' flowrets soon wither yet these will not die,
When fading, reviv'd by a beam from your eye;
If you only breathe on 'em they'll fill the whole
room

With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume.

Refuse not this trifle, your title is clear,

And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

T O



TO THE
 EARL TEMPLE,
 On GARDENING.

By the same.

BY commerce, Albion, and by arms refin'd,
 Sought for the charms of art and nature join'd;
 Along the banks of her own Thames she stray'd;
 Where the gay sisters of the waters play'd,
 In many a soft meander, wildly rov'd,
 And grac'd the meadows which their stream improv'd.
 She mark'd romantic Windsor's warlike pride,
 To learning's peaceful seat so near ally'd;
 Where Temple's bosom early sigh'd for praise,
 Struck with th'inspiring fame of ancient days;
 She

She came where silver Thames and Isis bright,
 Their friendly treasures in one stream unite;
 Where princes, prelates, fir'd with patriot views,
 By generous gifts invited every muse;
 Where every muse her grateful tribute brought,
 And virtue praclis'd what sound learning taught;
 At length her longing eyes and hallow'd feet,
 Reach verdant Stowe's magnificent retreat,
 Where fame and truth had promis'd she should
 find

Scenes to improve and please her curious mind.
 Each step, invention, elegance display'd,
 Such, as when Churchill woos th' Aonian maid,
 And joins in easy graceful negligence,
 Th' harmonious pow'rs of verse, with *sterling* sense;
 Such, as when Pouffin's or Albano's hand
 On glowing canvas the rich landscape plann'd,
 And classic genius strove, by mimic art,
 Thro' the admiring eye to reach the heart.
 Amidst the wonders of each striking scene,
 High on the summit of the sloping green
 A solemn temple, in proportion true,
 Magnificently simple, courts the view;
Concord and *victory* * with pride proclaim
 This mansion sacred to Britannia's fame,

* The alto relievo in the pediment.

Whose form majestic, from all hands, receives
 The various product ev'ry region gives,
 Pleas'd at her feet their choicest gifts to lay,
 And homage to her pow'r superior pay ;
 The sculptur'd walls her glories past declare,
 In proud memorials § of successful war.
 No factious sacrifice to France and Spain
 Those consecrated trophies can profane;
 For public ‡ liberty her awful seat
 Here fixing, here protects her last retreat ;
 Where to the great and good in every shade,
 The fragrant tribute of just praise is paid :
 Where the prime beauties form'd by nature's hand
 Throughout her works in ev'ry distant land,
 Transplanted, flourish in their native ease,
 And, as by magic charm collected, please——
 Here the fair queen of this heroic isle,
 Imperial Albion, with a gracious smile
 Confess'd, she lovely nature saw at last
 Unite with art, and both improv'd by taste.

§ The medallions of the victories.

‡ The statue of public liberty placed in the middle niche of the temple.



IN THE ABOVE

NOBLE LORD's

Beautiful GARDENS at STOWE,
is the following singular Inscription.

To the memory
of
SIGNIOR FIDO,
an Italian of good extraction ;
who came into England,
not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,
but to gain an honest livelihood.
He hunted not after fame,
yet acquired it ;
regardless of the praise of his friends,
but most sensible of their love.
Tho' he liv'd amongst the great,
he neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.

He was no bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 articles.
And, if to follow nature,
and to respect the laws of society,
be philosophy,
he was a perfect philosopher,
a faithful friend,
an agreeable companion,
a loving husband,
distinguish'd by a numerous offspring,
all which he liv'd to see take good courses.
In his old age he retir'd
to the house of a clergyman in the country,
where he finish'd his earthly race,
And died an honour and an example to the whole
Reader, [species.
This stone is guiltless of flattery,
for he to whom it is inscribed
was not a man,
but a
Greyhound.

FEMALE



Female Characters.

L--Y N-----D.

THE Crescent shines ! — N — is near !
 Taste, grandeur, order, in her form appear !
 Still affable, tho' of a warriour's race ;
 Peace in her breast, and plenty in her face.

L--Y H----.

A beauty comes ! a heroine in her air ;
 Behold her as a man, yet yielding as a fair :
 On her soft breast the doves of Venus brood,
 And fill her veins with Charles's am'rous blood.

L--Y

L--Y P-----.

Affected wisdom has a woman made
 To wear foul linen, and despise brocade !
 How nobly did she with her statues part !
 Tho' marble is the thing that's next her heart.

L--Y H--DW---E.

In riches, titles, honours, see her soar ;
 In all the attitudes of grandeur — poor !
 Her spare desert is of forbidden fruit ;
 Her pastry — lasting as a Chanc'ry suit.

D----- of -----

A well-tim'd pr——cy has title gain'd :
 Who dares to say, the coronet is stain'd ?
 To ease love's wounds contributes all her power ;
 A faithful clue to Rosamonda's bower.

L--Y C-v-NT-Y.

Behold the wonder of her sex and time !
 Dangerous, yet soft ; a mortal, tho' divine !
 Some little arts to raise her charms allow ;
 The force of nature could no further go.

L--Y

L--Y PL-M--TH.

A wife, as Pallas fair, without design;
 Rules without noise, and makes her sway divine:
 No arts, no levity in her are seen,
 Tho' more inviting than the Cyprian queen.

L--Y W-LD-GR-VE.

Brighter than Phœbus in his fierce career,
 Fair W-ld-gr-ve glows in her exalted sphere;
 She spreads her influence as she spreads her light,
 Blesses all nature, and is nature's night.



A S K E T C H.

Written on the Change of the Ministry in 1765.

Disce omnes.

HOW vain are hopes! how changeable is
 man!

Shall Whigs complete what Jacobites began?

Whigs do I call them? Heav'ns? how false the
 claim!

Ne'er let the *Slaves* profane that sacred name.

Who

Who is their leader? Who directs the band?
 By whom are all their feeble measures plann'd?
 E'en by that haughty, timid, treach'rous thing,
 Who fears a shadow,—yet who rules a —.

Close to his standard, trembling, first appears,
 An hoary dotard, bent by weight of years;
 The arch preceptor in corruption's school,
 In worth a bankrupt, and in sense a fool;
 A would-be Jove to grasp the golden show'r,
 With hands unnerved scrambling still for pow'r;
 True to no party, steady to no plan,
 Three-score and twelve, and never yet a man.

Next comes the pale, unfledg'd, ill-tutor'd boy,
 Newmarket's glory, and the cock-pit's joy;
 (None need I mention, for he shines at all,
 Except but one — the Cockpit at Whitehall)
 From honour's path his wildness to restrain,
 A staunch old Tory bears the stripling's train.

Let these contrasted specimens suffice,
 To place her guides before Britannia's eyes:
 Then let her judge: and if the picture's just,
 Shall she trust them, who can't each other trust?

Various

The pond'rous shield which Temple's arm could
 bear,
 Shall feeble Rockingham presume to wear?
 The tow'ring helmet sure can never fit
 Richmond or Conway, which was made for Pitt,
 Genius of England! freedom's guardian! rise:
 To save thy sons some glorious means devise;
 To head thy pow'rs be some Great Chief explor'd,
 Nor let each *puny Whipster* seize thy sword.



T H E

M U S E at a HORSE-RACE.

A BALLAD,

Addressed to C---t and Country Jockies.

WHEN my Clio is gay,
 It is always my way,

In my pleasures to give her a place:

So I order'd my chaise,

(For the muses love ease)

And I drove her away to a race.

All the lads far and near,
With their lasses were there,
Not a toast in the country was missing :
“ Young Phillis and Dolly,
“ And cherry-cheek'd Molly,
“ And Peggy, so noted for kissing.”

When the clock had struck five,
The whole field grew alive,
And the drum gave a spring to each heart ;
But, alas ! not a horse
That had blood for the course,
Was enter'd, or ready to start.

What was then to be done,
For a race must be run,
That no blank may be left in the day ?
“ If merit won't venture,
“ And hackneys will enter,
“ Why hackneys must pocket the pay.”

To the post they repair'd,
Each fearing and fear'd,
Hoping all from each other's demerit ;
When they started, their fame
Was exactly the same,
And 'twas hard to say which had most spirit.

To

To see poor jades so lash'd,
So kick'd, spurr'd, and thrash'd,

Was too sharp for soft nature, like mine;
Yet to give them their due,
While a plate was in view,
Their hearts were too great to repine.

They jostled and cross'd,
Ran on both sides the post,
Ev'ry stroke was the cause of some blunder;
Yet the *knowing ones* said,
(And they live by the trade)

“ That to see such *quick turns* was a wonder.”

Not to spin out my ditty,
The muse waxed witty,
And rallied me thus with a sneer;
If races like these,
Can amuse and can please,
O, why left we town to come here !

At the end of Pall-mall,
There's a spot you know well,
Where the muses on birth-days resort;
For except on that day,
When they sing for their pay,
With G——lle each muse fled the C---t.

Now

Now hacks of all prices,
All ages and sizes,

Are train'd for the race in July ;
When B—e, e'er he'll venture
To let any enter,

In private their bottoms must try.

If he hits on a *breed*,
He can *manage full speed*,

And *turn* at the top of their rate ;
Tho' ponies or pacers,
He puffs them for racers,

And starts 'em to win the king's plate.

Since customs so base
Sunk the name of this race,

Good horses all pass to the leeward ;
And trust me, my friend,
Our C---t racer won't mend

As long as l— B—— is a Steward!



A

P A R O D Y

Upon the famous Battle of CHEVY CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all?

What woeful discord once there did
In Britain's isle befall!

To drive three kingdoms, hound and horn,
Earl St——t took his way,
The child may rue that was not born,
A Scotsman on that day.

The

The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 A daughter of this Scottish peer's,
 His son to wife should take;

The choicest honours of the land
 To win and bear away;
 The tidings to earl Temple came,
 At Cotes's where he lay;

Who sent lord Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport,
 The stately earl not fearing this,
 Did daily go to court,

With five and forty Bowmans * bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of need,
 To cringe and bow aright.

These gallant heroes soon began
 To gain the —— ear,
 At Christmas they great places got,
 As plainly doth appear;

* See Bowman in the farce of Lethe.

And,

And, e'er the spring was o'er, they did
 A thousand boons obtain,
 Which once possess'd they shrewdly went
 To crave for more again.

The Bowmans muster'd at Whitehall †,
 Their votes were all secure;
 And sixteen of the u—r h—e
 Each day were guarded sure.

Wild highlanders forsook their holds,
 Proud offices to take;
 And commissaries from the dales,
 Did princely fortunes make.

To Sion-house earl P-rcy went,
 ('Twas in the Gazetteer;)
 Quoth he, lord B— hath promised
 This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay;
 With that his lordship's gentleman,
 Did on the stair-case say,

† The cockpit.

P

“ Lo!

“ Lo! yonder doth lord B— appear,

“ I see his star so bright,

“ Full twenty yeoman, clad in plaids,

“ Are marching in our fight.

“ All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,

“ Fast by the river Tweed;”

Then call my son, (the C——s said)

And sign the deeds with speed.

For now to the degree of duke

My husband I'll advance;

And while he pranks it here at home,

Why I'll parade in France.

The bridegroom spoke the lady fair,

Then mounted on his horse,

And so without his beaver rode,

Like Charles at Charing-cross.

He wish'd for tilts and tournaments,

That he might break a spear :

The C——s, with a herald's voice,

Proclaim'd it far and near.

Young

Young Percy on his long tail'd steed,
 Most like a warrior bold,
 Pranc'd foremost of the company,
 His housings fring'd with gold.

Now all the chiefs in pow'r agreed,
 That they might nothing fear,
 To send such terms to W—ll—m P—t,
 As he might deign to hear.

The first that did the tender make,
 Was noble S—t, he,
 Who said, If thou wilt lift with us,
 Thou pr—y f—l shalt be :

So we'll cajole the clam'rous throng;
 Whilst I am still in play;
 And half the charges of the state
 Thyself shalt give away.

Nay, hear me, B—, the patriot cry'd,
 For e'er I hold with thee,
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,
 I too an earl must be.

Thy measures I will then adopt,
 And all employments fill,
 With Sh—lb—e, B—, and such folk,
 Tho' they have done me ill.

Let thou and I the burden try,
 And set the rest aside;
 Mackenzie to his post restor'd,
 Nor C—md—n's suit deny'd.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Will B—ckf—d was his name;
 Who said, I would not have it told
 On London 'Change, for shame;

That e'er such treaty was on foot,
 While I stood looking on;
 You are two earls, said Will B—ckf—d,
 And I a 'squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 This session—if you stand,
 And, for reward, I then shall claim
 A peerage of the land.—

Our

Our new allies did such dismiss
Were found not staunch and true,
The Yorkshire and the Suffex whigs
At once they overthrew.

To drive the city, hound and horn,
Lord Ch——m had the bent,
To move addresses at Guildhall,
In vain Hal, C——nw——sent.

To quell a mob themselves had rais'd,
Were new expedients found,
Whilst many of our fairest laws
Lay trampled on the ground.

O Lord! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The dire reproaches Ch——m bore
From t'other patriot p——r.

At last these two great ea——ls did meet,
Like ministers of might,
But for the nation's interest,
Of that they made but flight.

They

They talk'd until they both did sweat,
 With an outrageous zeal;
 And hugely struggled which of them
 Should rule the commonweal.

Yield thou, earl Temple, C—— cry'd,
 In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 By G—— our British ——.

The public good I'll freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art by far the fittest man
 To head the tr—f—y.

To th' earl of Ch—— Tem—e said,
 Thy proffers I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With that there came a statesman keen,
 Who long had lurk'd below;
 And to earl Tem—e's firm resolve
 Did give the final blow.

Who

Who never spoke more words than these,

“ No terms I’ll have at all,

“ But with my gentle brother George

“ Will henceforth rise or fall.”

Then stalking off, e—l C—— took

The tall man by the hand,

And said, e—l Tem—e, for thy ease,

I’d give half Py--f—’s land.

O Lord! my very heart doth bleed

With sorrow for thy sake;

For sure there’s scarce a lord alive

But would such bargain take.

A knight among the Scots there is,

Whom no one dare deny;

For him my cousin H-gl-y’s wrath

I must and shall defy.

Sir H—y R-chf-rt is he call’d,

Of head and heart most bright;

Nor do I know so quick a man

For parlance or for fight.

He

He led our expeditions all,
 Without or dread or fear,
 And is in war as politics,
 A hardy pioneer.

And there's a duke of force and might
 Is full a match for Go—r,
 Nor did he treat like Ro—k—m,
 Who turn'd me from his door.

So thus did both these patriots jar,
 Whose virtue none could stain;
 E—l Ch—— said, I still perceive
 We may be friends again.

He had a crutch beneath his arm,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 A paper in his gouty hand,
 A cloth-yard long had he.

To this new list of pen——rs,
 Some friends of Stowe he set;
 Earl T——e took and rubb'd them out,
 E'en while the ink was wet.

Their

Their squabbles held till close of day,
 From the meridian sun;
 And when they rung the dinner bell,
 The meat was overdone.

With the e—l Tem—e there remain'd
 The lord of L-ttl-t—n;
 And with his Grace of Bloomsbury,
 R—gby that bold baron.

With stout Sir Fl-ter fell Sir C—les,
 A scribe of good account;
 And D-dfw-ll the exchequer man,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

Now poor Sir John I needs must wail
 Like one in doleful dumps;
 For, getting on the tr—f—y bench,
 He never stirred his stumps.

And with old Wine— did fall
 The sturdy doctor H—y;
 Nor New— would quit the field
 While he had strength to stay.

Nor S—d—h, nor yet Hal—x,
 Could either saved be;
 Lord Car—f—t was carried off,
 Against his will went he.

And the lord Eg—t in like wise
 Forfook the admiralty;
 And twenty more, or knights or p—rs,
 Were shortly forc'd to fly.

Of fifty true-born Englishmen,
 Staid in but two or three;
 The rest live at their country-seats,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next month will many m—mb—s come,
 Their rashness to bewail;
 And say if they are not restor'd,
 Why they must go to jail.

Their wives do play so much at cards,
 And throw such sums away;
 Would serve to keep a score of w—s,
 If they were clad in clay.

The

The news was unto Paris brought,
 And eke the court of Spain,
 Earl Tem— in the ministry
 Would scarce have weight again.

Oh heavy news! John Wilkes did say,
 Churchill ‡ can witness he,
 I have not any patron more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to St. J——s's came,
 Within a shorter space,
 That Richard Gr—v—e, lord of Stowe,
 Refus'd to take a pl—ce.

Then God be with him, said the court,
 Sith 'twill no better be;
 We trust there is about the helm,
 Five hundred good as he.

Yet shall not G——r nor W--tw--h say
 But we will vengeance take:
 And just revenge shall on them fall,
 For dearest St——'s sake.

‡ See Churchill's satires.

This vow was then full well perform'd,
 When ——— came to town;
 With P--s and P—— C——rs,
 Men but of fl——t renown.

And of the rest of true account,
 Why they were all p--t by;
 To make a D—— of Sir H—— S——,
 Who m--e him---f P——y.

God save the king, and bless the land,
 In plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth that all regard
 To b—th and m-rit cease.

W. Y. W.

A



A New POLITICAL CREED,

For the Year MDCCCLXVI.

Quicumque vult.

WHoever will be saved; before all things it is necessary that he should hold the Chatham faith.

Which faith, except every man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall sink into oblivion.

And the Chatham faith is this: that we worship one minister in trinity, and the trinity in unity:

Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance.

For the privy seal is a minister, the secretary is a minister, and the treasurer is a minister.

Yet there are not three ministers, but one minister; for the privy seal, the secretary and the treasurer are all one.

Such

Such as the privy seal is, such is the secretary, and such is the treasurer.

The privy seal is self-create, the secretary is self-create, and the treasurer is self-create.

The privy seal is incomprehensible, the secretary is incomprehensible, and the treasurer is incomprehensible.

The privy seal is unresponsive, the secretary is unresponsive, and the treasurer is unresponsive.

And yet there are not three incomprehensibles, three self-created, or three unresponsibles: but one incomprehensible, one self-create, and one unresponsive.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity, to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord;

So are we forbidden by the articles of the Chatham alliance, to say there are three ministers:

So that in all things, the unity in trinity, and trinity in unity, are to be worshipped; and he who would be saved, must thus think of the ministry.

Furthermore it is necessary to elevation, that he also believe rightly of the qualities of our minister.

For

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that this son of man, is something more than man; as total perfection, though of an unreasonable soul and gouty flesh consisting.

Who suffered for our salvation, descended into opposition, rose again the third time, and ascended into the house of peers.

He sitteth on the right hand of the ———, from whence he shall come to judge the good and the bad.

And they that have done good, shall go into patent places, and they that have done bad, shall go into everlasting opposition.

This is the Chatham faith; which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be promoted.

As he was in the beginning, he is now, and ever will be.

Then all the people standing up, shall say,

O blessed and glorious trinity, three persons and one minister, have mercy on us miserable subjects.

A N



A N
I N S C R I P T I O N

For the STATUES sent to *America*.

In Memory of

W. P.

Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and

INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY OF LIFE,

persisted,

in spite of many bodily INFIRMITIES,

in the *Præctice* of every HUMAN ARTIFICE,

to raise HIMSELF and FAMILY,

from

from an *obscure Obscurity*,
 to LARGE POSSESSIONS, and
 a most respectable TITLE and PLACE
 in the State.
 Very singular was he in the Choice of
 ABLE and HONEST CONFEDERATES,
 to aid him in his ambitious Designs;
 and when *they* had *served* his Turn,
 UNGRATEFULLY DESERTED THEM,
 and *arrogantly* claimed their *Merit* to himself;
 with an almost *uninterrupted* Enjoyment
 for a long Series of Time,
 of several LUCRATIVE PLACES in the State;
 and by the Caprice of some,
 and
 the INSANITY of others,
 (who were *biggotted* to his *pretended* patriotism)
 he at length ACQUIRED, or ATTRACTED,
 a very large real and personal Estate.
 He was the *only Person* of his Time,
 who with specious Pretences and Harangues,
 could *persuade the People*
 their SERVICE only was the intended FRUIT of his
 Labours,
 when they had before their Eyes

numberless Instances of his Actions, which
indicated the contrary :

In fine,

After a Life of near Sixty Years,
Spent in **PRETENDED PATRIOTIC ACTIONS**,
the **CLOVEN FOOT** appeared
from under the Robe of an Earl of G. B.

And with the Weight

Of a **PENSION, PLACE, and CORONET**,
he sunk into general Disgrace and contempt,
on the 30th of *July*, 1766.

Oh indignant Reader!

think not his Life useless to Mankind,

PROVIDENCE connived

At his Hypocrisy so long, to give to **AFTER AGES**
a **PROOF** and **EXAMPLE**

how the **PRESENT AGE** hath been
DELUDED, CAJOLED, and DECEIVED
under a Pretence

Of having their **LIBERTIES and PROPERTIES** only
defended and protected.

A N



A N

A P O L O G Y for Mr. P—.

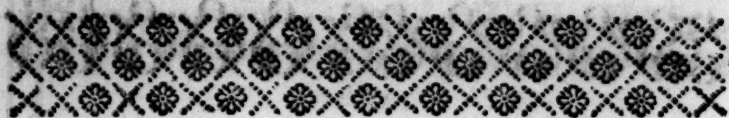
THE Tories, 'od rat 'em,
 Abuse my lord Ch—m,
 For what——for commencing a peer?

But is it not hard
 He should lose his reward,
 Who has purchas'd a title so dear?

In every station
 Mr. P— serv'd the nation,
 With a noble disdain of her pelf:
 Then where's the great crime,
 When he sees a fit time,
 If a man, should for once, *serve himself*.

R 2

T H E



T H E

E A R L.

An O D E. Imitated from H O R A C E.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides Gazes, &c.

L. I. Od. XXIX.

MY Lord! *great commoner* no more ;
You number your new titles o'er,
Earl, Viscount, P-nf-nt, Ch-th-m :
Before you your supporters set,
Your ermine robes, and coronet,
And gaze in raptures at 'em.

What servile bard shall greet your ear
With the enchanting sound of *peer* ?
Delightful name to mention !
What chaplain shall inform mankind,
With how much virtue you have join'd
A pitle to a pension ?

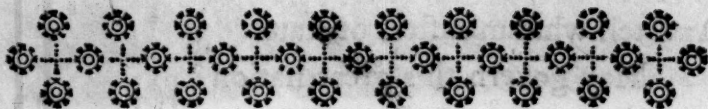
Who

Who can unroll the book of fate,
 And tell what ministers of state
 May govern this great nation ?
 Where is the prophet can disclose,
 What strange materials may compose
 Some new administration ?

Jacob Henriques, born to guide,
 At privy council may preside,
 And rule the common weal :
 Hill, secretary we may see,
 Derrick, lord chamberlain may be,
 And Buckhorfe privy seal :

Since you, once emulous of fame,
 Have meanly barter'd your good name
 For scorn, contempt, and raill'ry ;
 Broke every promise you have made,
 And shamefully together laid
 The Pitt and upper gallery.

THE



T H E
C O R O N E T:
A S O N G.

HOW happy a state does lord C—m possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
less;

On his *pension* and *place* he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

How blest has his time been ! what days has he
known !

How sweet with fair E——r the moments have
flown !

Since first in *dom. com.* his harangue he began,
Which convinc'd *the whole house* he was more than
a man.

He

He bullied Sir Robert—he censur'd the k—,
 He rail'd at the garter—and call'd it a string :
 He bellow'd and bawl'd, till his worship was hoarse,
 “ He'd be damn'd ere he'd thus be a *cornet of horse*.”

He thunder'd so long—and he thunder'd so well,
 They thought 'twas a fiend that had broke loose
 from hell ;

He rais'd such a din,—and he made such a clatter,
 That Sir Robert, abash'd, quite forgot all his
 matter.

What's now to be done ? or what's now to be
 said ?

Quoth Sir Robert, I tremble, by God, for my head,
 But to silence his *clack*, and to hide my disgrace,
 I'll give *cornet P*— a vice treasurer's place.

No longer a *cornet*, no longer a slave,
 No longer the terror and scourge of a knave ;
 He yields to C——n, at B——y he winks,
 Now a *patriot* he rose, now a *placeman* he sinks.

In the van of dame fortune behold him advance,
 With a place for his target, his tongue for a lance ;
 But depriv'd of his place, his ambition was crost,
 And the *cornet's* gay hours in a moment were lost.

Now

Now behold him a bellowing patriot again,
 Like Demosthenes, stemming the torrent in vain.
 See his eyes how they roll ! hark his diction how
 strong,

Gods ! how mellow his voice ! his oration how long.

Thus oppos'd and opposing, the same tale he told,
 " As he ne'er had been bought, so he ne'er would
 be sold ; "

That his country (fine words) was far dearer than
 life !

Than the whole race of G—ll-s, than E—r his
 wife.

How stubborn the trials which patriots endure !

Yet to conquer their whims, you must gild well
 the lure ;

For we all know 'tis senseless, whate'er they may
 mutter,

To quarrel, like fools, with their bread and their
 butter.

To cut short my tale, and to close the last scene,
 Like a storm when 'tis hush'd, see the patriot
 serene ;

In a twinkling behold a bright coronet rise,
 How it ties up his tongue ! how it dazzles his eyes.

With

With the hoard of mad Pynsent, a pension, a
 place,
 With a peerage, the badge of his lordship's dis-
 grace ;
 With a load of gold boxes, from boroughs and
 cities,
 With his blust'ring speeches, and half written
 ditties.

May he spend, yet unpitied, the rest of his days,
 Unambitious of sway, undeserving of praise ;
 Unhuzza'd by a mob, unendear'd to his friends,
 Ever rack'd by the gout, ever tortur'd by fiends.

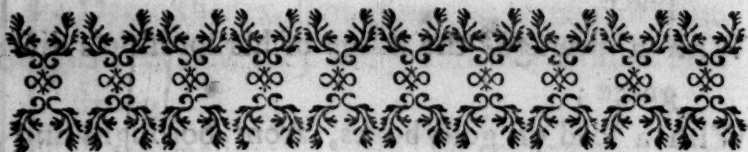
Ye chronicle wits, ministerially wise,
 Who to-morrow revere, what to-day ye despise,
 Be my sentence confirm'd — since the die is now
 cast,

“ That a *coronet* damns every *patriot* at last.”

A TRIFLER.

\$

AN



A N

E P I S T L E

To a FRIEND in the Country.

HAVING heard that your doggrel's in mighty
renown,

(For a great many people can read in this town)

And not without some little cause to expect

Such flatt'ry, as goes to one's heart to reject :

I have dip'd in the standish, intending to try

My right-hand at verse—tho' the muse is but shy.

You have heard of the wonderful works of one

Pitt,

Who so oft in Dom. Com. has brought forth a
good hit :

Lord!

Lord ! Sir, there was hardly a man of them all,
 If he wrestled with Will, but was sure of a fall.
 Since the days of Sir Richard, renowned in song,
 No mortal has e'er been so loud or so long,
 With large words and Latin, in patriot oration,
 He led by the nose many heads of this nation :
 And, t'enable his spirits and purse to hold out,
 He receiv'd a fine snuff-box at ev'ry good bout ;
 The lid and the rims were all lacquer'd with gold,
 And might, if they are not already, be sold.
 Mr. D—— H——, and the arms of the city,
 I dare say together look wonderful pretty.
 The deputy deals in profound allegory,
 And holds in his hand, a good * key for history :
 But as I was saying, or going to say,
 This Pitt was a marvellous man in his day :
 He made us like so many bees in a hive,
 Sweat and toil to pay taxes, that battle might
 thrive,
 And really, dear friend, do but give him his due,
 He made both the French and the Spaniards look
 blue.
 Our soldiers most ardently pray'd for their foes,
 And then beat their brains out, as all the world
 knows.

* Vide Speeches of common council.

Our general once chanc'd to be slaughter'd—and
then.

Pitt said he was sorry—said Beckford, Amen.

It would do your heart good, should you e'er
come to town,

To hear how their parliament speeches go down :

There a party to swallow, a party to pour,

So the gulpers stand gaping for sense by the hour.

They're sure, honest souls ! he can ne'er be in jest,

Who harangues till he's hoarse, and knocks oft
on his breast.

In a winter or two, I suppose each oration,

Well chew'd, will again be spew'd out on the
nation :

For the substance of matter continues the same,

As Newton avers, tho' it changes its name ;

So for aught one can tell, e'en this letter of mine

May make, turn'd to prose, a young senator shine.

Three mighty great things are time, manner, and
place,

To give both our laws and ourselves a good face !

But I stop—for digressions, when once they've
the rein,

Throw us off, tug as hard as we can at the mane.

A man that is gouty, or has a lame leg,

Elsewhere for self-int'rest, may set up to beg ;

Not

Not so at St. Stephen's — when cripples come
there,

All subscriptions requested, they solemnly swear,
Are for poor old Britannia, whose back is quite
bare.

With one hand in flannel, and one on his side,
He would gently begin, like an infantine tide;
And, as that by degrees all the bank overflows,
So from whispers he soon came to brawling and
blows:

“ Those Germans may shift for themselves as
they like;

As long as Great Britain has round her a dyke
To defend her from harm, let her rest in content;
Not a man, not a shilling shall from her be sent.”

This doctrine was orthodox only a while,

For he has, Sir, a vast variation of style.

Of late we have heard him rebuking his brother,
For provoking pert boys to bepiss their own
mother,

He spoke like an angel, a great many say,
And beat six or seven quite out of their play,
Being serious and comic, being grave, being gay. }

How are innocent quarrels embowel'd since then,
For statues to honour that best of all men;

Quarrels

Buckles,

Buckles, buttons, and studs, in America worn,
 Signs, ribbons, and teapots with Pitt they adorn.
 The good folk of Bath, to exceed all the rest,
 Rous'd old royal Bladud, asleep in his nest :
 They rous'd him, I say, when he strait fell a
 praising,

In strong black letter-print, which was us'd former
 days in :

But now, that king Bladud's again under ground;
 They have alter'd their tone, and are looking
 around

For the Coehorns of rhyme with scurrility stor'd,
 To fling at the head of the god they ador'd.

'Tis amazing to think, but the men of this land,
 Who are not lords themselves, cannot oft under-
 stand

How virtue and sense can reside in a peer—
 And Pitt is become my lord Chatham. I fear
 This vulgar opinion 'bout Lords is not true ;
 For since I've been from home, I have seen one
 or two,

Who were rul'd by their wives, and went in the
 rain,

Which shews wisdom and goodness I think very
 plain.

Not

Not a maker of ballads in all this great town,
But is priming his piece to knock poor Chatham
down.

Nay, the ladies that traffic in love round the
Garden,

Drink his downfall in gin, to the very last farthing.
The news-papers all are as sly as they can be
With W——'s and P——'s and ***** I
hope you understand me.

For my part (for I think 'tis a shame to stand out,
And see a poor lord so belabour'd about)
As I find upon trial, a knack to compose
A caustic in verse, ten times hotter than prose,
I'm resolv'd in some Chronicle soon to have at 'em,
Subscribing myself at the bottom Phil—Chatham.

I may do him much good, and one knows not
for certain,

He may leave me a box, when he thinks of de-
parting ;

Or perhaps (which is more to be wish'd for by far)
He may make me Jackall in his next German war.

I am, dear friend, yours sincerely.

P R O-



P R O P O S A L S

For PRINTING by Subscription,

(Taken from Mr. Hogarth's famous Picture of Mr. Garrick, in
the Character of Richard the Third)

The PRINT of a late Commoner.

This Print will be published before the Opening of the next session
of P-----t.

A Specimen of the Work.

THE late G—t C— will be laying on his
couch, dressed with his coronet and robes;
and his hands and feet wrapped up in flannel, and
starting at the ghosts that appear to him in his
sleep, and address him in imitation of the ghosts
in Shakespeare.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Sarah Dutches of Marlborough.

The first was I that help'd thee to be known,
But not the last that finds thee an apostate.
In the debate, O think on Marlborough,
And shrink in terror of thy guiltiness.

Enter the Ghost of Robert Earl of Orford.

When I was living, my fair character
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me, despair and die;
The injur'd Orford bids thee droop and die.

Enter the Ghost of Ralph Allen, Esq;

Let me be laid within thy bosom, Ch——m,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and sorrow;
I thought thee once deserving of my friendship;
But now a convert made by truth and justice
I join thy new pursuers, once thy friends;
If any pains can *adequate* thy crimes,
May they, thou arch impostor, now await thee.

T

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Sir William Pynsent.

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;
 Pynsent that raised thy fortune—not thy fame;
 Think on my wronged heirs, who now with justice
 Curse the false *patriot* in their humble state,
 And join with me to execrate his baseness;
 Let all their wrongs to-morrow be remember'd,
 And sink thy edgeless tongue.

Chorus of English Ghosts destroyed in Germany.

Awake, awake, inhuman murderer;
 Think how we bled to raise thy once-lov'd name,
 Which now, alas! lies bury'd in a title,
 Bloody and guilty; guilty, now awake.
 To future *peers* a terrible example.

The Ghost of William Earl of Bath.

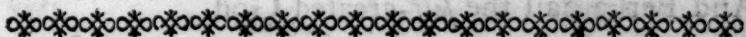
Brother in guilt, remember me to-morrow:
 Let not my fate o'erwhelm thy trembling soul!
 I that was wasted to death by fulsome honours:
 Poor Bath!

Unpitied

Unpitied and dishonour'd, now appear
To warn thee of the danger of to-morrow ;
O think on me !

This Print will be distributed *gratis* to the late
G— C——r's remaining friends in the com-
mon council, as few copies will now serve that
purpose.

Subscriptions to be taken in at Mr. D—y's at
North End, at ald —n B——d's in Soho
Square, and at the Peer's new friend, colonel
W. B—e, V—e T——r of I——d.



T H E

E——l of C——m's Apology.

THE western sun had sought his ev'ning grave,
Deep in the bosom of th'Atlantic wave;
The silver moon now reign'd with fainter pow'r,
And grac'd the horrors of the midnight hour ;

T 2

Thousands

Thousands of spangled orbs combin'd their ray,
 To cheer the absence of the god of day ;
 Indulgent nature hail'd the tranquil scene,
 And lull'd to rest the drowsy race of men ;
 Save *pow'r-craving-P-tt*,—his full-blown soul,
 Bursting to seize unlimited controul,
 Ne'er knew the calm which smooths the ruffled
 breast,

Nor felt the joys that spring from even rest.
 Wild with ambition, and with pride elate,
In thought he triumph'd in his car of state ;
 Enjoy'd his fancied flight on eagle's wings,
 And form'd his footstool on the necks of kings ;
 Saw northern potentates obey his nod,
 And Persia hail the *self*-created God.
 Phantoms like these amus'd the *patriot's* sight,
 When, lo !——the clock pronounc'd the dead of
 night,

Sudden the closet shook——the lights burnt blue,
 And gaudy fancy all her joys withdrew,
 A ghastly form before his table stood,
 Chill'd his pale cheek, and froze his vital blood ;
 Conscious of guilt, he pray'd to be forgiv'n,
 And trembling in his chair, cry'd——Mercy
 heav'n !

A verdant crown the horrid spectre wore,
 Blushing with fruit thy choicest orchards bore,
O ill-requited Pynsent ! in his hand
 Thrice he produc'd that deed which gave his
 land ;
 Thrice wav'd that guilty deed in wild despair,
 And thrice repentant wept his beggar'd heir ;

G H O S T.

I rise, ungrateful man, the spirit said,
 From the dark mansions of the horrid dead ;
 From shades, where wounded conscience ever
 grieves,
 Where *specious worth* no longer man deceives ;
 Where station'd furies strip the *pension'd knave*,
 And lash the finner, be he prince or slave ;
 Where practis'd merit knows eternal bliss,
 And man appears the real man he is ;
 Where low ambition trembles at the rod,
 Worship'd an earth, an idol, or a god.
Bath who can see, and not his fate deplore,
 Stript of those honours virtuous *Fuli'ney* wore ?
 In vain he weeps the incens'd patriot's name,
 In vain he struggles for reviving fame ;

Scorn

Scorn and reproach for ever wound his ear,
 And shame reviles the mean ignoble peer.
 Such, such is *Bath!* — but know the fates
 decree
 Pangs more severe, and sharper pains for thee;
 For thee, but yesterday thy monarch's choice,
 Thy country's bulwark, and her people's voice:
 Deluded youth thy brows with laurels grac'd,
 And echo'd, "*long live Brutus,*" as you pass.
 Your manly speech inspir'd the breast of age,
 And taught new virtues to th'experienc'd sage;
 With softer flow, pathetic and refin'd,
 You taught their country's love to womankind;
 With grief like thine, expiring laws to see,
 And seek their great deliverer in thee.
 E'en * *Sarah's* heart obdurate, cold as steel,
 Whose stubborn nature long had blush'd to feel,
 Dissolv'd like wax before thy magic tongue,
 And paid with gratitude th'inchanter's song;
Ten thousand pounds, (nay! shrink not) was your fee,
To live un plac'd, unpension'd, and be free.
 How you deserv'd great Minos will descry,
 Your faith a prostitute, your fame a lie.

* Sarah duchess of Marlborough.

Skill'd in all tricks to varnish your intent,
 That art can spin, hypocrisy invent,
 You borrow'd ev'ry form, and ev'ry dye,
 That Proteus wore to captivate the eye;
 Till by degrees credulity believ'd,
 And Briton's heard——*again* to be deceiv'd.
 As latent sparks unwilling to expire,
 Break out at once, and burst into a fire;
 So your long-clouded glory blaz'd a-new,
 Darting its rays where England's genius flew,
 From pole to pole, from Paris to Peru.

Flush'd with *great words*, in readiness at call,
 At morn you destin'd *Hanover to fail*,
 Lamenting Britain with a filial care,
 Drain'd by the leeches of a German war.
 At noon, like speckled snakes you shed your
 skin,
 Retaining still your native craft within;
 By *German machinations won to grace*,
 You *turn'd a German advocate for place*;
 Loudly revok'd that known approv'd decree,
 Empire your object, tendernefs your plea;

Pro-

Profusely lavish'd the Exchequer's store,
 And dy'd th'affrighted Elbe with British gore, }
 'Till numbers fail'd, and funds would yield no
 more.

But oh ! how vain, how futile is th' attempt
 To paint imposture's form ! the world's con-
 tempt

Displays a mirror to your conscious eye ;
 Will sting your soul, and give your heart the lie.
 Yet e'er th'approaching dawn, with gentle hand
 Raises the veil of night, the fates command
 My quick return, to cold and endless gloom,
 Where one day Ch—m must *unermin'd* come :
 Time hurries on, few moments now remain
 To tell my tale, my source of lasting pain.

Now C—m hear—I am the restless shade
 Of *Pynsent*, lately call'd to join the dead ;
 Varied with errors, but unknown to crime,
 I pass'd the blushing years of nature's prime,
 Till hast'ning on to life's cool ev'ning stage,
 With my first crime, I stain'd my hoary age.
 I lov'd (weak man !) not wisely, but too well,
 My liberty, my rights, and country's weal ;
 Deaf to th'endearing ties of lineal blood,
 My patriot heart, intent on public good,

Insensibly

Insensibly forgot my ancient name,
 And plung'd my heirs in poverty and shame;
 Frantic with zeal I thought *thee* all divine,
 And Britain's darling son adopted mine;
 My progeny forgot, in *P-tt* alone,
 I felt the friend, the kinsman and the son;
 Like saints enraptur'd I ador'd his name,
 And pledg'd my wealth and honour on his fame,
 Compell'd my heirs to court their chosen lord,
 And beg the scatter'd bounties of his board;
 Inhuman judgment! sentence too severe!
 Which harden'd criminals would weep to hear;
 But I with vanity completely curst,
 I, of all slaves, the basest and the worst,
 Cold and inflexible to nature's voice,
 Worship'd my idol, and extoll'd my choice;
 Happy! thrice happy! now my *P-tt* was free,
 My country's welfare was a debt to me.

Say, Ch——m, if one faint, one feeble ray
 Of *P-tt's* late truth, still lives in Ch——m's clay,
 Say, if your heart don't dread to be sincere,
 What little passion lurks and governs there?
 What strange extravagant contempt of fame
 Seduc'd your wish to change it for a name?

U

Did

Did B——e again hang out this badge of grace
 To *fix* your doubts of coming into place?
 Will Scotch protection raise your drooping cause?
 Will Scotch alliance furnish lost applause?
 Or dwindled into childhood, by decay
 Of nature, did you doat on childish play,
 Pleas'd with a bubble at your close of day?
 Your city friends, so smooth in rhyme and wit,
 So copious in their flow and praise of *P-tt*,
 No more address, now *Ch——m*'s at the steerage.
 Nor strain a panegyrick on your peerage!
 Oh! what a sudden falling off is here!
 No more the mob applauds, the wise revere!
 No more th' admiring crouds your deeds unfold!
 Nor adulation fues with box of gold!
 Your shrine's eras'd, your day of glory set,
 Your popularity — as dead as *P-tt*!
Ch——m and pride may crimson trappings wear,
 But freedom's honest soul disdains the peer.

C H —— M.

Angels and ministers of grace above,
 And ye bless'd spirits of th' Elysian grove!

If age and innocence deserve your care,
 Protect my tortur'd heart from mad despair;
 Dispell this scene of horror and dismay,
 And lead me safely to the verge of day.
 Hear then, dread ghost, great *Pynsent's* awful
 shade,
 Living, my friend, my benefactor, dead;
 Hear, and avert thy judgment too severe,
 And view thy *P-tt*, still triumph in the peer,
 Weary of *c—s*, of *fav'rites*, and of *k—gs*,
 Still hoping better days, and better things;
 Foil'd in my plan to be supremely great,
 And guide alone the *c—l*, *c—h*, and *state*;
 My speech and effigy to *Boston* sent,
 For public worship, and the mob content;
 I steer'd my little *cock-boat* into port,
 The scourge of pirate ministers at *c—rt*;
 Well arm'd, well fitted, in my neutral state;
 To fail again and share my country's fate,
 Should services so poor but free as mine
 Be call'd to *save her* in her last decline.
 This plan arrang'd, I sought that honour'd seat
 Which *Pynsent's* bounty chose for my retreat;
 Which gen'rous *Pynsent* sever'd from his line,
 O matchless public worth! to graft on mine.

Here, calm and gentle as the noon-tide breeze,
 Day follow'd day, and health return'd with ease:
 No more I felt the stings of project cross'd,
 Of systems baffled, and of *questions lost*:
 Slave to no party, council to no plan,
 I thought, enjoy'd, and liv'd a private man:
 Wishful to feel, now glory's race was run,
 My ev'ning set, like a mild summer's sun.

Blest state of peace! but oh! the change how
 soon,

My morning wish was clouded ere 'twas noon.
 Again my country courted me away,
 Woo'd me to act, and promis'd to obey;
 With condescending bounty, next the th--ne
 Plac'd me the first, and bid me *guide alone*,
Omnipotent, responsible to none.

Courted, solicited, and sent for too,
 What man, to freedom, and his country true,
 What mortal man, tho' most averse to place,
 Could frown, refuse, and spurn his country's
 grace,

Let *Pynsent*, virtuous *Pynsent*, judge my case?

By tender feelings mov'd for Britain's fate,
 Not dazzled with the pomp and pride of state,

Sudden

Sudden I wak'd from fancy's filken dreams,
 Of rural solitude, and languid streams :
 Of days, devoted to my friends and wife,
 And moral virtues form'd for private life ;
 Gave in my plan, while fortune blest'd the day,
 And peerage strew'd her flowers in my way.
 Let malice inch by inch my conduct scan,
 And folly censure, e'er she knows my plan ;
 Let rancour dive into the womb of time,
 In search of tales, to blacken me with crime ;
 My youthful soul sprung early to one end,
 My riper years the same great course shall bend, }
 Virtue my guardian, liberty my friend.
 Think not to scatter terrors on my head,
 By stale examples muster'd from the dead ;
 With joy I saw, how virtuous *Pult'ney* shin'd,
 The brightest, bravest, weakest, of mankind !
 But when I saw my country drop a tear,
 I wept the patriot and I curs'd the peer.
 But what had *Pult'ney's* glory, or decline,
 His fame, or peerage, to compare with mine !
 Mankind is alter'd since the days of *Bath*,
 Tho' *S--dys* still puzzles in the same dull path.
 Freedom at length has fix'd her wav'ring seat,
 Ambitious to promote the good and great ;
Studious

Studious to still the waves of party rage,
 And link in harmony, each rank and age ;
 Of vice's growth to lop the spreading root,
 That virtue's sickly plant may spring and shoot,
 Bent to reform the canker'd mass of things,
 Till Britain's sons are free as British k--gs ;
 Till placemen seek the honour, not the fee,
 And scorn emoluments like *Prait* and *me* ;
 Till each great l--d his country shall revere,
 And to the statesman join the patriot peer.

When these great systems shall refine our times,
 To the pure temper of Saturnian climes,
 (For now I see that blest auspicious day)
 Faction will sink, and party die away :
 The mob again *spontaneously* will join
 To deck my image, and adorn my shrine ;
 Forsaken, distanc'd *T--ple* will relent,
 S——h reform, and L——n repent ;
 W——th his latent talents will display,
 And T—— settle for—— perhaps a day ;
 B——d will buzz, too feeble for to sting,
 And G—ge lament in vain my scaring wing ;
 Whilst I, too great to dread a *future* fall,
 Rule and ordain from R—chm--d to Wh-te-H-ll ;
 Preside at ev'ry B——d tho' nam'd to none,
 And nobly in my *closet* rule alone :

Such

Such sweets of government can never fail
 When C—m *steers* and B—e supplies the gale.
 O B—e thou injur'd new connected friend—

G H O S T.

Peace! ere thy tongue grows lavish to commend
 And thy mean heart betrays thy secret end.
 Take back thy broken faith, which, art in vain
 Strives to repair, to burnish and maintain:
 Take back thy flatt'ring tributes to the dead,
 And *know thy destiny* by fate decreed.

“ Ordain'd to act, a fav'rite *once remov'd*,
Sought but not dreaded, courted but not lov'd,
 Thou'lt find thy projects baffled, soon as plan'd,
 And thy large views of empire at a stand:
 Till lost, and sunk in popular disgrace,
 Thou'lt curse too late thy peerage and thy place;
 And when by slow disease and anguish torn
 Thy mortal frame is destin'd to the urn,
 Perhaps some pension'd friend *for shew may mourn*:
 Then, (for on earth ye trod one common path)
 Thy fleeting soul will meet its comrade, *Bath.*
 But hark—the cock the harbinger of day,
 With morning song proclaims the dawning ray;
 Farewel—I slept in peace while *P—tt* was free,
 Live and repent—farewel—remember me!

TO



T O

L O R D C ——— M.

An O D E.

By the same.

FORGIVE, my lord, an homely muse,
Too plain by flatt'ry to amuse,
Too free to hope or fear;
I come not with obsequ'ous bow,
To sooth, protest, recant, or vow,
Like temporising Cl—re.

Nor meek and trembling with despair,
To drop a penitential tear,
And sue to be forgiv'n;
Unfit to sneak about a court,
I live where freedom's sons resort,
Beneath an humbler heav'n.

Friend

Friend to the law, the church, and king,
 As numbers flow, I boldly sing,
 And praise where praise is due:
 When laws enslave, I blot the plan,
 When *Spendthrifts* guide, I brand the man,
 Tho' great, or proud as you;

There was a time, I must be plain,
 Ere adulation turn'd your brain,
 Ere pow'r unmask'd your pride;
 When you, my lord, diffus'd afar,
 Your lustre, like the northern star,
 Britannia's hope and guide.

But now these rays are over-cast,
 Your sun hath now his zenith past,
 Declining are your fires;
 No more Britannia meek and tame,
 Like a fond mistress fans your flame,
 Nor courts your wild desires.

Cast-off, impoverish'd, undone,
 She weeps, her health and fortune gone,
 Whilst your new love rejoices;
 But her's is no uncommon state,
 'Tis but the just decree of fate,
 To dames who make such choices.

X

America,

America, her rival flame,
 That rough, imperious, haughty dame,
 As dark in heart as feature;
 With your opinions to comply,
 Forces all bonds of legal tie,
 Of gratitude and nature.

Rais'd by the fondest mother's care,
 She wounds that mother to despair,
 Who gave her ease and wealth;
 Tutor'd to serve your odious ends,
 For you she cheats herself and friends,
 With you intrigues by stealth.

Such is the nature of your sex,
 Regardless whom you please or vex,
 You change from one to t'other;
 'Tis lustful passion tempts the man,
 When daughters give up all they can;
 Like you to quit the mother.

This may be folly deem'd in youth,
 Ere constancy and social truth,
 Grow with the growth of time;
 Yet sure in life there is a stage,
 When treachery's a stain to age,
 When want of faith's a crime.

In

In vain again you meanly fly,
 With golden promise, flatt'ring sigh,
 For refuge to her arms;
 Wisely she shuns th' attractive flame,
 That blaz'd but to undo her fame,
 Her fortune, health and charms..

Britannia now has found a friend,
Active and *able* to defend,
Accessible and *true*;
 On *Grenville* she has cast her eye,
 From him expects that rich supply
 Of wealth, she *lost* by you.

From his abundant depth of mind,
 Resources flow of every kind,
 To ease, correct, or heal;
 Frugal of treasures not his own;
 He bribes no hungry courtier's frown;
 He dread's no foe's appeal.

Averse to shed Britannia's blood,
 His ruling passion's public good,
 His liberty, her law;
 Reviv'd by these salubrious pow'rs,
 She'll rest again on beds of flow'rs,
 And strength from plenty draw..



THE Jesuits *Double faced Creed*, which was published in the history of Popery, 1679, and which, according to the different readings, may suit either Papist or Protestant, being a true portrait of the followers of Ignatius Loyola, is worthy a place in this Collection.

The Jesuits double-faced Creed.

I hold for faith What England's church allows,
What Rome's church faith My conscience disavows.

Where the king is head The flock can take no shame,
The flock's misled Who hold the Pope supreme.

Where th' altar's drest The worship's scarce divine,
The people's blest Whose table's bread and wine.

He is an ass Who their communion flies,
Who shuns the mass Is catholic and wise.

In L A T I N.

*Pro fide teneo sanâ Que docet Anglicana
Affirmat quæ Romana Videnter mibi vana,
Supremus quando rex est Tum plebs est fortunata,
Erraticus tum Grex est Cum caput fiat papa,
Altare tum ornatur Communio fit inanis,
Populus tum beatur Cum mensa vino panis,
Asini nomen meruit Hunc morem qui non capit,
Missam qui deseruit Catholicus est & sapit.*

HINTS



H I N T S

FOR A

POLITICAL PRINT.

Written in *November*, MDCCLXVII.

HIS E——y the L—L—— of I—— is said to have a singular turn for portrait painting, which he willingly employs in the service of his friends. He performs gratis, and seldom gives them the trouble of setting for their pictures. But I believe the talents of this ingenious nobleman never had so fair an occasion of being employed to advantage as at present. It happens very fortunately for him, that he has now a set of friends, who seem intended by nature for the subjects of such a pencil. In delineating their features to the public,

public, he will have an equal opportunity of displaying the delicacy of his hand, and, upon which he chiefly piques himself, the benevolence of his heart. But considering the importance of his present cares, I would fain endeavour to save him the labour of the design, in hopes that he will bestow a few moments more upon the execution. Yet I will not presume to claim the merit of invention. The blindness of chance has done more for the painter than the warmest fancy could have imagined, and has brought together such a group of figures as I believe never appeared in real life, or upon canvas before.

Your principal character, my lord, is a young d— mounted upon a lofty Phaeton; his head grows giddy; his horses carry him violently down a precipice, and a bloody carcase, the fatal emblem of Britannia, lies mangled under his wheels. By the side of this furious charioteer sits Caution without Foresight; a motley thing, half military, scarce civil. He too would guide, but let who will drive, is determined to have a seat in the carriage. If it be possible, my lord, give him to

us

us in the attitude of an orator eating the end of a period, which may begin with, *I did not say I would pledge myself*—The rest he eats.

Your next figure must bear the port and habit of a judge. The laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision, a dagger, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to murder the c—ft—n.

In such good company the respectable p— of the c——l cannot be omitted. A reasonable number of decrees must be piled up behind him, with the word *reversed* in capital letters upon each of them; and out of his decent lips a compliment *a la Tilbury, hell and d——n blast you all*. N. B. It would not be amiss to give him the air of farting at the decrees above mentioned.

There is still a young man, my lord, who I think will make a capital figure in the piece. His features are too happily marked to be mistaken. A single line of his face will be sufficient to give us the heir apparent of Loyola,
and

and all the college. *A little more of the devil, my lord, if you please, about the eyebrows; that's enough; a perfect Malagrida, I protest!* So much for his person; and as for his mind, a blinking bull-dog placed near him, will form a very natural type of all his good qualities.

These are the figures, which are to come forward to the front of the piece. Your friendship for the — of —, will naturally secure a corner in the retirement for him and his curtain. Provided you discover him on a bed, with a magic wand in his hand, any one of Aretine's postures will suit him; for if fame be not too partial, there is certainly a bed, upon which he has exhibited with uncommon grace and activity in them all.

If there are still any vacancies in the canvas, you will easily fill them up with fixtures or still life. You may shew us half a paymaster for instance, with a paper stuck upon the globe of his eye, and a label out of his mouth, *No, Sir, I am of t'other side, Sir.* How I lament that sounds cannot be conveyed to the eye!

You

You may give us a C——r in Ch—— and
 and a S—— at W—— seeming to pull at
 two ends of a rope; while a slipknot in the
 middle may really strangle three-fourths of the
 army; or a lunatic brandishing a crutch, or
 bawling through a grate, or writing with des-
 perate charcoal a letter to North America;
 or a Scotch secretary teaching the Irish people
 the true pronunciation of the English language.
 That barbarous people are but little accustomed
 to figures of oratory, so that you may repre-
 sent him in any attitude you think proper,
 from that of Sir G——t E—— down to
 Gov. J——ne. These however are but the
 slighter ornaments of composition, and so I
 leave them to the choice of your own luxurious
 fancy.

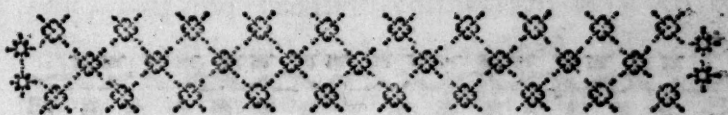
The back ground may be shadowed with the
 natural obscurity of Scotch clerks and Scotch
 secretaries, who may be *itched* out to the life
 with one hand grasping a pen, the other
 rivetted in their respective posteriors. Your
 southern writers are apt to rub their foreheads
 in the agony of composition; but with Scotch-
 men, the seat of inspiration lies in a lower place,
 Y which,

which, while the FUROR is upon them, they lacerate without mercy. By this delectable friction, their imaginations become as prurient as their backsides, and the latter are relieved from one sort of matter, while their brains are supplied with another. Every thing they write in short is polished *ad unguem*.

But amidst all the licence of your wit, my lord, I must intreat you to remember that there is one character too high, and too sacred even for the pencil of a peer, though your lordship has formerly done business for the family. Besides, the attempt would be unnecessary. The true character of that great person is engraven in the hearts of the Irish nation ; and as to a false one, they need only take a survey of the person and manners of their chief governor, if, in the midst of their distresses, they can laugh at the perfect caricatura of a k---.

CORREGGIO.

O N



O N T H E

Execution of JOHN AYLIFFE, Esq;

For a Forgery respecting Lord HOLLAND.

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

JUVENAL

A Yliffe and —, when call'd, in days of old,
 Their striking carcases, like bunters, sold.
 Each served alternate, the lascivious* dame,
 Alike their merits, poverty and fame;
 Alike their toils! Ah! why unlike their fate?
 One villain hangs, the other robs the state,
 With ermin'd pride his father's livery lines,
 Power sprung from lust with endless wealth
 combines,
 And like to Bute in all a first rate patriot shines.

* Mrs. H——r.

Y 2

A



A NEW AND HUMOROUS

Method of reading the News-Papers.

FOR several months past I have resided in the country, with a very agreeable family, about forty miles from London. The *environs* were most delightful, and we had plenty of shooting, fishing, walking, and riding. But as the weather was frequently such as obliged us to keep within doors, we then endeavoured to amuse ourselves with cards and news-papers. Cards to those who love play, are a vast fund of amusement. Every time the spots and pictures are shuffled, they afford fresh entertainment; but this is by no means the case with regard to the news-papers; for when you have once perused the four pages of unconnected occurrences, and miscellaneous advertisements, the abrupt transitions from article to article, without

without the smallest connection between one paragraph and another, overload and confuse the memory so much, that, when you are questioned, you can never give a tolerable account of what you have been reading. Hence it is, that one often sees people peruse two or three news-papers, and throw them down, one after another, with the constant complaint of, *Not a syllable of news—Nothing at all in the papers*, to the great discredit of those vehicles of intelligence, and the great detriment of you, Sir, and the rest of your brethren. Now, this is extremely unjust; for the fault (as already hinted) is not in the news-papers, but in the readers having taken too copious a dose, consisting of an olio, or mixed composition of politics, religion, picking of pockets, puffs, casualties, deaths, marriages, bankruptcies, preferments, resignations, executions, lottery-tickets, India bonds, Scotch pebbles, Canada bills, French chicken gloves, auctioneers, and quack doctors. What a curious jumble is this, and what wonder is it, that four folio pages of it, consisting of four columns each, should prove too potent a dose for the memory of most readers? But in pursuing this matter, I had almost lost sight of the point I

had originally in view, when I began this letter; which was to shew, that *news-papers*, as well as *cards*, were capable of affording a *variety* of entertainment. At present I shall only mention one improvement in reading the papers, which we practised in the country with great success; and that was, after we had read the paper in the old trite vulgar way, i. e. each column by itself *downwards*, we next read two columns together *onwards*; and by this *new* method found much more entertainment than in the *common* way of reading, with a greater variety of articles, curiously blended, or strikingly contrasted. In short, *blind chance* brought about the strangest connections, and frequently coupled persons and things the most heterogeneous, things so opposite in their nature and qualities, that no man alive would ever have thought of joining them together.

— *placidis coeunt immitia*, —

Serpentes avibus geminantur, tigribus agni.

As I always carry a pencil in my pocket; I used to set down those that were most remarkable; and now send you a collection of them, to be inserted in your paper. I hope my very
good

good friend and patron the public will receive this attempt with his usual candour and indulgence, as it tends to promote the practice of reading, and to enlarge the circle of innocent amusement,

PAPIRIUS CURSOR.

The sword of state was carried——
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to
Newgate.

Last night, the princess royal was baptized
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.

This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker——
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day his Majesty will go in state to
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

At noon her R. H. the Princess Dowager was
married to Mr. Jenkins an eminent taylor.

Lord Chatham took his seat in the house
And was severely handled by the populace.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel—

'Tis

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended

——Pray stop it, and the party——

A certain commoner will be created a peer.

* * No greater reward will be offered.

John Wilkes, Esq; set out for France,
being charged with returning from transportation.

Last night a most terrible fire broke out,
And the evening concluded with the utmost festi-
vity.

At a very full meeting of common council
the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air,
The city and liberties of Westminster.

Lately came out of the country,
the Middlesex Hospital, enlarged with a new wing.

The Free-Masons will hold their annual grand
lodge

N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
afterwards tossed and gored several persons.

When the honour of knighthood was conferred
on him,

to the great joy of that noble family.

A fine

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
was carried before the sitting alderman.

Sunday a poor woman was suddenly taken in labour,
the contents whereof have not yet transpired.

Whereas the said barn was set on fire by
an incendiary letter dropped early in the morning.

The king of Prussia has wrote to our court,
“ If yow dant pote fife powns in a fartin plase”

This morning will be married the lord viscount
and afterwards hung in chains pursuant to his
sentence.

He was examined before the sitting alderman,
and no questions asked.

The executors of the late Dr. Ward continue
At the horse infirmary near Knightsbridge.

By order of the commissioners for paving
An infallible remedy for the stone and gravel.

To be disposed of, greatly under prime cost ;
Nothing under full price will be taken.

The creditors of Mary Jones are desired to meet
I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Any lady desirous of lying in privately
Will be delivered at any part of the town.

Colds caught at this season are
The companions to the play-house.

Wants a place of all work

A strong-bodied mare, mistress of 16 stone.

Wanted an house-keeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted sound, wind and limb, free from
blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
An active young man, just come out of the
country.

To be let, and entered on immediately,
A young woman, that will put her hand to any
thing.

To be sold to the best bidder,
My seat in parliament being vacated.

I have long laboured under a complaint
For ready money only.

The Turk's-head bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, price 5s. in sheets.

One of his majesty's principal secretaries of state
fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheels
went over him.

'Tis

'Tis said the ministry is to be new modell'd ;
 The repairs of which will cost the public a large
 sum annually.

This has occasion'd a cabinet council to be held
 at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's street.

Being St. Patrick's day, the tutelary saint of Ireland,
 the *standing* committee will *sit* at twelve.

Aged 76 was married to a young girl of eighteen ;
 The reason of his committing this rash action is
 not known.

'Tis said that A——n B——d will *not* go to
 the South of France,

Another wild beast having appeared in the Gevaudan.

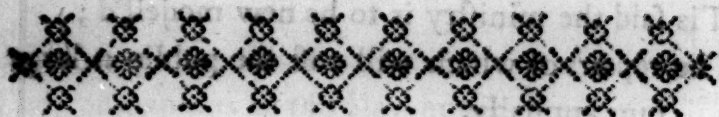
To be disposed of by private contract,
 In the room of their late member created a peer.

'Tis thought the election will be warmly contested,
 In order to preserve unanimity in the county.

He has just opened a house for inoculation ;

+++ Be careful to have the right sort.

Genteel places in any of the public offices,
 So much admired by the nobility and gentry.



T H E
A N A L O G Y

B E T W E E N

Legislation and Horse-racing.

THE swift-pac'd hours convoke again
 Our senate on Newmarket's plain ;
 They mind not here who's out, who's in—
 Their contest is, who most shall win.
 Here too they drop all party rage—
 Far different hearts their thoughts engage.

Once on the turf I'll boldly venture,
 My Pegasus the lists shall enter ;
 Jockies, his wings ye need not dread—
 They're weighted by his rider's lead.

I've heard there is a near alliance
 'Twixt ev'ry lib'ral art and science ;
 So the same features we may trace in
 Both legislation and horse-racing.

Good laws require good heads to make 'em :
 And so do bets, to lay, or take 'em,

Laws

Laws are design'd to keep rogues under ;
 To save your house and purse from plunder.
 And he whose noble genius aims
 To shine at these olympic games,
 And cannot, with superior sleight,
 Out-wit the knave, the biter bite,
 Must leave the turf, or ever curse
 The mis'ries of an empty purse.

I've heard it said, our senate shou'd
 Enact their laws for general good ;
 And therefore should have hearts that feel
 Most warmly for the common-weal.
 And who can doubt but they inherit
 This noble and exalted spirit,
 That can consign their thousands o'er
 To wretches they ne'er saw before ;
 When too, (to heighten their deserving)
 Their wives and families are starving ?

Does not the saddle represent
 Taxes, clapt on by parliament ?
 Nor has the nation shewn bad sport ;
 We humbly thank their honours for't :
 Though some have made complaint of late,
 Their backs were gall'd with over-weight ;
 And that their sides had sorely felt
 The whip and spur full freely dealt ;

Yet

Yet hope these patriot-jockies will
 At length, to shew true sportsmen's skill,
 Pull in their steeds, quite out of breath,
 Nor push the willing tits to death.

Proceed ye two-fold legislators
 Of horses and your fellow creatures;
 Keep well your seats, nor vote, nor ride,
 On post's or ministry's wrong side;
 So shall the purse your pockets fill,
 And grooms and statesmen praise your skill.



Two extraordinary Advertisements

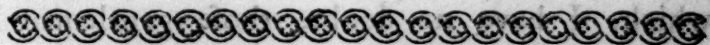
From the LONDON EVENING POST of
December 12, and 22, 1767.

December 6th, 1767.

WHEREAS a person, who styles himself
 Major Brereton, has falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters of several gentlemen, members of the *Jockey Club*; it is unanimously agreed, at a general meeting of the *Jockey Club*, held this day at the Star and Garter tavern, Pall Mall, that the said Brereton be expelled the new coffee-room at Newmarket; a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose conduct and characters

characters intitle them to be received into the company of gentlemen.

Grafton,	Robert Pigott, jun.
Ancaſter,	Fr. Naylor,
Kingſton,	C. Boothby Skrymſher,
Northumberland,	Bolingbroke,
Up. Offory,	T. Charles Bunbury,
Aſhburnham,	Waldegrave,
G. Selwyn,	Robert Brudenell,
Tho. Penton, jun.	George Cavendiſh,
John Scot,	George Lane Parker,
Richard Cox,	Barrymore,
John Calvert,	Bridgewater,
March and Ruglen,	Gower,
Orford	Granby,
Tho. Shirley,	J. S. Douglafs.



WHEREAS an advertisement has been published in this paper, ſigned by twenty-eight perſons (many of whom are of high rank and diſtinction) to inform the world that they thought fit to expel me the new coffee-room of Newmarket, as unworthy to be received in the company of gentlemen, becauſe I have (as ſome of them ſay) falſely and ſcandalouſly

scandalously aspersed the characters of several members of the *Jockey Club*: I think it incumbent on me to declare (for the further information of the public) that the supposed false and scandalous aspersion therein alluded to, is my having told his grace the duke of Northumberland and lord Ossory, that certain members of that club had cheated them and me at cards, at the last meeting at Newmarket: I told them publicly, because I saw it with my own eyes. I told them so, not in secret, but in the presence of the accused, the same day in which they had cheated. I still insist upon the truth of what I have said, and am ready to attest it upon oath. I do not here mention the names of the persons who were guilty of cheating, because I should thereby incur a prosecution, which, I have no doubt, those gentlemen would take the advantage of: but being now in London, and finding it the only safe way of publishing my case, I take this method to declare, that I am ready to inform any gentlemen whom these persons are, together with all the circumstances of their behaviour.

WILLIAM BRERETON.

F I N I S.

CONTENTS

TO PART II. and III.

A	Page.
A N Ode - -	185
A modern Glossary -	207
A Sailor's description of the Masquerade	328
A Man in Love, by Lady Mary Wortley Montague - -	388
B	
British Ambassadors's Speech -	238
C	
City Farce - -	230
— Latin - -	291
Conversation between two Heads on Temple Bar -	398
D	
Dialogue between Ralph and Hodge	192
— at Lady Ramble's -	205
Description of Dublin -	215
Dispute in Law and Politics -	326
Dialogue at St. James's Gate -	400
E	

E		Page.
Epigram on the supposed Retirement of the		
Favourite	- -	184
Epigram	- -	86
— by an Eaton Boy	- -	<i>ib.</i>
— on P-tt	- -	192
Epistle to Mr. Wilkes	- -	324
Earl Delawarr's Farewel	- -	371
F		
Fables for grown Gentlemen	- -	242
H		
Humorous Advertisements	- -	223
Harry and Nan	- -	327
I		
Imitation of Ode IX. Book IV. of Horace		200
Inscription for the Villa of a decayed States-		
man	- -	323
Inscription in 1749. By the late Mr. Charles		
Townshend	- -	370
John, the English Footman. A Tale		389
L		
Lyric Epistles	- -	270
—to grown Gentlewomen	- -	273
— — — — — Gentlemen	- -	285
		Mifs

M	Page.
Miss Courtney to Miss Conolly -	219
Modern Plaid-Wearers -	241
N	
Notes on Mr. Churchill's Dedication to the B—— of G——-	351
O	
On a Printing-House -	188
On the Scotch Pavement -	ib.
On late promised Resignation -	189
On a late whimsical Event at Marlborough Inn -	193
On the Death of Sir Harry Bellendine	194
On Mr. Churchill's Death -	195
On a lady's reading Rubies for B-bb-s	218
On Health -	350
On the Dutcheſs of Rutland, by the Earl of Chesterfield -	373
On the Banishment of Cicero, by the Duke of Wharton -	374
On Good humour, by Lord Lyttelton	387
P	
Parody on a Scene in Cato -	333
—— Chevy Chace -	338
—— Sir Walter Raleigh's Verſes	386
	Stanzas

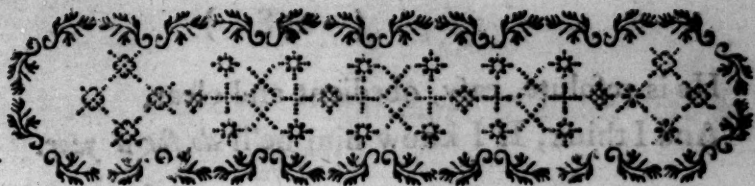
	S	Page.
Stanzas to the Ladies	-	211
ong for the Mall	-	213
Sketch of Paris	- -	216
Stanzas, by Lord Capel	-	377

T

The Offer of a young Minister	-	177
The present Age	- -	179
To the P. of W. with a pair of Doves		183
The Thane's Dance	- -	188
The Rats and Cheefe	-	190
The Morning Visit	- -	196
To Countess Temple	-	342
To Miss Wilkes on her Birth-Day	-	343
To the Same	- -	344
The Grand Catholicon	-	349
The laughing Philosopher	-	395
The Witch	- -	403
The Review	- -	405

U

Upon St. George for England	-	187
Verfes in a Cottage	-	195
— by Lord Carlisle	-	345
— to Lord Carlisle	-	348
— by Sir Walter Raleigh	-	382



T H E
New Fondling Hospital for Wit.

PART THE SECOND.

The Offer of a Young Mister to the Public,

In this Time of Necessity.



Ince the state is in want of some bold
forward youth,
Who can guide with discretion, with
spirit and truth ;
With a view, my good people, our measures to
mend,
Permit me to point out my young hearty friend;

A a

He

He is resolute, easy, obedient and clear,
And I think, If I know him he'll *do for a year*.

He's form'd *cap à pié* in the best modern way;
And—as long as he's pleas'd—is too true to
betray ;

His wit is so striking, he'll dare to engage
Great M—f—the wonder and gem of the age ;
So shewd—that, if factions surround him, he'll
trick 'em

As ably as R——m, G——n, or W——m,

As Apelles selected from each Grecian face,
To paint with fam'd Venus, some beauty of grace,
So he, from each statesman who shines at this time,
To make himself perfect, has skim'd off the cream.
From B—e, he learnt courage, intrigue from his
brother,

And craft from 'em both, for they're shades to each
other.

From Ch——m he learnt to harangue and dispute
For American rights, ere he crept to lord B—e :
From C——n's kind, liberal, generous soul,
To give the C——n pow'r 'bove legal controul :

Lord

Lord C——re taught him friendship, lord S—y's
 ready wit,
 And Ch——s when to yield to the spur and the
 bit.

With H——d he studied the passions of men,
 And knows all their price from one hundred to ten :
 All the art of stock-jobbing each broker could
 bring,

He possess'd, improv'd by l—d H—t—d this spring;
 And, to sum up this prodigy all in one line,
 ‘ My friend in political merit's a mine;’

A mine, that if work'd, large resources will yield,
 To the C—t, to the S—te, the C—l, and field
 As he sprung from the dirt, so in dirt he'll live on,
 And will perish in sin— for the good of the C—n.
 If these are not qualities worthy of rule,
 Ye may take B—e and H——d, with all the
 Scotch school.



THE PRESENT AGE.

NO more, my friend ! of vain applause,
 Nor complimentary rhimes :
 Come, Muse, let's call another cause,
 And sing about the times.

For, of all ages ever known,
 The present is the oddest ;
 As all the men are honest grown,
 And all the women, modest.

No lawyers now are fond of fees,
 No clergy of their dues,
 Few people at the play one sees,
 At church, what crowded pews !

No courtiers now their friends deceive
 With promises of favour :
 For what they make 'em once believe,
 They faithfully endeavour.

Our nobles !—Heav'n defend us all !
 I'll nothing say about 'em :
 For they are great, and I'm but small,
 So, Muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry ! what a virtuous race !
 Despising earthly treasures :
 Fond of true honour's glorious chace,
 And quite averse to pleasures.

The

The ladies dress so plain, indeed,
 You'd think 'em quakers all :
 Witness the wool-packs on their head,
 So comely ! and so small !

What tradesman now forsakes his shop,
 For politics, or news ?
 Or takes his dealer at a hop,
 Through interested views ?

No foaking sot his spouse neglects,
 For mugs of mantling nappy :
 Nor madly squanders his effects,
 To make himself *quite happy*,

Of frugal taste the state secures,
 Whence, then, can woe begin ?
 For lux'ry's all turn'd out of doors,
 Frugality took in.

Hence all the plenty of the times !
 Hence all provisions cheap !
 Hence dearth of follies and of crimes ?
 Hence all complaints asleep !

Vile cuckold-making is forgot ;
No ladies now in *keeping* ;
No debtors in our prisons rot !
No creditors a weeping !

(So frequent once) the French disease
Is grown near out of knowledge ;
And doctors take but mod'rate fees
In country, town, or college.

No pleasure-chaifes fill the streets,
Or crowd the roads on Sunday :
So, horses lab'ring through the week,
Obtain a respite one day.

See ! gamesters, jugglers, swearers, lyars,
Despis'd, and out of fashion ;
And modern youth, grown self-deniers,
Fly all unlawful passion.

Happy the nation this endow'd !
So void of want and crimes !
All zealous for their neighbour's good ;
Oh these are glorious times !

Thine
Your

Your character! (with wond'ring stare!
Says Tom,) is mighty high, Sir!
But pray forgive me, if I swear,
I think 'tis all a lye, Sir!

Ha! think you so? my honest clown!

Then take another light on't;
Just turn the picture *upside-down*,
I fear you'll see the right on't.

O. W.



AN ARTICLE HAVING BEEN IN THE PAPERS,

Of the Earl of Bute Presenting a Pair of uncommon fine doves and a Parrot
To the P--- of W---;

The following lines appeared soon after.

A Pair of doves, and sent me by my Bute;
Dear birds, how well the tender wish you
suit;

A pair of am'rous doves, both highly bred,
And one of love's own colour, flaming red.

A a 4

Dear

Dear birds, repeats the fair, and heaves a sigh,
 Congenial fondness kindling in her eye.
 Poll screams : Away, thou art no bird for me,
 She cries ; you parrots talk, as well as fee.



A N E P I G R A M

Written Extempore,

On Reading a Paragraph Importing the Retirement of a Certain Great Favourite.

AS the devil and B— were conversing of late,
 Of the *Ins* and the *Outs*, and the care of the
 state ;

I fancy, cry'd Satan, my worthy old friend,
 You and I shall go downward before we ascend :
 My honest colleague, reply'd B——, that's a shock
 Ascend I can *all-ways---* (perhaps to the h---.)

You know, answer'd Lucifer, long I've been
 true ;

But if party's too pow'rful ! what can we do ?

Ken me reecht, says my l---, it admits nae dispute,
 Aw the laddies in Scotland will screen Janny B—.

You're

You're a fool! answer'd Lucifer, balance the
scales;

Your own country detests you, Go—run into
Wales.

POLLY CLARK.



A N O D E.

HOW vain are guards when guilty fear
Distracts the conscious tyrant's breast?
When empty sounds disturb his ear,
And fancy'd murd'ers break his rest?

While he who rules with peaceful sway,
Whose safety does from virtue flow;
Nor fears the battle's dread array,
Nor treach'rous poignard's fatal blow.

No danger innocence can move;
Secure by power divine it's led:
Impending ruin from above,
Still waits upon the guilty head.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN Samson, full of wrath, devis'd,
 Vengeance on false Philistia's race,
 Three hundred foxes scarce suffic'd
 To blaze destruction o'er the place.

Three hundred, says his grace, and smiles,
 Alas, in my administration
 One single F— alone had wiles
 Sufficient to destroy a nation.



EPIGRAM.

By an ETON Boy

AS, on a board well-pois'd, boys sink and rise,
 As scales, one falling, t'other upward flies,
 The sons of Westminster, and Eton school
 Hold, in affairs of state, divided rule.
 † P--ltn—y was down, and envying || Walpole's
 height,
 Strove long, in vain, to rise above the knight.

The

The † P—lh—ms next rose up to high renown,
 But cunningly they first 'pull'd Walpole down.
 † Gr—nv—lle aloft was, like a meteor, seen,
 He blaz'd one morn, and disappear'd at e'en.
 || F—x in his bold attempt was soon laid sprawl-
 ing,
 Just on his rise, he fell, for fear of falling.
 Quick, † H—ll—s mounted, ever in a hurry,
 And on the rising side up started † M--rr--y.
 That scale is sinking now : 'tis tit for tat :
 Beware ye Westminster of || P--tt and || P--tt.



Upon St. GEORGE for *England*.

ST. George, to save a maid, the dragon slew ;
 A pretty tale, if all that's said be true ;
 Some say there was no dragon ; and 'tis said,
 There was no George ; I wish there was a maid.

† Bred at Westminster.

|| Bred at Eton.

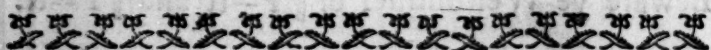
ON A PRINTING-HOUSE.

THE world's a printing-house; our words,
our thoughts,

Our deeds, are characters of sev'ral sizes :
Each soul is a compos'tor ; of whose faults

The Levites are correctors ; heav'n revises ;
Death is the common press ; from whence being
driv'n,

We're gather'd sheet by sheet, and bound for
heav'n.



On the SCOTCH PAVEMENT.

HAD paving London streets in taste
Been left to me alone,

On Scotchmen's heads we might have trod,
And B— the corner stone.



THE THANE'S DANCE.

LEAD up, join Hands,
Then turn about ;

The thane commands,
Ye now go out.

Another

Another fett

The dance begin ;
The thane, in pet,
Takes others in.

Another still

The thane employs ;
Obey my will,
The tyrant cries.

“ Mind that ye prance
Just as I play,
Or ye shan’t dance
Another day.”



On a late promised Resignation.

WILL Ch—m resign, or continue in place?
Is a question of doubtful dispute.

Peace, blockheads ! there can be no doubt in the
case,

He’s already resign’d—to lord B—.

The

The RATS and the CHEESE.

IF bees a government maintain,
 Why may not rats of stronger brain,
 And greater pow'r, as well be thought
 By Machiavelian axioms taught;
 And so they are, for thus of late
 It happen'd in the rats free state.

Their prince (his subjects more to please)
 Had got a mighty Cheshire cheese,
 In which his ministers of state
 Might live in plenty, and grow great.

A pow'rful party strait comb n'd,
 And their united forces join'd,
 To bring their measures into play,
 For none so loyal were as they;
 And none such patriots to support,
 As well the country as the court.
 No sooner were those dons admitted,
 But (all those wond'rous virtues quitted)
 Regardless of their prince, and those
 They artfully led by the nose,

They

They all the speediest means devise
To raise themselves and families.

Another party well observing
These pamp'ring were, while they were starving,
Their ministry brought in disgrace,
Expell'd them, and supply'd their place :
These on just principles were known
The true supporters of the throne,
And for the subject's liberty,
They'd (marry wou'd they) freely die ;
But, being well fix'd in their station,
Regardless of their prince and nation,
Just like the others, all their skill
Was how they might their paunches fill.

On this, a rat not quite so blind
In state-intrigues as human kind,
But of more honour, thus reply'd ;
Confound ye all on either side ;
All your contentions are but these,
Whose arts shall best secure the cheese.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS great Will---m P--t, with his usual
emotion,

The peers are no more than a drop in the ocean.†

The city adore him, how charming a thing!

To pull down the peers, and humble the k--g;

But summon'd to court, he reflects on his words,

And to balance the state, takes a seat with the
lords.

† Vide the wisest speech he ever made.



A Dialogue between RALPH and HODGE.

RALPH.

A Dzooks! master Hodge, you are welcome t^o
How fares all our friends in the west? [town,
Is Cic'ly alive, and Thomas and Joan,
And Margery and Kate and the rest?

HODGE.

Aye, aye, they're all well, and desires their love,
And good wishes to you and to aunt;---

But I heates to be plagued with their nonsense
above

All things, but this cursed long jaunt.

I longs for the news---Is 'squire Wilkes come to town?

May we hope to be guided by P—t?

We're hugely dismay'd to hear 'un run down---

Zouns; I thought the town-folks had more wit.

RALPH.

As to Wilkes, my old friend, he remains where he was;

And as to his friends,---why plague rat 'em:

But poor 'squire P—t (*all flesh is but grass*)

Lies decently buried in Chatham.

ON A LATE WHIMSICAL EVENT.

That Befel Sir ----- at the Castle Inn a
Marlborough,

In the Month of Feb. 1767.

AT Marlbro' inn oblig'd to stop,
My tir'd mare, and bait her;
While eating of my mutton chop,

I thus address'd the waiter:

B b.

Who's

Who's on my right ? I hear a moan :

—In state Sir Robert lying.

Who's on my left ? I hear a groan :

---In state L--- C — dying.

Then prithee tell me what's to pay,

(Deuce take your introduction)

For I no longer here will stay

Between *death* and *destruction*.



A N A C R E O N T I C :

On the Death of Sir HARRY BELLENDINE.

By Lord Middlesex.

YE sons of Bacchus, come and join

In solemn dirge, while tapers shine

Around the grape-embossed shrine

Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux wine,

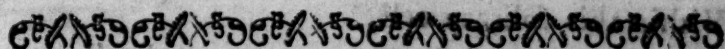
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine;

In just libations, o'er the shrine

Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your

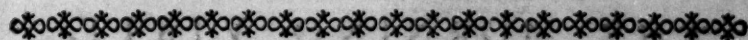
Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
 While you push round the sparkling wine,
 And let your table be the shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.



On Mr. Churchill's Death.

PRose-driving dunces, waddling fools in rhyme,
 Scoundrels of every kind, by vengeance led;
 Spit forth your venom, poison all our clime,
 Churchill, who scourg'd you to your holes, is
 dead !

J. C.



The Following

C O P Y O F V E R S E S

Are to be seen on a small Cottage or building, in
 the rustic Taste, intended as a Place of Retirement,
 built by ——— Powis, Esq; in a Grove
 by the River Severn, about a Mile from Little
 Walcot, in the County of Salop.

STAY Passenger, and tho' within,
 Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
 To strike thy dazzl'd eye,

B b 2

Yet

Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold will never buy.

Within this solitary cell,
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere :
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd her mansion here.



THE MORNING VISIT.

A Dialogue between Lady Rattle and Lady Pam.

L. R. **G**OOD morning, dear cousin, pray how
do you do?

I hope you was fortunate last night at loo.

L. P. No, trust me, I ne'er had such ill luck
before,

I lost a hundred sweet pieces or more ;
The clock just struck five as I went to my bed,
Which causes a sort of an ach in my head.

But

But prithee what news? ———

L. R. ——— Oh ! surprising indeed !

L ——— Razorface fain would perpetuate his breed
And therefore he's married ———

L. P. ——— Heav'n grant me repose !

'Tis some little wretch, sure, that nobody knows;
For no one of any distinction would be
United to such a poor reptile as he.
His recent behaviour must bar his pursuit ;
By all he's conjectur'd a fool or a brute ;
And besides he's no L ———, 'tis all a mere fiction.
Of that in the *case* we have thorough conviction.

L. R. I have let you run on ; to enhance your
surprize,

Take this paper, and see ! — believe your own eyes.

L. P. Is't possible? No. Let me read it again;
Such folly, sure, never infected a brain!

The poor am'rous lady was at her last pray'rs
Towed an impostor—I'd wait till white hairs
Had grizzled my pate o'er, ere I wou'd unite
With one whose connections would shame me
outright.

L. R. The new-marry'd couple last Friday
appear'd

At Ranelagh——Lord! how the company sneer'd,

To see his mock L—— supporting his bride,
 Who hung with a languishing air by his side.
 I vow and protest 'twas diverting to hear
 How often she fondly repeated, My dear !
 Her female companion, as puffer, oft cry'd,
 Lord ! where's lady Razorface ? where is the
 bride ?

Did you see lady Razorface ? it was her care
 To buzz the new title about ev'ry where.

L. P. 'Twas farcical, truly, but tell me, my
 dear,

If lady Fannilia, her rival, was there ?

L. R. She was ; and look'd charming ;——
 I cannot express

The pleasing effect of her innocent dress.
 But what is more wonderful still, you must know,
 A lady that died, as he said, long ago ;
 The daughter of him that, you know, made a noise ;
 Lord bless me ! what makes me forget ?—the great
 cause !

L. P. Is it A——ys ?

L. R. —Yes ! you have hit it—the same—
 She, that very night, sure to Ranelagh came ;
 And nature so lavish has been to the fair,
 You'd have sworn that an angel was habitant
 there.

The

The bridegroom, in spite of his ignorant boast,
 Seem'd really as tho' he perceived a ghost;
 His colour grew wan, and tho' 'tis nat'rally so,
 But he was, I believe, unprepar'd for the blow.
 She met him, —he turn'd—but too soon, in the
 round,

She darted a glance—brighter sense might confound ;

And then, in a tone quite ironical, cry'd
 I, two years ago, of a consumption died.
 But pray don't I look very well for a shade ?
 The malady was in my purse tho' display'd ;
 But now I'm recover'd, you see I'm grown fat,
 And D-n-v-n there shall experience that :
 My cousin Dorinda and I will unite,
 Then see if our forces won't conquer him quite.
 Confounded, he quitted the place with his bride,
 While Wh—l—r, with fond admiration was ey'd.

L. P. I thank you, my dear, for your news ;
 but you'll stay

And dine here to-day, in a family way ;
 Then at night repair with us to lady Bragg's rout,
 And circulate what we've been talking about.

PHILO-

Imitation of the IXth Ode of the IVth
Book of Horace.

To a Friend.

THO' born where Devon's hills arise,
Where tempests sweep along the skies,
And spoil the face of day :
Yet shall this verse in future times
Be read with those of happier climes,
Climes where the muses stray.

Tho' Milton's brows with bays we twine,
And stile him wonderful ! divine !
Th' immortal, and the bard !
Yet Pope, with every grace replete,
In sense, and harmony complete,
Still claims our just regard.

Still Dryden's nervous numbers charm,
Equal, majestic ; full and warm,
He bears his fire along :
By turns the various verse he tries,
And bids each passion fall or rise
Just as he shifts the song.

Nor

Nor even Waller we disdain,
 Nor Cowley's pensive, moral strain,
 Nor Shakespeare's magic art ;
 Shakespeare, like Sophocles, sublime,
 Subdues the soul, in spite of time,
 And searches ev'ry heart !

Sed'ey, tho' loose, and light as air,
 Still cheers the gay, and fires the fair,
 So free his fancy roves !
 Behn breathes her love-sighs still around,
 Still from her harp the notes resound,
 Soft as the down of doves.

Nor gentle Rosamond alone,
 Admir'd the tinsel of a throne,
 Or felt th' enliv'ning glow :
 Nor first the desp'rate Henry made
 The pointed pike a palisade
 To stop th' impetuous foe.

Britain had felt the hand of war,
 Before she felt the Julian star,
 Within her regions rise :
 Brave Caractacus did no more,
 Than many men had done before,
 To win bright honour's prize,

Before

Before bold Bonduca became,
 Th' avenger of a daughter's fame,
 The scourge of lawless lust :
 Before great Alfred wore the crown,
 Liv'd others of as much renown,
 As noble, wise, and just.

But all in sad oblivion sleep ;
 No muse had they their worth to weep,
 Or to record their lot :
 In vain they fought, in vain they bled ;
 Their names unsung, their acts unread,
 They died, and are forgot.

Vice fares like virtue in the grave ;
 The master there is like the slave ;
 No characters remain :
 No marks of all the sons of men,
 Unless sage history lends her pen,
 Or poetry her strain.

Then let me not leave thee to lie
 In silence and obscurity,
 My patron, and my friend !
 But let the God of verse inspire
 My bosom now with all his fire,
 Thy worth to recommend !

With

With steady head, with tender heart,
 With conduct void of fraud or art,

With temper firm and free,
 You seem in ev'ry scene the same,
 Nor fortune court, nor fortune blame,
 But judge as ought to be.

Discerning, uncorrupt, and bold,
 Unaw'd by pow'r, unhurt by gold,

That tamer of the mind :
 Deceitful av'rice shall no more
 Ensnare the rich, or crush the poor,
 While you befriend mankind.

Nor yet for once you act aright,
 Or steal, like meteors, on the sight,

That glare, and pass away :
 But constant, equal, good, and true,
 You charm alike at ev'ry view,
 And charm alike each day.

Humanity shall boast her son,
 Shall tell the triumphs he has won,

The wretched he has blest :
 Shall tell how oft the lenient care
 Hath sooth'd the terrors of despair,
 And set the soul at rest.

Should

Should fortune from her flowing hand
Increase your wealth, enrich your land,

And pour her gifts profuse :
Absurd 'twould be if we should call
You happy, tho' possess'd of all,
Without a will to use.

He only feels the joy sincere
Who acts with moderation here,
Unsway'd by love or hate ;
Who wisely uses what is giv'n ;
Or bravely bares the will of Heav'n ;
Resign'd in ev'ry state.

Who dreads not death so much as shame ;
Who stands unfully'd in his fame ;
Uncheck'd in virtue's race :
Such, such a one is not afraid
To perish in his country's aid,
Or share his friend's disgrace.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

DINING at lady Ramble's the other day, it was proposed, after dinner, by her ladyship's sister, to hear miss, who is a fine girl of about eleven years of age, concerning some points she had been instructed in relative to her duty in life; which being agreed to, her ladyship desired Miss to stand up, and then asked the questions, and received the answers following; and as they may be of service to other young ladies of quality, I have transmitted them to you,

SOCRATISSA.

L. R. My dear! pray tell me what you was brought into the world for?

MISS. A husband.

L. R. O my dear! you should say, to be admired.

AUNT. Well, I vow I think my niece has given a better answer; as she came to the point directly, and brought the matter home at once.

L. R. What is the duty of an husband?

MISS.

MISS. To please his wife.

L. R. What is the duty of a wife ?

MISS. To please herself.

L. R. What are the principal objects on which
a fine lady should fix her attention ?

MISS. Dress and Admiration.

L. R. What is the chief use of a fine lady's eyes ?

MISS. To stare and ogle at the men.

L. R. What is the business of a fine lady ?

MISS. To play at cards, go to routs, balls,
play, operas, &c. and carry on in-
trigues.

L. R. What is the religion of a fine lady ?

MISS. To pay her devotions at court, and make
her curt'sies in the drawing-room.

L. R. May a fine lady ever go to church ?

MISS. Very seldom ; and then she must be sure
to sleep there, or to talk very loud,
and slander some of her acquaintance.

L. R. Which is the best book in the world ?

MISS. Hoyle on quadrille.

L. R. From whence come the politest fashions,
and the best silks ?

MISS. From France.

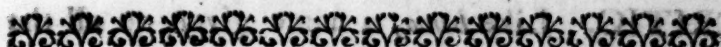
L. R. Who make the best servants ?

MISS. The French,

L. R.

L. R. Very well, my dear ! you don't forget I find.

AUNT. I vow my niece is very perfect in her education, and will make a fine accomplished woman.



A MODERN GLOSSARY.

ANGEL. The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A laughing stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR. A country gentleman ; or indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BEAUTY. The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

BRUTE. A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity ; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN. { Any stick of wood with a head
COLONEL. { to it, and a piece of black rib-
band upon that head.

CREATURE. A quality expression, of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC. Like *homo*, a name given to all the human race.

COXCOMB. A word of reproach, and yet at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A term appropriated to the theatre : though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.

DEATH. The final end of man ; as well of the thinking part of the body, as of all the other parts.

DRESS. The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULNESS. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING. A science.

FINE. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined, as fine
gen.

gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine cloaths, fine taste !—in all which, fine is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a thing, signifies bigness : when to a man, often littleness, or meanness.

GOOD. A word of as many different senses as the Greek word *ἔχω*, or as the Latin *Ago* ; for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur,

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous lyes, tumbling and dancing on the rope.

JUDGE.

JUSTICE. } An old woman.

KNAVE. The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means knowledge of the town ; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food ; sometimes meta-

phorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our *appetites*.

MARRIAGE. A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MISCHIEF. Fun, sport, or pastime.

MODESTY. Awkwardness, rusticity.

NO-BODY. All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the ancients, and more especially of Aristotle.

OPPORTUNITY. The season of cuckoldom.

PATRIOT. A candidate for a place at court.

POLITICS. The art of getting such a place.

PROMISE. Nothing.

RELIGION. A word of no meaning; but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

RICHERS. The only thing upon earth that is really desirable, or valuable.

ROGUE. } A man of a different party from
RASCAL. } yourself.

SERMON. A sleepy dose.

SUNDAY. The best time for playing at cards

SHOCKING

SHOCK NG. An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost any thing. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

TEMPERANCE. Want of spirit.

TASTE. The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

TEASING. Advice; chiefly that of a husband

VIRTUE.

VICE.

} Subjects of discourse.

WIT. Prophaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimicry, buffoonery. Abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

WORTH. Power, rank, wealth.

WISDOM. The art of acquiring all three.

WORLD. Your own acquaintance.

STANZAS to the LADIES.

On their Head-Dress for the Year 1768.

Tot premit oräinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum

Ædificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis,

Post minor est, aliam credas.

HAVE ye never seen a net

Hanging at your kitchen door,

Stuff'd with dirty straw, beset

With old skewers o'er and o'er?

If ye have--it wonder breeds
 Ye from thence should steal a fashion,
 And should heap your lovely heads
 Such a deal of filthy trash on.

'True, your tresses wreath'd with art
 (Bards have said it ten times over)
 Form a net to catch the heart
 Of the most unfeeling lover.

But thus robb'd of half your beauty,
 Whom can ye induce to sigh?
 Or incline for love to suit t'ye
 By his nose, or by his eye?

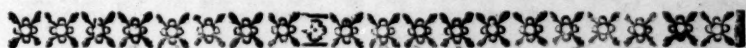
When he views (what scarce I'd credit
 Of a sex so neat and clean,
 But that from a wench I had it,
 Of all Abigails the queen)

When he views your tresses thin,
 Tortur'd by some French friseur,
 Horse-hair, hemp, and wool within,
 Garnish'd with a di'mond skewer.

When

When he scents the mingled steam
Which your plaster'd heads are rich in,
Lard and meal, and clouted cream,
Can he love a walking kitchen?

SQUOXAM.



A SONG FOR THE MALL.

A Parody on Whitehead's Song for Ranelagh.

By a Lady.

YE foplings and prigs, and *wou'd-be* smart
things,

Who move in wide commerce's round,
Pray tell me, from whence this absurdity springs,
All orders of rank to confound?

What means the bag-wig, and the soldier-like
air,

On the tradesman obsequious and meek?
Sure sabbaths were meant for retirement and
pray'r,

To amend the past faults of the week.

The youth, to whom battles and dangers belong?
May call a fierce look to his aid;

Lace, bluster, and oaths, and a sword an ell long
 Are samples he gives of his trade :
 But you, on whom London indulgently smiles,
 And whom *counters* should guard from all ills,
 Should sily invade with humility's wiles,
 Lest *splendor* deter us from *bills*.

Old Gresham, whose statue adorns the Exchange,
 Displays the grave cit to our view,
 And silently frowns at a conduct so strange,
 So remote from your int'rests and you :
 Then learn from his gesture, grave, decent, and
 plain,
 To copy fair *prudence*'s rules ;
 For frugality's garb will conceal your vast gain,
 And secure ye the plunder of fools.

To ease of a court, and the air of a camp,
 Are graces no cit can procure ;
Monsieur Fourdain † still plods in the Spital-fields
 tramp,
 Nor can Hart ‖ the grown awkwardness cure :

† Vide Moliere's Gentleman Citizen.

‖ A dancing-master in the city.

Thus if, apes of the fashion, St. James's you
crowd,

And press onwards, in spite of all stops,
The mall you may *fill*, and be airy and loud,
But, trust me, you'll ne'er *fill* your shops.



DESCRIPTION OF DUBLIN : †

MASS-houses, churches, mixt together ;
Streets unpleasant in all weather.
The church, the four courts, and hell contiguous ;
Castle, College green, and custom-house gibbous.

Few things here are to tempt ye :
Tawdry outside, pockets empty :
Five theatres, little trade, and jobbing arts ;
Brandy, and snuff-shops, post-chaifes, and carts.

† See a curious description of London, in the first volume of
the New Foundling Hospital for Wit.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid ;
 Masters of their servants afraid ;
 Rogues that daily rob and cut men ;
 Patriots, gamesters, and footmen.
 Lawyers, Revenue-officers, priests, physicians ;
 Beggars of all ranks, age and conditions ;
 Worth scarce shews itself upon the ground ;
 Villainy both with applause and profit crown'd.
 Women, lazy, dirty, drunken, loose ;
 Men in labour slow, of wine profuse :
 Many a scheme that the public must rue it :
 This is Dublin, if ye knew it.



A Sketch of PARIS.

LADIES, whose dress, wit, sprightliness, and air,
 Charm, till their plaister'd cheeks like spectres
 scare ;

Men, learn'd, polite, and yet so much the prig,
 Their genius seems quite center'd in their wig ;
 Ferries and ferrymen, begrim'd like Charon,
 Plump, chuckling priests, dress'd gorgeously as
 Aaron ;

Pulpit

Pulpit enthusiasts, foaming like mad Tom ;
 Coarse vixens, ogling lewd in Notre Dame ;
 Pert, fallow, slip-shoed damsels, loosely dress'd,
 As risen from bed, and panting to be press'd ;
 Shades, which the gazer for Elysium takes,
 'Till his stung nose suspects the neighb'ring jakes ;
 Nuns joking now, now sighing, "Flesh is grass ;"
 Friars who catches roar, and toast a lass ;
 An opera-house, large as our city halls,
 Fine action, words, scenes, dresses—dismal squalls !
 Round from Pont Neuf, the view superb and rich ;
 Grand keys ; the river a genteel Fleet-ditch ;
 Lane hackney horses, as their drivers lean ;
 Figures unnumber'd, anti's to the spleen ;
 Old, wither'd cronies, in gaudy filks display'd :
 Monks with toupees, and tonsors in brocade ;
 Tawdry, patch'd sempstresses, besmear'd with
 snuff ;
 Long-rapier'd pigmies, hid behind a muff ;
 Shoe-boys with ruffles ; lacqueys, dress'd like
 qual—;
 Such oddities ! the town seems all a droll :
 Turn where we will, our eyes new splendors greet,
 Whilst half the city glares a Monmouth-street.
 Still motlier, vanity, had been thy fare,
 If the fam'd painter Bunyan had been there



On a YOUNG LADY,

By a wilful Mistake reading "RUBIES" for
"B--BB--S."

WHEN wise philosophers explain
How gravity attracts,
The weighty pow'r they still maintain,
All in the center acts.

Thus tho' of earth the smallest part,
The heavy impulse owns,
Poize but the middle point with art,
You balance all the zone

Hence sages, when of spheres they write,
At centers fix a letter,
And wisely call the body by't,
Take A, or chuse a better.

If then on things we fix a name
We borrow from the middle,
How Mira's reading's not to blame
No longer is a riddle.

For

For tho', that white as hills of snow
A b--bby is, most true be,
Peep sily thro' the gauze, 'twill shew
The middle is a ruby.



Miss COURTNEY to Miss ANNE
CONOLLY, May, 1753.

THO' kind your words---how full of sorrow!
 " Adieu ! dear Bell--we part to morrow !"
 Farewel ! dear sister of my youth,
 Ally'd by honour, love and truth ;
 Farewel our visits, sports and plays,
 Sweet solace of our childish days ;
 Farewel our walks to park and mall,
 Our jaunts to concert, route or ball ;
 Farewel our dish of sprightly chat,
 Of, --who said this--and who did that ;
 Critiques on scissars, needles, pins,
 Fans, aigrettes, ribbands, capuchins
 A long farewell ! Conolly flies
 To distant suns, and different skies !

A muse in tears moves slow and dull,
How weak the head, the heart so full !

Slight

Slight sorrows find an easy vent,
 And trifling cares are eloquent ;
 Sad silence only can express
 The genuine pains of deep distress ;
 Yet I could rave in darken'd chamber
 On seas of milk, and ships of amber,
 Like frantic Belyvidera when is
 Perform'd the tragedy of Venice
 Preserv'd---Oh ! as I hope to marry,
 Cibber is parted from her Barry ;
 This, by the by, may serve as news
 To-morrow on your way t'amuse,
 It causes great, great speculation---
 Part of the bus'ness of the nation.

But hang digressions--to return ;
 And must I three long winters mourn ?
 That tedious length spun out and past
 We meet--but how improv'd your taste ?
 Your figure, manner, dress and wit,
 With all things for a lady fit :
 For, *entre nous*, my dear, our faces
 Should be the least of all our graces ;
 If nought but beauty wings the dart
 We strike the eye, but miss the heart ;
 But hush!--and till we meet again
 Pray keep this secre from the men ;

Should

Should the weak things this truth discover,
 How few coquettes would keep a lover !
 And yet, so plain (tho' blind you know)
 Milton could see it years ago :
 Thus has the bard our sex attackt,
 " Fair outward, inward less exact."
 But you a strong exception stand,
 With wit and beauty hand in hand,
 A part how weak ! combin'd how strong !
 They'll sweep whole ranks of hearts along ;
 Before such pow'rs each foe will fly,
 That *principal*, and this *ally*.
 Lovers you then will slay in plenty,
 Like Bobadil each day your twenty ;
 Then will you grow the topic common,
 ' How soon (they'll say) shot up to woman !
 ' What eyes ! what lips ! how fine each feature !
 ' Fore gad ! a most delicious creature !---
 This from the beaux--mean time each belle, in
 Mere spite, my dear, at your excelling,
 Stung to the heart, and dev'lish jealous
 Of homage paid by pretty fellows,
 Shall flirt her fan, and tofs, and snuff,
 And cry---' The thing is well enough---
 ' But for my soul, to say what's true t'ye,
 ' I can't find out where lies her beauty.'

Mear

Mean time you smile with sweet disdain,
Like Dian 'midst her meaner train.

Thus my prophetic soul foreknows
What time shall more anon disclose.
Swift move that time on rapid wing,
And news of dear Conolly bring :
Yet let not those who love complain,
If thus to part is killing pain,
'Tis still to make the bliss more dear
When the sweet hour of meeting's near,
So streams are sever'd in their course
To join again with double force.

Humorous,

Humorous Advertisements,

In the Press,

T H E P A R A L L E L :

O R

T H E T W O J O H N S , D U K E S O F
B E D F O R D ;

J O H N , R E G E N T O F F R A N C E ,

A N D

J O H N , T H E E M B A S S A D O R :

With LETTERS and ANECDOTES.

Right tall he made himself to show,

Though made full short by God :

And when all other Dukes did bow,

This Duke did only nod.

SWIFT.

To which is added,

A S U P P L E M E N T .

Which continues the story to the present time.

WHEREAS.

WHEREAS a person, who stiles himself Esquire Ketch, has falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters † of several gentlemen, members of the black-leg club, it is unanimously agreed, at a meeting of the Black-leg club, held this day, at the Pillory and Tumbrel tavern, Tyburn, that the said Ketch be expelled the old Hazard-room called Hell, at Newmarket, a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose *conduct* and *characters* entitle them to be received into the company of gentlemen.

Mat o' the Mint,	John Bluefskin.
Nimming Ned.	Tricking Tom.
Jack Bagshot.	Jonathan Wild.
Jemmy Twitcher.	Thomas Dupe.
John Buckhorse.	Crook-finger Jack.
Henry Trigger.	John Peachum.
Timothy Shuffle.	Henry Mac Heath.
Cogging Jack.	Will of Paddington,
Anthony Sheepstakes.	Knowing Will.
Timothy Diver.	Timothy Skull.
John Filch.	John Thieftaker.
Will o' the Turf.	Blaspheming Ned.
Anthony Win-all.	Will Desperate.
Pious George.	George Slug.

† See the first volume of the New Foundling Hospital for Wit
page 174.

seventeen, daughter to the late earl of—— and heiress to a thirty thousand pounds, independent of her mother. She was observed to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Macmulla the dancing-master, and is supposed to have made her escape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but a bottle of aqua vitæ from her governess's china closet, the second volume of Pamela, and the marriage service torn out of her common-prayer book.

If offered to be married to Mr. Macmulla, pray stop her.



STOLEN or STRAYED,

FROM Miss Trolly and Co's lace-shop, in Duke's-court a small bay filley, coming fifteen this grass ; she has a black spot just under her left eye, a cock'd tail, goes well upon her legs, and is fit for any weight.

She had been some time in training for a colonel of the guards, but is supposed to have

been

been rode away with by an attorney's clerk, going on the western circuit.

Whoever brings her to Mrs. Trolly's above-mentioned, or to the guard-room at Whitehall, shall have fifty guineas reward, and no questions asked.



To be SEEN at the COVENTRY CROSS,

A CAST of the Grecian Venus, in plaister of Paris. It has been greatly admired by the curious, is allowed to be the work of a masterly hand, and the completest model in the universe.



Now SELLING off at PRIME COST,

THE remainder of the stock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off business, and retiring to a B——k; consisting of a com-

D d 2

pleat

pleat set of manuscript sermons for the whole year, with the fasts and festivals, including a deification of king Charles for the 30th of January ; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon ; the sins of the nation described, in a discourse fit for the next solemn fast ; charity, accession, antigallican, and small-pox sermons, some half finished tracts against the Athanasian Creed, the marriage act, and thirty-nine articles, with several other curious particulars ; the whole to be viewed till the time of sale, which will begin punctually at twelve o'clock.



L O S T,

IN the Dark walk at Vaux-hall, on Tuesday the 24th instant, two female reputations : one of them had a small spot occasioned by some dirt thrown upon it last week in the road to Ranelagh ; the other never soiled. Whoever will bring them back to the owners, shall receive five thousand pounds, with thanks.

D R O P.



D R O P P E D,

FROM a lady's tongue in the left-hand stage-box, at Drury-lane play-house, on Saturday last, five severe inuendoes concerning lady C——; four bitter reflections on the duchess of H——; some abuse of Miss Maria W—— a panegyric on S——'s beauty; two small oaths, and a white lye about Spanish paint.

If the above should be offered to be retailed, or repeated by any who overheard, pray stop them, and give notice to Mr. F——, at his register-office in the Strand, and you shall have half a guinea reward.



M U S T B E S O L D.

THE owner being a bankrupt, a vote for a member of——, for the borough of——, at the next general election. To prevent trouble, the price is fourscore pounds.



THE CITY FARCE.

As it was acted at Guild-hall, in the Month of
April, 1757.

William the fourth *solus*.

AND am I then dismiss'd?—bid to resign
The seals of office?—what is oratory?
Could I have held my place, I then indeed
Had led a glorious life, — but now for ever
Farewel the morning levee — oh? farewel
The smiling train who came to kiss my toe,
And wonder at each word my tongue let fall!
Farewel the royal closet, and each circumstance
Of ministerial power! — for ever now farewel;
For oh! great William's occupation's gone.

Enter alderman Sugar-cane.

William.

Come hither Sugar-cane—there — kiss my toe—
Now rise up king of Negro-land—now tell me,
Have you much interest in the city?

Sugar-

Sugar-cane.

Mighty fir,
 I have : they're all my negroes ——— such indeed
 I've ever thought 'em ——— do you then command
 Not to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What factious work soever.

William.

There broke forth
 The great creolian soul. ——— But Sugar-cane
 Let's lose no time ——— the common council
 Are now at busy meeting in the Guild,
 At th' Half-moon tavern, and at Vintner's-hall,
 Where I so oft have shook th' astonish'd room
 With declamation, heaping tropes upon 'em
 'Till the strong patriot fire that burnt within
 Singeing my pate up like the torrid zone,
 Made my tongue like a wart : but to the point—
 The cits are now all meeting in Guild-hall——
 Thither I'd have thee haste immediately,
 And at your meetest vantage of the time,
 Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of—
 But above all infer the criminality
 Of Anf—n and N——tle-- and lord H---ke
 Unkennel me the fox too——talk of Germany,
 Of German measures, and that damn'd Hanover ;

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
 Tell 'em, that when my mother went with child
 of me,

She dreamt she was deliver'd of a trope,
 That sav'd this sinking land ; which signified
 That I should rule by words, and in some hour
 Of black distress redeem our sinking credit.
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
 Because, you know, the money is not rais'd.

Sugar-cane.

Doubt not, great sir, I'll play the incendiary
 As if myself might gain the hundred pound
 The box will cost,

William.

you thrive well ; bring 'em to see me here ;
 Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
 In canvassing th' enquiry.

Sugar-cane.

I'll fly to serve you.

William.

To serve thyself.
 For look, when I am secretary, claim of me

The

The government of Jamaica, together with
Those high emoluments, of which the admiral
Late stood possessed.

William.

So; — I've secur'd the creol: this same govern-
ment

Will never let his brains have rest till done.

Ev'n all mankind to some lov'd ills incline,
Great men chuse greater sins, ambition's mine.

End of Act I.

A C T II.

Enter Will. and Sugar-cane.

William.

So Sugar-cane — what say the citizens?

Sugar-cane.

I urg'd all those who lov'd their contry's good
To do you right, and cry long live William the
forth.

William.

And did they so?

Sugar-

Sugar-cane.

Their hesitating fear had struck 'em bumb;
 Which when I saw I reprehended them
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful si-
 lence.

His answer was, the people were not us'd
 To be spoken to by a creolian.
 I then induc'd a bookse l'ler to rise;
 Who told them history was the key of sense,
 Touchstone of truth, and folio volume
 Of all experience, the last edition
 In neat Italics of soundest policy,
 With more such jargon, all mere common place,
 But nothing urg'd in warrant from himself:
 At which some 'pothecaries and attorneys
 Held up their hands and cried long live great Will.

William.

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Sugar-cane.

They're here at hand---feign you the gout,
 And be not spoke to but by mighty suit.

Wil-

William.

We cannot fail while Sugar-cane's the pilot.
A little perfidy sometimes does well. [Exit

Enter the Citizens.

Sugar-cane.

You're welcome, gentlemen :
I'm afraid great Will will not be spoke withal.
See where he lies : this Will is not an Holles :
He is not lolling, eating, drinking, laughing,
But tortur'd with the gout——

Citizen.

And fee ! ---th' enquiry in his hand.

Sugar-cane.

Would he again were secretary.
Methinks I wish it for the love he bears his
country.

Well, who knows, he may be won.

Enter William.

William.

Nor do I fear I've done some strange offence
That looks disgracious in the city's eye.

Citizen.

Citizen.

Most humbly on our knees we do beseech you
Take this tobacco box.

William.

I can not, will not, must not yield to you.

Sugar-cane.

O make them happy, grant their lawful suit.

William.

Alas! why will you heap this care on me :
I am unfit for figs and raisins, nor deserve
Now to be made a grocer.

Citizen.

If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

William.

You will enforce me to a world of cares,
I am not made of stone, but love my country—
Tho' heav'n knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Citizen.

Long live our orator and brother grocer.

William.

William.

Indeed your words have touch'd me nearly, fir.

Citizen.

If it fo please you, fir, the common council
To-morrow fhall give orders for the cavalcade.

William.

Even when you please, for you will have it fo.

My friends farewel ———

I muſt to th' enquiry again.

[*Exeunt.*]*William ſolus.*

Thus far we run before the wind ———

My fortune ſmiles, and gives me all

That I dare ask : Sarah the dowager

Has bid the world good-night, and I have got

Ten thouſand pounds, and now am made a grocer.

Henceforth I'll be a tribune of the people ;

A factious tribune, till I ſieze the helm,

And blaſt the ſchemes of that too wily fox,

Who thwarts me in the golden time I look for.

—— For this I'll join with Holles — I can ſay

To ſave appearance, he's an honeſt man,

Unjuſtly

Unjustly, call'd destroyer of his country :
 This cement will bind fast the league : that done,
 Heav'n take the good old——— unto his mercy,
 Make me the guardian of his youthful heir,
 Then leave the world for me to bustle in.



The British Ambassadrefs's SPEECH *
 To the French King,

Soon after the PEACE of UTRECHT.

HAIL ! tricking monarch, more successful far
 In arts of peace, than gracious deeds of
 war :

As Anna's great ambassadrefs I come,
 With news which will rejoice both you and Rome.
 Ne'er did the French affairs so gaily smile
 This hundred years, as now in Britain's isle;
 For there the rage of blind delusion reigns,
 And spreads her fury o'er the stupid swains.
 The L——s, the C——s, with the priests, con-
 spire
 To raise your pow'r, and their own ruin hire.

* Du--fs of Shrewsbury.

The queen herself, with qualms of conscience
prest,

Seems to advance your cause above the rest ;

Her gen'rous temper can't forget so soon

The royal favours you have always done,

Both to her father and his injur'd son. }

And, therefore, is contriving every dry

This mighty debt of gratitude to pay :

For you, she ceas'd the thunder of the war,

Laid up her fleet, and left the channel bare :

For you, the fighting Marlborough's disgrac'd,

And in his room a peaceful general plac'd :

For you she broke her word, her friends betray'd,

With joy look'd on, and saw them victims made.

She knows she has no right the crown to wear,

And fain would leave it to the lawful heir.

In order to effect this grand design,

And baffle all the Hanoverian line ;

A set of ministers she lately chose,

To honour, and their country, equal foes :

Wretches ! whose indigence has made them bold,

Who would betray their native land for gold.

Oxford's the chief of this abandon'd clan,

Him you must court, for he's your only man.

Dartmouth and Bolingbroke are friends to you ;

But 'tis not in their pow'r much hurt to do.

But

But Oxford reigns prime minister of state,
 Ruling the nation at a mighty rate :
 He, like a conjurer with his magic wand,
 Doth both the queen and Parliament command,
 Keep but that wily trickster still your friend,
 He'll bring your wishes to a prosperous end ,
 Give him but gold enough, your work is done ;
 He'll bribe the senate, and then all's your own.
 Now is your time to push for Britain's crown,
 And fix king James the third upon the throne.
 A power'ful fleet prepare ; you need no more
 But land the exile on his native shore :
 They'll soon depose the present reigning thing,
 And in her room proclaim your fav'rite king.

Thus spake the gay ambassadrefs, when straight
 Up rose the tyrant from his chair of state ;
 With love transported, and a joyous air,
 Within his trembling arms embrac'd the fair.
 That night, as fame reports, and some have heard,
 A pompous bed was instantly prepar'd,
 Wherein the monarch and the heroine lay,
 And spent their time in politicks—and play.
 The duke, o'erjoy'd that his Italian dame
 Could in so old a hero raise a flame,
 With an ambitious pleasure, as 'tis said,
 Led her himself unto the royal bed.

On the Modern PLAID-WEARERS.

WHAT do I see ! ridiculously clad
Our *English* beaus and belles in *highland*
plaid ?

The dress of rebels ! by our laws fordid !
No matter—why should friends or foes be hid ?
By this distinctive badge are traitors shown,
Sure as free masons by their signals known.
Come to the master, *Perkin*, take thy roll,
And of thy slaves in liv'ry sum the poll.

Yet say, ye dastards, who in peaceful days
Look big, drink healths, and hope a traitor's
praise,
In what dark corner did he lurk, when late
To the last crisis *Edward* push'd his fate ?
Sulking behind the laws ye wish'd to break,
Ye dar'd risk nothing for your *prince's* sake,
Tamely ye saw his promis'd succours fail,
And *William's* arms like *Aaron's* rod prevail.
True to no side, ye bats * of human kind,
Despis'd by both, for public scorn design'd,

* See *Æsop's* fables.

Still by your dress distinguish'd from the rest,
Be *James's* sorrow, and be *George's* jest.

EURYALUS.



FABLES FOR GROWN GEN-
TLEMEN.

BY J. H. S. ESQ.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXI.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER WITH A PETITION.

ACCORDING to the Romish creed,
I speak of Rome two thousand years ago,
The life that they suppos'd the Gods to lead,
You would not chuse to undergo.
Jupiter's business day and night,
Was to attend with open ears and eyes,
And to write down, as fast as he could write,
All the impertinence that men devise.
Besides mens fopperies and ravings,
The women had so great a share,

That

That their absurdities and cravings
 Omnipotence alone could bear,
 And furthermore, to try his patience,
 He heard the prayers and fanciful distresses
 Of all his children and relations,
 And of his wife and his mistresses.
 Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,
 A river in great tribulation,
 To Jupiter presented a petition,
 With an expostulating exhortation ;
 Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,
 He has a right to think himself ill-us'd ;
 A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,
 Exactly like a double-barrel'd gun,
 Which if you fire with resolution,
 You have another chance when one is done,
 So far from killing two birds with one stone,
 An art that's very little known ;
 All the petitioner desir'd to do,
 Was to kill one with two.
 Now this petition shew'd how the petitioner,
 For his fidelity, zeal, and devotion,
 Had been appointed a commissioner
 Of the revenues of the ocean,
 Which he collected with great pains,
 And sent in good and current cash,

But, for his trouble and clear gains,
The sea return'd adulterated trash :

Wherefore he pray'd,
Exhorted and submitted,
That all the fums the ocean paid,
Shall for the future be remitted,
And issued fair,

Without debasement or impair.
Ungrateful Thames ! the God replied,
Without that mixture and alloy,
Which the sea pours into thee every tide,
Thy beauty and thy strength would wear away.

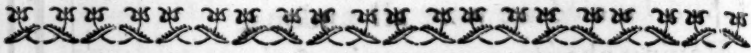
Without his aid thou wouldst remain
Like Tiber, or the poor pretending Seine,
Led thro' parterres, or rolled down a cascade,
Confin'd to vanity, and lost to trade.

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
'Tis thus the union they abuse
For binding their back-sides in chains,
And shackling their feet in shoes :
For giving them both food and fewel,
And comfortable cloaths,
Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel ;
Instead of rags and heritable blows.
Luxury every day grows stronger ;
The Highland fair

Beholds

Beholds her lover now no longer
 Trotting with his buttocks bare.
 Thus doctor Brown was taken with the spleen,
 And fancied we were all undone,
 Raving about a carpet and a screen,
 And out of temper with the sun :
 Because it is a crime,
 As he supposes,
 For men to run in winter time
 Into the sun to warm their noses.
 'Tis an egregious want of sense,
 A want of taste, and want of shame,
 To fancy universal affluence
 And luxury the same.
 In spite of doctor Brown's discerning,
 The term of universal will agree,
 As well with his benevolence and learning,
 As universal suit with luxury.
 He may perceive, if he be so inclin'd,
 Like his discernment, luxury's confin'd.
 For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
 To ease the nobler stomach and the head,
 So luxury, to gratify the great,
 Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.
 Luxury in a state is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial, and obstructed wealth,

But universal affluence and ease
Is universal happiness and health.



F A B L E II.

The PHOENIX and her LOVERS.

THAT every female's a coquette,
I could as safely swear upon a book,
As I could safely bet,
That every Frenchman is a cook.
A Phoenix, daughter of the sun,
Chaste as a vestal, modest as a nun,
Added such merit to her birth,
That not a bird, tho' of the highest fashion,
No feather'd coxcomb of the earth
Ventur'd to declare his passion.
They all agreed
No earthly bird was worthy of her love;
None but a bird of the celestial breed,
An angel from above.
The phoenix liv'd so long a maid,
'Till all her gaiety and bloom
Began to fade,
And favour of the tomb.

She

She mop'd, grew splenetic, and tir'd
 Of so much awe and so much state,
 She long'd like other birds to be admir'd,
 Like other birds she long'd to find a mate.
 At last she issued out a proclamation
 To summon the male birds of every nation ;
 Perhaps this summons, and this longing,
 Was a political machine,
 Just like the lovers that came thronging,
 Summon'd by our virgin queen.

Now, from all quarters,
 The birds appear'd in their best cloaths ;
 Nobles in stars and garters,
 Curled and embroider'd beaux.

Some stately, others light and gay,
 One coo'd, another sung and flatter'd,
 Some, like the magpie and the jay,

For ever chatter'd.

About the inner ring,
 Where all the birds of figure press,
 A bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,
 To show his shape and his address,
 Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,
 At which there rose an universal hoot.

The phoenix answer'd in the tone,
 And in the self-same manner languish'd,

As queen Elizabeth, when she was shown
 A taylor by her beauty vanquish'd ;
 Take courage, man, says she,
 For if I needs must have a taylor,
 I promise, without failure,
 To marry none but thee.

And as the queen coquetted at an age
 When other queens are tame,
 'Till she went off the stage,
 The phoenix did the same.

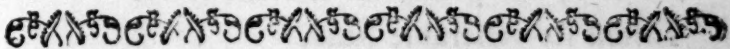
She died a great coquette, and what is more,
 Rose from the grave a greater than before.
 The phoenix and self-love are the same beast,
 Within the human breast,
 Which poets feign the spicy east,
 She builds her solitary nest ;
 From whence, with every gale of wind,
 The traveller may smell the mind.

Her lovers are our passions; these she meets,
 Either by appointment or by chance,
 Which if she can't indulge, she treats
 With smiles and complaisance.

And as the phoenix, from her ashes rais'd,
 Returns as blooming as a bride,
 So when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd,
 Self love springs up again with double pride,

'Tis

'Tis a determin'd case,
 None but ourselves can occupy our place.
 For this same reason, physical and clear,
 Each individual of us all
 Is that same phoenix, without any peer,
 On this terrestrial ball.
 A lover is a madman, and a miser
 Not one jot wiser.
 Let any try, except a lover,
 Or one devoted to his self,
 Whether in all the world they can discover
 Another self.



F A B L E I I I.

The DUCKLINGS and the WISE BIRDS.

A Hen one evening to enjoy the cool,
 Was walking with a brood of ducklings
 callow,
 Just like a mistress of a boarding school,
 With misses green and yellow.
 As she was tutoring and schooling
 This bird for loitering, and that for fooling,
Behold

Behold a fishpond so alluring,
 That, spite of her remonstrances and cackle,
 They ventur'd their whole stock without insuring,
 Trusting to their oars and tackle;
 The hen kept scolding like a drab,
 Curfing her rebellious race;
 We're not thy children, cried a pert young squab,
 If we were chickens, we should have more grace,
 On nature we depend,
 Our course she steers,
 Nature's a safer guide, and better friend,
 Than any dotard's fears.
 Close by the pond, an ancient tower
 Lifted its venerable head,
 A college and sequester'd bower,
 Where owls for ages had been bred;
 An old professor, a great clerk,
 Taught them their talents to display,
 To keep their eyes wide open in the dark
 And shut them in the face of day.
 To think abstractedly, to reason deep,
 And to declaim, 'till all the world's asleep.
 These students from the tower saw our young
 folks,
 Our bold adventurers under sail,
 They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,
 And heard their nurse's fruitless wail.

Observe,

Observe, says one more learned than the rest,

These birds by instinct know the season

To sail, to eat, to go to rest,

Just as we know by argument and reason.

We know from reason and experience both,

We see it every hour ;

That governors are loth,

To part with power.

Yon hen which you all hear,

In such a fright,

Undoubtedly affects that fear,

To keep her pupils always in her sight.

From the same principle, for the same end,

Our tutor keeps us all thus penn'd ;

Preaching that we must not pretend to fly,

We are too weak, it is too soon,

Which I'll demonstrate to be a lye,

As clear as the Sun at noon.

Feet, said the subtle owl,

Are not the things,

That constitute the essence of a fowl,

So much as wings.

Whatever is essential to our make,

We soonest learn, and seldomest mistake.

Hence

Hence that pathetic prayer, that tender call
 By which we get our wants dispatch'd,
 Is so essential above all,
 That we all speak the moment we are hatch'd:
 Nature benevolent and wise,
 Opens our mouths much sooner than our eyes.
 By parity of reason meet,
 Our wings and pinions should be ready,
 Long time before our heads and feet
 Are firm and steady.
 'Therefore 'twill follow like a chain,
 That as we walk, you must confess,
 With little giddiness and pain,
 If we attempt it, we must fly with less.
 This reasoning philosophic wight
 Convinc'd his brethren one and all :
 With one accord they took their flight,
 And fatal and untimely was their fall.
 None of them reason'd any more,
 The young logicians lay like wrecks,
 Drown'd in the pond, or scatter'd on the shore,
 With mangled limbs and broken necks.
 Bred in a court, or some gay city,
 The ducklings are those thoughtless sprightly
 fools,

Oh

O Cambridge is it not a pity,
Strangers to thee and to thy schools ?



F A B L E IV.

La N O B L E S S E de F R A N C E,
The F I G H T I N G C O C K and the C R A V E N.

A Cock, an officer of foot,
In France retir'd into a village,
Where he did naught but crow and strut,
And liv'd by pillage.

Whene'er he had a mind
To take his pastime with the fair,
He was not to one wife confin'd,

Nor to a pair :

But, like a lord,

Had half a dozen both at bed and board.

He spied a barn-door fowl one day,
Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet.

In amorous dalliance and play

With a young pullet.

His robes and train, his senatorial cap,

His size almost the size of geese,
Shew'd that he had been ntur'd in the lap
Of peace.

His

Bred for the bench and prefidential chair,
 He judg'd, he roosted, and digested there.
 The military cock took as much pleasure
 As an unlucky page,

To see the magistrate employ his leisure
 So much below his dignity and age.

He that should set a good example !

Be virtuous and discreet !

To tread on modesty, and trample
 Chastity beneath his feet !

Fine times, says he, when judges run
 Seducing maidens in the open sun !

 This wanton fit

Comes of intemperance and over-eating ;
 Which, as it soon will bring you to the spit,
 Shall save your reverence from a beating.

 To this reproof,

With a sly sneer, the judge replied aloof :

 'Tis true, that I and all my brood,

 When we have run the race assign'd,

Shall have the honour to become the food

 And comfort of mankind.

 An unexpected death

Shall gently steal, not force away our breath.

Good

Good colonel, you are mightily mistaken,
 It is not owing to respect, indeed,
 That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,
 Roasted nor fricasseed.

But tho' your flesh be men's aversion;
 Yet it contributes much to their diversion;
 They give you barley, bread, and oats,
 Because they take great pleasure and delight
 To see you fight;

To see you cutting one another's throats.
 If you escape, and are not slain in war,
 You are in a worse plight by far.

 Amongst the hogs,
 Wounded and lame you're on a dunghill cast,
 By wanton boys and puppy dogs
 Worried or teaz'd to death at last.
 In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,
 A tax where you appeal and squabble;
 There the nobility go free and clear,
 Like the rascality and rabble.

The same exception pards and tygers own;
 And base polecat caught in gins:
 Their flesh and bone we let alone,
 And ask them nothing but their skins.

F A B L E



F A B L E V.

The DOG and the CAT.

INterest fascinates both age and youth,
 And, with a glance of her bewitching eye,
 Can make a minister speak truth,
 Or make a mighty monarch tell a lye.
 She can set brothers by the ears,
 And, what you'll scarce believe perhaps,
 Make sisters as harmonious as the spheres,
 And live together without pulling caps.
 'Tis she gives every one her place,
 Oft, like a blundering marshal at a feast,
 Joining a scoundrel to his grace,
 An atheist to a priest.
 Interest well understood,
 Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare
 That life is only good
 To eat and drink, and laugh, and banish care.
 Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
 Each a famous politician,
 Were meditating as they sat,
 Plans and projects of ambition.

By

By the same fire were set to warm
 Fragments of their master's dinner ;
 Temptations to alarm
 The frailty of a sinner.
 Clear prurient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,
 And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws ;
 And as two plenipos,
 for fear of a surprise,
 When both have something to propose,
 Examine one another's eyes ;
 Or like two maids, tho' smit by different swains,
 In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,
 Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,
 Studying each other's physiognomy.
 Pompey, endow'd with finer sense,
 Discover'd, in a cast of Tabby's face,
 A symptom of concupiscence,
 Which made it a clear case.
 When, straight applying to the dawning passion,
 Pompey address'd her in this fashion :
 Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,
 Becoming faithful dogs and pious cats,
 Have guarded day and night this common-weal,
 From robbery and rats,
 All that we get for this, heaven knows,
 Is a few bones, and many blows.

Let us no longer fawn and whine,
 Since we have talents and are able ;
 Let us impose an equitable fine
 Upon our master's table :
 And, to be brief,
 Let us each choose a single dish,
 I'll be contented with roast beef,
 Take you that turbot —you love fish.
 Thus every dog and cat agrees,
 When they can settle their own fees.
 Thus two contending chiefs are seen,
 To agree at least in every measure ;
 One takes the management of the marine,
 The other of the nation's treasure ;
 Thus L—g retir'd, thus even P—tt
 His popularity resign'd,
 For a tit-bitt,
 A pit-tance suited to the patriot's mind.



F A B L E VI.

The SPIDER and the FLY.

WITH malice fell
 A spider watch'd within his cell,
 Ready

Ready to fally,
 The unwary traveller to fouse,
 Like a Jew-broker in the alley,
 Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-houfe :
 Like them he corresponded far and near,
 And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,
 He manag'd his affairs, and kept all clear,
 Without a partner or a clerk.
 A petit maitre, an active buſtling fly,
 Thinking to ſcamper unmoleſted,
 With airy equipage as he paſs'd by,
 By cruel Cacus was arreſted.
 Furniſh'd with that undaunted ſenſe,
 Which only courts and camps can teach,
 Having no weapon or defence,
 Except his inſtrument of ſpeech,
 The fly, with flattering ſoporific ſtrains,
 Tried to benumb the ſpider's brains :
 Hearing ſuch daily praiſe beſtow'd,
 Upon your elegance in weaving,
 I came to viſit your abode,
 Which is magnificent beyond believing :
 And now I'm convinc'd, if you will drop
 The linen trade,
 And take to weaving velvets and brocade,
 The ſallad-eaters ſoon muſt ſhut up ſhop,

Change but your diet, and, like theirs, your taste
Will grow refin'd, correct and chaste.

As I have studied every herb and leaf,
That's either noxious or good to eat,

Make me your caterer in chief,
And purveyor of all your meat.
Send me this instant, in a trice

I'll bring you something savoury and nice.

Seeing the spider smile and grin,
He found his plot would not succeed,

It was too thin,

For one of that sagacious breed ;

On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,
Swearing the drones would take the alarm,
And come to the assistance of their cousin

With an enormous swarm.

The drones and I are no such strangers,
We know, said Cacus, what we both can do,
They are too wise to run their heads in dangers,
For such a busy meddling fool as you :

But, since you come to spoil our manufacture,

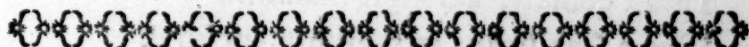
And poison honest traders,

I'll hang you like a malefactor,

To terrify invaders.

No

No sooner said than done,
 He knock'd him down, and hung him in the fun.
 The spider's a negotiator,
 And an ensnaring captious debater,
 Obdurate, subtle and alert.
 The fly a coxcomb and a prater,
 Teazing and pert.
 Tho' all such characters I hate,
 And from my soul despise,
 May we have many spiders in the state,
 When we are plagu'd with French and Spanish
 flies.



F A B L E VII.

The WILD-DUCKS and WATER-SPANIEL.

AFTER a tedious flight,
 Of many a stormy day and night;
 A flock of wild ducks sailing up and down,
 Upon a lake were making merry;
 Like sailors in a sea-port town,
 Just arriv'd from Pondicherry.

A swan too stately for sport,
To shew herself was all her view,
Had undertaken to escort
 The jovial crew.
 Swelling and bridling
With all the airs of a fine dame at court ;
 Turning about and sidling,
 Advancing, and then stopping short.
 Displaying in her features
Contempt and insolent dejection,
To signify that those strange creatures,
Were forc'd upon her for protection.
I must confess, amongst mankind
I have seen swans as foolishly inclin'd.
 At Paris on the Seine,
I've seen a French marquee conduct a pair
 Of German barons to the fair
 Of Saint Germaine,
Strutting before them, tossing up his head,
Then looking back, and lowering his crest,
The barons were so awkward, so ill-bred,
And so ill-dress'd.
Have you not seen a new-made peer
With equal pride, but greater trepidations,
 Observing in his rear
 A troop of country relations,

Run up St. James's-street, and, at two leaps,
 Take Arthur's steps ?
 Those steps as terrible as the Tarpeian,
 From whence with one black ball you're hurl'd
 Into another world
 Among the damn'd Plebeian.
 Perhaps this grave and solemn swan
 Dislik'd the company of those wild-ducks,
 Just as a prude, or sober man,
 Dislikes the company of bucks.
 For while they made more noise and riot
 Than twenty justices of peace,
 The swan was serious and quiet,
 As captain Gander marching with his geese.
 Marching to the field,
 With gorget and a wooden shield.
 About the middle of the lake,
 Upon the banks a water-spaniel lay,
 Looking out for duck or drake,
 Or any lawful prey,
 And as the captain of a privateer
 Lies by,
 Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer,
 'Till his expected prize begins to fly,
 Close to shore the spaniel lets them sail,
 And rush'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,

Snorting and snoring;
 Pursuing them with all his force,
 Swearing and roaring
 'Till he was hoarse;
 He turn'd and veer'd,
 Now made a stretch, and then a tack;
 Now snapp'd, and now they disappear'd,
 And rose again a great way back;
 'Till the poor spiritless exhausted brute
 Was forc'd to give up the pursuit.
 And the French to Toulon ran,
 And left the Spaniards in a scrape,
 The moment that the fray began
 The swan made her escape.
 Quite out of reach,
 A roan duck on the beach,
 Under a shed,
 Consider'd the whole scene with wonder,
 Just like Caligula under the bed,
 Studying the cause of lightening and thunder.
 As the victorious crew pass'd by in order,
 He made them an oration;
 The roan duck being the recorder,
 Or burgomaster of the corporation.

Leave

Leave your abandon'd lives,
 Roving like pirates and Jews,
 Come hither with your children and wives,
 And settle peaceably in our mews.
 We'll take you without any fuss,
 Here we have neither law nor code,
 You're only tied to copy us,
 And go by custom and the mode ;
 You shall be fashionably dress'd,
 Protected, treated, and caress'd,
 A friseur, with an instrument of steel,
 Shall shape your wings and your toupee,
 Make them sit perfectly genteel,
 Easy and free.

As to the rest, you may gather from my looks
 Whether the air is good,
 And whether we have wholesome food,
 Or tolerable cooks.

Peace, wretch, the chieftain of the ducks replied,
 Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,
 Freedom is as much our pride,
 As 'tis thine to be a slave.
 We neither injure nor provoke ;
 We neither fear great nor small,
 Because we scorn to yield to any yoke,
 We are hated by them all.

From

From pole to pole pursued,
 From pole to pole
 Our enemies have every soul
 Been baffled and subdued.
 Lords of three elements we can maintain
 Our freedom and possessions,
 With the same ease that we disdain
 Thy offers, and insidious professions.
 In our own virtue we confide,
 On others how can we rely ?
 When fear or hope, envy, or pride,
 May turn a friend into a false ally.
 Those who depend on others ;
 Whether on males or females they depend.
 Will find the swan has many brothers,
 And sisters without end.



F A B L E VIII.

The Advice of an OLD SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,
 Frolicksome and full of play :
 Even in the height of all his mirth,
 Delicate, as well as gay :

With

With far more feeling for his friend,
Than they could either taste or comprehend.—

Being thrown into the world betimes,
Betimes discover'd it was all a cheat,
Yet not so dangerous for odious crimes,
As odious for malice and deceit;
Oft when he meant to be amus'd
His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,
By many he was snarl'd at and abus'd,
And slighted even by the best.

Oft, when half-starv'd, he found a bone,
Or something hid,
Instead of eating it alone,
As others did,

He ran to share his daily bread,
Unfought ;

With those that were much better fed
Than taught .

His daily bread they seiz'd ;
And drove him from their mess,
More disappointed and displeas'd
With their ingratitude than his distress.

It is a maxim amongst dogs,
When they have the address and skill,
To slip their collars and their clogs,
And leave their friends that use them ill.

To

To avoid anxiety and strife
 Tray was resolv'd to try a country life.
 A country dog, I think,
 Is exactly like a country 'squire,
 They both are only fit to sleep and stink
 By their own fire,
 And when awake are only good
 To yelp and halloo in a wood.
 Their joys,
 And conversation are the same,
 'Tis all a clamour and a noise,
 And all the noise and clamour about game.
 Three words compose their whole vocabulary,
 A fox, a hare, and a fine scenting day,
 Whether they are serious and merry,
 'Tis all they have to say :
 In short they never are so entertaining,
 As when they're fast asleep, and feigning.
 To quit such friends as these,
 One would not grieve,
 Tray parted from them with great ease,
 Without so much as taking leave,
 Consults his grandfire by profession,
 A spaniel ;
 For judgment and discretion,
 A perfect Daniel,

Benign

Benign and mild ;
 He heard his grandson's grievances, and smil'd.
 Grandson, said he, I do conceive,
 If you had known the world, and how things go,
 But half as much as you believe ;
 Which is twice as much as I believe you know ;
 You would not have complain'd,
 That dogs behave to one another,
 When they are unchain'd,
 Like every creature to his brother.
 Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,
 If you lie open and unguarded,
 Is it not just,
 That vigilance should be rewarded ?
 'Twas neither nature's call,
 Nor my instruction,
 To trust your friends at all ;
 Much less to trust them to your own destruction :
 A painful and severe attention,
 Is but a necessary fence,
 To every dog of sense,
 Against deceit and circumvention ;
 A task from which you hop'd to be receiv'd
 By trusting to your friends :
 You are deceiv'd
 Acting as much as they for your own ends :

All

All the world knows,
That friendship's a meer sound ;
A sound that hardly can impose
Upon a puppy hound.
Nature is not to blame,
Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented
That foolish name,
By which so many fools are circumvented.
Happiness you'll seldom find,
Unless you learn
To have no weighty interest, or concern,
With those of your own kind.
Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)
That they are neither worth your love nor hate.



A LYRIC EPISTLE

To my Cousin SHANDY, on his coming
to Town.

BY THE SAME

Dear SHANDY,

YOU know there goes a tale,
How Jonas went aboard a whale,

Once

Once for a frolic,
 And how the whale, set sail
 With a fair gale,
 And got the cholic ;

And after a great splutter
 Spew'd him up, upon the coast
 Just like a woodcock on a toast
 With trail and butter.

I should have thought him much to blame
 Had he gone back the way he came.

So when you're over head and ears in debt,
 You'll fume and fret ;

When once you're wip'd clean, if you presume,
 To plunge yourself again, fret on and fume.

So when a man has lost his wife

He makes a pother,

But he deserves to lose his life,

If he will venture on another.

So when a miss just enters on her teens

She makes a coil,

Because she knows not what she means

—You lose your labour and your oyl.

But by and bye,

After you have taken your degrees,

If you will try,

You'll be install'd with ease,

And

And you may take a flight

Upright

Like me,

And drop like Icarus into a vacant sea.

And so, because comparisons are odious,

Pray tell me plain,

Whether the theatre in Drury-lane,

Or that of York, is most commodious ;

And to oblige you,

I'll tell you a story of Elijah.

As he was walking by a wood in sober sadness,

Close by a mob of children stood,

Commenting on his sober mood,

And taking it for madness ;

In their opinions,

They hung together just like onions,

And back'd them like such sort of folks,

With a few stones, and a few jokes :

Till weary of their pelting and their prattle,

He order'd out his bears to battle,

It was delightful fun,

To see them run

And eat up the young cattle.

Now had Elijah chang'd the scene,

From thinking and walking

To drinking and talking,

Or

Or any pleasant situation,
It would have cur'd the spleen,
And sav'd a lapidation.

Your affectionate cousin,

ANTONY SHANDY.



A N E P I S T L E

To the grown GENTLEWOMEN,

The MISSES of * * * *

BY THE SAME.

*La musica et gli abiti sono della vagha invencione di Bartolomeo
Cogliane, poeta lirico et virtuoso della camera della sua excel-
lenza la Signora Contessa * * * * procuratrice di San Giacomo.*

LADIES, I love you dearly,
And for a proof I send this letter ;

To deal with you sincerely,
I dare not offer any better.

Many of your Mamas
Would look upon it as a sin,
Because

They and their daughters are so near akin,
It would be wading both through thick and thin.

G g

Time

Time also, the best tutor of all others,
 Has open'd my deluded eyes ;
 I have made fools enough amongst your mothers,
 I wish it was as easy to make you wise.

This, says Miss Notable, is positive grimace,
 He thinks to rub the mould off an old face,
 By being smart and sly ;
 Just as a housewife thinks you'll eat
 Her fusty meat
 When it is season'd in a pye.

Miss Notable, you are a cynick,
 And though in Greek it means a bitch,
 I only mean you are a mimick,
 When you set up to be a witch.
 Can you imagine me so queer

An engineer
 To think of making my advances
 By fancies ?

I know that an approach is made
 Sideways and by insinuation ;

I know my trade,
 But not by a rhetorical

Or metaphorical
 Or verbal disputation,
 But by a real zig-zag operation.

I would as soon attempt to take a city
With sugar-plums
Instead of bombs,

As take a miss by being witty :

Or to take you
When you're in cue
To romp and grapple,
Like Eve,

Taking you only by the sleeve,
And pulling out an apple.

A miss that's brought up in a boarding school,
Or in a cloyster,
Is like a fool,
And like an oyster.

For though a bungler can't get at her,
An oyster-monger who has thought on't well,
And understands the matter,
Contrives a way into the shell,
Like an eel,
Into a wheel,
Of wicker,
Gobbling the oyster and the liquor.

The reason why she is like a fool, methinks
Is this ;

(I do not mean a fool that stinks)

That never can be like a miss ;

I mean a stool,
 Not in the nature of a chair,
 But a mere tool
 Placed in a corner here and there
 With an intent

Not to be useful—but for ornament;
 Just like the image of a Chinese lubbard,
 Sitting upon a chimney-piece or cupboard.
 Yet when a drawing room is full,
 Or when a company draws near
 That blessed sphere,

Where all are happy that are dull,
 And they are taken up with some debater,
 You clap you down slipping aside,
 And so your stool is occupy'd
 Sooner or later.

And so a miss that's thrown aside like lumber,
 Altho' they watch her,
 Will find occasions without number,
 If any one's inclin'd to catch her.

When a man's saying all he has to say,
 And something comes across the way,
 Without a provocation,
 I do not call it a digression,

But

But a temptation
 Which requires discretion.
 And therefore I petition
 For leave to give a definition
 Of the word reputation;
 'Tis an impressiion or a seal
 Engrav'd, not upon steel,
 On a transparent education,
 Which, held up to the light,
 Discovers all the strokes and touches
 That mark the lady of a knight,
 A mantua-maker, or a duchess.
 A miss brought up in fairy courts,
 Practis'd in sublunary sports,
 And contemplations in the dark,
 Is apt to be surpris'd
 By a superior power, disguis'd
 Like an attorney's clerk ;
 Oft in the darkest night, when every head
 Is wrapp'd in sleep,
 And free from cares,
 He sallies from the deep,
 Stealing up the back stairs,
 And without dread,
 He'll creep
 Upon you unawares

Into your bed,
 A fairy is a cunning elf,
 And seldom meditates a rape
 In any shape
 That you suspect yourself.
 Sometimes in front he will appear
 Just like a barber's block,
 And sometimes hang upon your rear,
 Dress'd in your footman's frock.
 When once you are enchanted,
 You are commonly possess'd all night,
 Like any house that's haunted,
 And like a haunted house, a priest must set you
 right,
 And then by reason of your tender age
 You are no less in danger
 From *Hamlet* and *Ranger*,
 The enchanters of the stage.
 You are not open to so many snares,
 From dancers, singers,
 And fiddle-fringers,
 As from players.
 Players may love by letters patent,
 All other artists are excluded,
 But now and then it has so happen'd,
 The law has been eluded;

And

And by a trick of a logician,
 No lawyer's whim,
 For instance, if the artist's a musician,
 You must convert the proposition,
 That is, you must make love to him.
 I do not mean, my dears,
 To alarm you with my fears,
 Though I could bring examples recent,
 And make reflections,
 To shew that such amours are neither decent,
 Nor good for your complexions.
 Let but a single spark of fire fall
 Into a powder magazine,
 It blows up all,
 Quite and clean.
 So when you have finish'd a neat billet-doux,
 All but the stopping,
 And you're in raptures leaning,
 A drop of ink, you know not how,
 Comes dropping,
 And blots out all the meaning.
 If you delight in slops
 And will be always tasting and touching,
 You may meet slops where a few drops
 Will blot your scutcheon,
 Your face breaks out in spots, or you're inflated

To a degree,
So as to be
Homunculated.

I quite forgot I was in such a trance
To give a hint,
Asquint,

About a country dance.

Dancing contributes greatly, 'tis confess'd,
To open and dilate your chest,
And is exceeding good
To purify the blood
And humours.

But if you sit too long, and cool too quick,
Your hand is seiz'd and you fall sick.
It feels as if it felt—all over—tumours,
Shaking, as if you shook a stick,
Tingling and numb,
Finger and thumb,
Paralitic,

If people would but stick to their professions,
You would be dancing,
Not sitting and romancing,
Like an old justice at a sessions
Supposing now you have escaped all rocks,
Not without many shocks

Amongst

Amongst the shoals of calumny and rancour,
 Thank heaven you are not stranded ;
 Throw out your anchor,
 And then do what you please when you are landed.
 Sure I speak plain enough, you understand
 That I would have you marry out of hand ;
 Whether you wed a coxcomb or a sloven,
 By fair means or by covin ;
 Marriage resembles a perpetual oven.
 Your chief expence and trouble's in the making,
 Which need not be repeated,
 Unless you are cheated,
 From the first time you put a cake in.
 For after that without being heated,
 It will continue fit for baking ;
 Constantly ready night and day,
 If you don't bake at home, your neighbour may.
 Do but contemplate a pudding's end,
 There is a string goes round about
 Her snout.
 The string is ve y much the pudding's friend,
 He keeps her within bounds, or else she would be
 spoil'd,
 And by his means she gets well boil'd.

Look

Look at that spit again,
What is it keeps your meat from burning ;
It is a chain
That humours it in turning ;
And by that means, as you have often boasted,
Your meat is always nicely roasted.

Just such another tye is marriage ;
I take the marriage-noose, or wedding-ring,
If you are prudent in your carriage
To be a pudding-string.
And for the marriage-chain, 'tis proved as clear
as glass,
To be but a jack-chain——a chain for a jack-ass,
'Tis all made out as fine as silk,
Now attend my lovely lasses,
And I'll provide you all with asses.
——You shall not want for asses milk.

I wish a miss was like a leek,
Whose head is long
And strong,
Altho' the tail
Be frail
And weak.

I could say in three words all that I have to speak,
Dissemble

Whether you resemble

The proud or weak.

Meekness and pride alike inflame desire,

A truth well known among the wenchers ;
So oil or brandy thrown into the fire,
Are neither of them quenchers.

Take that which suits you best, my gentle dames,
Either will do to set a house in flames.

'Tis not sufficient to inflame,

You may provoke, but you must tame,

Observe the anglers,

They don't take every fish that comes ;

So many of your dangles,

Are but bull-heads and miller's thumbs.

A captain or some pretty fellow,

May dangle with you at a Rout ;

Just as they fish for salmon with a menow,

Or a red clout.

But when you walk with Strephon arm in arm,

And feel all over new-milk warm,

Whilst he complains of penalties and pains ;

You'll seem

Like an iced cream,

If you have any brains.

Adams—

Adam was weary of a single life,
 And seeing Eve bashful and nice,
 He thought her fitter for a wife,
 Than any beast in paradise.

So when a 'squire sees a maiden coy,

He makes a jointure ;

And in a fit of joy,

Prefers her to a pointer.

Milton's *delay*, it is no word of my inventing,

Lies in a point,

If you can hit the joint,

Between the forbidding and consenting,

Just like the cream of which you have been told,

Delicious, when 'tis not too cold.

All small delays are right,

They make folks keen,

Whether they mean

To play or fight.

So at a battle and a cocking,

The combatants before they let them go,

Stand a little while and crow.

And when you throw the stocking,

After the bride and bridegroom's bedded :

The bride encouraged by that pause,

Yields to the laws

And is beheaded.



A LYRIC EPISTLE,

To the Grown Gentlemen, the Students of divi-
nity in — college, Oxford.

By TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

Experientia docet.

GENTLEMEN, I am your friend and adviser,
As a proof of which I send you this letter,
To make you all wiser,
And in the end, perhaps, a good living the better.
As you are design'd
For the service of the church,
I'll tell you my mind ;
I would not have you enter
Into orders at a venture,
Left in a twenty pound curacy you should be left
in the lurch,
You think, perhaps, by studying divinity,
And acquiring a little classical latinity,

By

By being grave and sober,
 And not drinking too much wine and oc-
 tober,
 That you may rise in time to the mitre ,
 You may as well suppose,
 Even tho' it stinks in your nose,
 That a dirty shirt at college
 Worn a week, in pursuit of useless knowledge,
 May by Saturday night be grown whiter.
 But as the dirt
 Wears not off the shirt ;
 So I'll tell you what :
 Let not any one be so queer
 An engineer
 As to think of making his advances
 By such fancies :
 For that is not,
 Whatever the novice believes,
 The way to get his arms into a pair of lawn
 sleeves.
 I know my trade,
 Which tho' it be made
 By some a mighty serious occupation,
 I have found that to laugh
 Is better by half,
 And more likely to get a presentation.

'Tis

'Tis all a mere hum
 To stand preaching hum-drum,
 And telling old tales of repentance;
 You had better burlesque
 Both pulpit and desk,
 And turn up your female acquaintance,
 I do not mean in the way of carnality:
 That would ill agree with a parson's formality;
 But in the way of science,
 That's privileg'd to set all decorum at defiance.
 Thus to make your devotion
 Assist your promotion,
 Your way is, with luscious romances
 To tickle your patron's fancies;
 To whom you will never do well
 To talk about heaven or hell;
 Unless in the way of digression,
 To vary the turn of expression.
 There's ne'er a lord or 'squire,
 Tho' senseless as king Log,
 When once set agog
 After a miss Tawdry,
 By the help of your bawdry,
 But will give you as good a living as you can desire.
 And thus a prebendary,
 By one bold vagary,

Tho'

Tho' as I was a saying,
 He would never get any thing by praying,
 May sometimes a fortune acquire;
 Believe me.—Experto
 Crede Roberto.
 Do you think it hard to get
 A sufficient stock of wit,
 And due portion of learning or fun?
 Lord! be your tale as dull
 As e'er enter'd barren skull,
 Mix it well with that fame——
 (I mean * * * * without a name)
 In one page a squint,
 In the next a broad hint,
 And, the world to a nut-shell, 'twill run.
 Indeed, as to the subject matter,
 Of that you must learn the scientific smatter;
 And, if you're to seek,
 Consult—do you see—
 The Venus physique
 Of the sage Maupertuis;
 Or rather,
 What my father,
 Or, more precisely, my uncle and he
 Determined about the Homunculi,

With

With which the young ladies are inflated,
 When they are first matriculated,
 But as precept is enforc'd by example,
 I shall here give you a little sample.
 When you treat of those conflicts to be dreaded,
 Wherein the maidens are beheaded ;

Begin by advancing the notion,
 (That is in your prolegomena)
 That all natural phenomena

Are the effect of matter and motion,

So that the blow

May be either fast or slow,

If so be that the momentum

Of the rentum skentum

Be in both cases equal ;

And that the attraction and repulsion

Occasion the same revulsion,

When the like is the sequel.

Or thus ; by the doctrine of propagation,

As illustrated by electrification,

When by means even of a bit of wire,

Two bodies are set on fire ;

Say when, by virtue of due constriction,

The tubes are right in friction,

Propria quæ maribus ;

If the vibrations be but strong,

Whether they be short or long,

H h

Cæteris

Cæteris paribus,
 The effect is the same,
 To light up a mutual flame.
 A learned smattering
 Thus setting you once chattering,
 You run readily into a stile,
 And at critics may venture to smile,
 For what need there any skill
 To say whate'er one will,
 Or to write even the son of Aristarchus dead ?
 When allowed by profession
 Full pow'r of digression,
 And to set down whate'er comes into one's head.
 It may be done with as much ease
 As a blackbird whistles,
 Or as I write such epistles
 As these.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CITR



CITY LATIN;

O R,

Critical and political remarks on the Latin inscription on laying the first stone of the intended new bridge at Black Friars. Proving almost every word, and every letter of it to be erroneous, and contrary to the practice of both ancients and moderns in this kind of writing : interspersed with curious reflections on antiques and antiquity, with a plan or pattern for a new inscription. Dedicated to the venerable society of antiquaries. By the Rev. BUSBY BIRCH, L. L. D. F. R. S. F. A. S. F. G. C. and M. S. E. A. M. C. i. e. member of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce.

Quis expedit Salmafio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?

MILT.

THOUGH I cannot but applaud the zeal and affection, which our worthy citizens of London have expressed towards the *Great Minister*, in their inscription on laying the first stone of the intended new

bridge, yet I could wish they had been contented with expressing it in their own native language ; which will probably last as long as the bridge, though built on *Elliptic* arches.

There were doubtless among them persons of sufficient abilities for such a task : witness the late address of the lord mayor and aldermen ; witness the address of the common council ; witness the address of the merchants ; all which, we may venture to say, have not been outdone by the addresses of any other mayors, aldermen, and corporations, or even of our two universities. Where then was the necessity that the inscription in question should be couched in an unknown tongue ? Unknown we may call it to most of our citizens, whose knowledge in Latin scarce extends further than the famed Ashley's motto, *pro bono publico* ; though it must be allowed, that many of them are conversant in the French, Spanish, Italian, German, High-Dutch, Low Dutch, and Hebrew.

I know not, whether this Latin inscription (if it may be called Latin) was drawn up by the reverend ordinary of Newgate, or my lord mayor's chaplain, or the master of Merchant Taylors, or Paul's school, or even the Charter-House ;

House ; but the following remarks will, I think, sufficiently prove the author to be wholly ignorant of *Classical Latinity* ; and an intire stranger to the usual stile of *Inscriptions*.

But it will be necessary, in order to refresh the reader's memory, that I should transcribe this inscription, together with its *English* translation, as it has appeared in the public papers : though there is great reason to imagine, that it was originally first drawn up in *English*, by some learned *deputy* or other, and afterwards *done into Latin*, as the phrase is ; which, if this be the case, will readily account for many *Anglicisms* that occur in it.

Ultimo die Octobris, anno ab incarnatione
MDCCLX.

auspicatissimo principe GEORGIO Tertio
regnum jam ineunte,

pontis hujus, in reipublicæ commodum,
urbisq; majestatem,

(late tum flagrante bello)

a S. P. Q. L. suscepti,

primum lapidem posuit,

THOMAS CHITTY, Miles,

Prætor:

ROBERTO MYLNE, Architecto.

Utque apud posteros extet monumentum

voluntatis suæ erga virum,

qui vigore ingenii, animi constantia,

probitatis & virtutis suæ felici quadam contagione,

(favente Deo

faustisque GEORGII Secundi auspiciis)

imperium Britannicum

in Asia, Africa, & America,

restituit, axit, & stabilivit,

nec non patriæ antiquum honorem & auctoritatem

inter Europæ gentes instauravit ;

cives Londinenses, uno consensu,

huic ponti inscribi voluerunt nomen

GULIELMI PITT.

Englished

Englished thus.

On the last Day of October, in the year 1760,
and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of
GEORGE the Third,

Sir THOMAS CHITTY, Knight, Lord Mayor,
laid the first stone of this bridge,
undertaken by the Common Council of London,
(amidst the rage of an extensive war)
for the public accommodation,
and ornament of the city :

ROBERT MYLNE being the Architect,
And that there might remain to posterity
a monument of this city's affection to the man,
who, by the strength of his genius,
the steadiness of his mind,
and a certain kind of happy contagion of his
probity and spirit,

(under the divine favour
and fortunate auspices of GEORGE the Second)
recovered, augmented, and secured,
the British empire
in Asia, Africa, and America,
and restored the ancient reputation
and influence of his country
amongst the nations of Europe ;

the citizens of London have unanimously voted this
bridge to be inscribed with the name of

WILLIAM PITT.

Ultimo Die Octobris.

The last day of October: This is a very bald expression, and but little removed from a downright *Anglicism*. *Die Octobris XXXI.* would have been more in the inscription taste, which delights in these capital numerals. But, if they must have it *the LAST day*, *postremo* is undoubtedly the classical word; and, as elegance of construction should be particularly regarded in these little things, it should also have been placed after *Die Octobris*, and not before it. *Die Octobris postremo.* It is strange, that when *postero*, or *posteriore*, might have served instead of a better word, that the author should unluckily pitch upon poor *Ultimo*.

Anno ab Incarnatione.

If our author had known any thing of precision, he would certainly have added N. S. J.C. i. e. *Nostri Salvatoris Jesu Christi*, which would likewise have looked very pretty, since nothing in works of this kind is so pretty as single capitals. But why could not simply *Anno domini* have served his turn, as brevity is no less to be consulted in inscriptions? I suppose

suppose he was afraid, lest posterity should mistake it for the *year of the lord* mayor. However, if the author had been the least acquainted with the custom of the *Romans* on these occasions, he might have borrowed a very elegant phrase from them, I mean, *Anno Urbis Condita*, which would have preserved to posterity the precise æra when the city of London was first built; and this, there is no doubt, might have been accurately fixed by the *Antiquarian* society, assisted in their enquiries by the ruins of the city-gates.

MDCCLX.

It may seem odd, that I should find fault with these innocent letters; but preciseness obliges me to point out, that they are never applied in this manner in Latin inscriptions. Had the author but dipped into Montfaucon's or Graevius's *Antiquities*, or even Stow's *Survey of London*, he would have found, that, instead of CC, he would have used CI $\mathcal{J}$; and the least observation would have informed him, that a point or dot is necessary after some of the letters, as thus M. D CI $\mathcal{J}$.LX. The virtuoso's eye must be as much hurt by the vulgar MDCCLX, as it would be by the barbarous *Arabic* numerals 1760.

Ausp.

*Auspicatissimo Principe GEORGIO Tertio Regnum
jam ineunte.*

Auspicatissim (the most auspicious) besides being a most egregious Anglicism, is, at best, but a very doubtful compliment to his present majesty. I have looked into *Holyoak's* dictionary, as it is vulgarly called, though the first, and best impression, properly styles it, *Vocabularium a Sanctâ Quercu*. There I find *Auspicatus* [ab *Auspicium*] *auspicious*, male sensu frequenter usitat. Omen *auspicatum*, i. e. *corvorum*, CIC. *Auspicata Mulier*. PLAUT. A BAD WOMAN. Now, among the most numerous and most illustrious tribe of *issimi*, could not the author have culled out some choice epithet of the superlative degree, that would not be liable to a double meaning? Surely he might have met with *pick* and *chuse* in abundance from the dedications to foreign potentates; such as in those to the French king, *Christianissimo*, to the Spanish, *Catholicissimo*, to his holiness the pope, *Sacro-Sanctissimo*. But the epithet, that might at once have occurred to our author, as most suitable to his present majesty's character, (and, I am sure, every one will agree with me) is . . . OPTIMO.

To proceed Our author is so desirous of setting down at length, what ought to be expressed in figures only (contrary to the known rules of inscription-writing) that here again he must substitute *Georgio tertio*, instead of *Georgio III.* as he would needs have *ultimo die Octobris*, in the room of *die Octobris XXXI.* I ask him, did he ever see *Tertius* or *Secundus* upon an halfpenny, a coin the nearest approaching to the copper medals of the Cæsars? No. Even Charles the Second, who would not stile himself either *II.* or *Secundus* (for fear, I suppose of offending the Puritans) elegantly stamped himself, on his earliest coins, *Carolus a Carolo*; and I could not have blamed our author, if, instead of lengthening out *III.* to *Tertio*, he had further extended it into *Georgio a Friderico a Georgio a Georgio*.

Regnum jam incunte.

It is hoped, that the news-papers, magazines, and other faithful histories of the present times, will convince posterity that his majesty king *George the Third* was, on the last day of *October*, 1760, actually in the kingdom; otherwise, from the above expression, they might naturally

naturally conclude the contrary, since *regnum jam ineunte* can only be construed, *just now coming into the kingdom* ; and should the unfortunate *Tertio* in the line above happen to be defaced or worn out, posterity will be apt to imagine, that the bridge begun to be built at the time that *George the First* landed on the English shore from Hanover.

Pontis hujus, in reipublicæ commodum urbisque majestatem.

Here again my friend Holyoak must be called in to inform our author, that the preposition *in*, with an accusative case following it, generally signifies *against*, and not *for* ; so that the sense of this passage might be, that the bridge was set on foot *to the detriment of the publick, and derogatory of the majesty of the city of London*. Nor would this interpretation appear strange, considering the great disputes that have arisen about the form and construction of its arches. But allowing this sentence to bear a good meaning, it is certainly necessary to make a slight transposition of the words thus *In Reipublicæ Majestatem, Urbisque Commodum* . . . for every one must

must agree with me, that the bridge is undoubtedly erected *for the accommodation of the city.*

Before I have done with this passage, I must remark, that every *classic* eye must be offended with feeling *reipublicæ* spelt at length, and made only one word of; whereas it ought to have been split in two, or, at least, contracted to *riep.* or *reipubl.* or to *Rpublicæ*, or simply *R. P.* which latter is perhaps the most elegant way of writing it, as it is certainly the most ancient, and (what must further recommend it) consists only of capitals.

Latè tum flagrans Bello.

What must posterity suppose from this sentence (which is put in a parenthesis, and might indeed be better omitted) but that the bridge was built purely *on account of the war*? And can they conceive any other reason, but that it was merely designed for the conveniency only of the trained-bands crossing the water? Otherwise, what signifies it, whether the bridge was built in war-time or in peace? Suppose our worthy citizens had set about it at the time of the last dreadful fire
by

by St. *Magnus* church, the inscription, in that case, might have run *Lætè tum flagrante IGNI* . . . and this too with some shadow of a meaning, as it might have been supposed, that the espousers of *Black Friars* bridge thereby meant to express their secret wish, that the fire might reach as far as its antagonist, the temporary-bridge. But, after all, what has *tum* to do in this passage ? Is it placed there to signify, that the war raged on the last day of *October* particularly, or at the very instant of my lord-mayor's laying the first stone ?

Pontis hujus

a S. P. Q. L. suscepti.

Here the author has for once awkwardly attempted to copy the usage of the ancients on their publick inscriptions. Every school-boy can tell him, that *S. P. Q. R.* signifies the whole state of *Rome*, that is, the senate and the people : But let us examine, whether *S. P. Q. L.* comprehends the whole city of *London*. Now it is well known, that the commonwealth of *Rome* was made up only of two bodies, to wit, the senate and the people ; whereas the city is composed of,

1. The

1. The lord-mayor, or *prætor*.
2. The aldermen, or *aldermanni*, (there being no *Latin* term equal to their dignity)
3. The common council men, or *Communis Concilii Fratres*.
4. The ordinary freeman, or *Liberti*.

Therefore the above capitals are not sufficient to denote this extensive corporation, but they should stand thus :

a P. A. C. C. P. L. Q. L.

i. e. *Prætoris, Aldermanis, Communis Concilii Fratribus, Libertisq; Londinensibus*. And how much more noble do these numerous capitals look (P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.) than the sneaking S. P. Q. R. of the *Romans*!

But what are we to understand by *Pontis suscepti*? Let us again consult *Holyoak*, and he will inform us, that *suscipere opus*, or *suscipere negotium*, may signify to undertake any work or business; but *suscipere onus*, or *suscipere pontem*, must have a different construction; and *Pontis. a S P. Q. L. suscepti*, in this place, can only be understood,

that

that the lord-mayor, aldermen, common council, and citizens, took up the bridge on their shoulders, and carried it clean off.

Primum Lapidem posuit

THOMAS CHITTY, *Miles,*

Prætor:

ROBERTO MYLNE, *Architecto.*

The superficial common scholar will hardly conceive that any mistakes can possibly have been made in this plain and simple sentence; but any one, who is conversant in the method of inscriptions, will discover many blunders.

I am credibly informed, that the first plate, on which the inscription was engraved, was obliged to be laid aside on account of the engraver, who did not understand *Latin*, cutting the line . . . *Tho^s. Chitty Miles*, (as if it was Mr. *Tho. Chitty Miles*) instead of *Thomas Chitty, Miles, a knight*: And no wonder, that the ignorant artist should commit such a blunder, when the manuscript had it originally *Tho^s.* a barbarous abbreviation of *Thomas*, and the word *Dominus*, as *Latin* for *Sir*, (i. e. *Knight*) instead of *Miles*. But does
not

not any one see, that *Chitty* should have been *Chittius*, or rather *Chitteius*, as in the next line *Mylne* should be *Mylneio*, *Thomas Chitteius*, *Roberto Mylneio*? It is, indeed, a pity, that these words will not bear to be converted into true *Latin*, like my friend *Holyoak* into *Sancta Quercus*; or, as the *Rev. George White* stiled himself *Agricola Candidus**. But, as this cannot be, they ought, at least, to have a *Latin* termination; and every judge of antiquity will agree with me, that without this addition, these names will found no better than the familiar appellations of *Tom Chitty* and *Bob Mylne*.

Utque apud Posteror extet Monumentum Voluntatis suæ ergà Virum.

Voluntatis suæ: It is hard to determine, whe-

* This excellent genius formerly published a *Latin* newspaper, and stiled himself by the name above-mentioned. He was, indeed, obliged to have recourse to the *Greek* language, as well as the *Latin*, on this occasion. Finding out, that *George*, or rather *Georgus*, would in *Greek* characters be Γεωργος, and then finding out (in *Schrevelius's Lexicon*) that this meant *Agricola*, he very happily first græcized, thence latinized his *pro-nomen* into that excellent appellation.

ther this means the *Bridge's* affection, or *Thomas Chitty's* and *Robert Mylne's*, whose names immediately go before; but it is obvious, that in the first line, the author has a double meaning, and intends a compliment to one of the city structures . . . *Ut apud Posteror extet MONUMENTUM*; that the MONUMENT may stand to posterity. In return for this patriotic wish, I would propose, that, as some have idly conceived a prejudice against *Elliptic* arches (the most strong and beautiful of any) this line should be fixed on the center arch, with a slight alteration,

APUD POSTEROS EXTET PONS.

*Qui Vigore Ingenii, Animi Constantiâ,
Probitatis & Virtutis, suæ felici quadam Contagione.*

The first line might have been this, that, or t'other; but, in the name of *Latin*, what is this *felici quadam Contagione*? . . . By a certain kind of a sort of a happy contagion . . . of what? . . . *Probitatis & Virtutis suæ* . . . his own probity and virtue. Stay . . . I shall wear out poor *Holyoak*, having used him at, and ever since I left, school . . . but no matter . . . let me see . . . oh . . . *Contagio*, f. [*a contactus, contangere*] *Contagion*.

tagion . . . Now for his instances . . . *Abisis contagionem spirat*, TER. and many others, not one of which but gives the word in a bad sense. But even allowing that *Contagio* may be taken in a good sense, as it is qualified with the epithet of *felix*, the line, after twisting and winding it which way you please, can only be understood, that Mr. Pitt *caught the happy contagion of his own probity and spirit*. But the author undoubtedly intended an inuendo by this passage, that the lord-mayor, aldermen, and the rest of the citizens, were *infected* with the same probity and spirit.

*Imperium Britannicum
in Asiâ, Africâ, et Americâ,
restituit, auxit, et stabilivit.*

From the order of the words, and from the common method observed in inscriptions, posterity will doubtless conceive, that the author meant to particularize the different success of our arms in different parts of the globe; and they will naturally understand this passage as follows :

<i>In Asiâ</i>		<i>In Africâ</i>		<i>In Americâ,</i>
<i>restituit,</i>		<i>auxit,</i>		<i>stabilivit.</i>

that is, he restored the *British* empire in *Asia*,

he augmented it in *Africa*, he secured it in *America*. Every body knows, that inscriptions should be as plain as possible, and the least liable to have their sense mistaken: I therefore cannot suppose, that our author should depart from this known rule, but rather imagine, that some officious would-be-critic foisted in this line about *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, because *Europe* happens to come in the next sentence, and he was willing to have all the four quarters of the globe together. I am convinced, that our author would rather have brought in all the four winds, and have writen it, *In Euro, in Boreâ, in Austro, &c.* Or had he said, *cum in Asiâ, tum in Africâ, et Americâ restituit, auxit, et stabilivit*, there could have been no room to doubt of its meaning.

*Necnon patriæ antiquum Honorem et Auctoritatem
inter Europæ Gentes instauravit.*

A little lad, a relation of mine, who is in the third form at *Westminster* school, happened to call upon me just as I had finished my last remark, I set him to construe this passage. He began ... *Nec non*, also ... *instauravit*, he, he, he, [restored, child?] restored ... *antiquum ho-*
norem,

norem, the ancient honour . . . *et auctoritatem*, and the authority . . . [good boy ! wonderful !] . . . *patriæ*, . . . [well !] of their countries, . . . [*their* countries, child ?] . . . Yes, uncle, *inter Europæ Gentes*, among the nations of *Europe*. Upon my word the boy set the passage in a different light to what perhaps I should have seen it in ; and posterity must consider our great patriot as the patriot of all countries, foes or friends, when they understand, from this sentence (as it cannot be well construed otherwise) *that he restored the ancient honour and authority [not only of his own, but] of each their several respective countries to all the nations, of Europe*. Had, indeed, the little word *sua* here happened to have slipped in . . . *patriæ suæ antiquum Honorem & Auctoritatem*, &c. it would have given the sentence that meaning which the author doubtless intended it should convey.

*Cives Londinenses, uno Consensu,
huic Ponti inscribi voluerunt Nomen
GULIELMI PITT.*

It cannot be sufficiently lamented, that the inscription throughout is so intirely devoid of

the genuine marks of just and classical composition. I have pointed out the egregious ignorance of the author, in this kind of writing, in his very first line, *in vestibulo*, as it were; and he has shewn no less ignorance in the conclusion. *Cives Londinenses* . . . What a pity it is, that he had not made use of that magnificent range of capitals, P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. as before recommended! but how shocking is it, that the ignorant has not had reading enough to know, that the letters C. L. (nothing more than C. L.) were more full, more expressive, or more intelligible, and more *inscriptive* by themselves, than with the useless addition of *ives ondinenses*!

The common reader will hardly imagine that I should be able to spy out any mistake in the last line, *Gulielmi Pitt*; but I hope to prove, to the satisfaction of every body, at least of every *antiquary*, that the author is wrong in both the *christian* and *surname* of this gentleman. First then, it is well known, that the word *Gulielmi* was never used in inscriptions, except upon the barbarous modern medals, or coins, of king *William III.* I wonder the author did not write it, *Williami*, which is certainly as good *Latin* for *William*, as this strange *Gulielmi*; at least, he
might

might have *barbaro-latinized* it into *Wilbelmi*, or (as the chaste *Roman* alphabet abhorred a VV or W) called it *Vilhelmi*. But if it must be something like *Gulielmi*, is it not notorious, that it should be spelt *Guilelmi*, and not *Gulielmi* as it is vulgarly and ignorantly written ?

But to come to the name *Pitt* O what a glorious opportunity was here let slip of naturalizing an *English* name into the *Latin* tongue, by a *latinization* of it . . . *Pitt ! Pitt !* a Low *English* word ! Sink, ditch, bog, quagmire, would sound equally noble. But if, instead of this, it had been written *Fossa*, how grandly would that have sounded ? And, surely, every admirer of antique learning will agree with me, that *Fossa ! Guilelmi Fossæ !* . . . would have made the illustrious name of the *Fossas* adored and remembered to all posterity.

As to the objection, which will possibly be raised, that posterity may perhaps apprehend the word *Fossa* to mean *Ditch* instead of *Pitt*, that can have no force at all, as they will easily find, that though *Will Pitt* was at the head of the ministry at this present time, there was no such

person joined with him in the administration, as *Will Ditch*. It is true, indeed, that the city formerly joined *two* names together in their presentation of their freedom and gold boxes: It might therefore be a matter of some wonder, that they did not think fit to couple them on the present occasion, and at the same time that they immortalized *Guilelmus Fossa*, they did not pay the same honours to *Henricus Bilsonus Crus*.

And now I have touched upon the subject of converting *English* proper names into *Latin*, I shall beg leave to enlarge upon it a little further, and to shew its peculiar elegance and propriety. We cannot but be sensible, that most of our *English* names, which have any meaning at all, are borrowed from the lowest, and sometimes the most ridiculous, as well as offensive objects. Thus, for instance, what can be more shocking to a delicate ear, than Mangey, Rag, Belcher, Gorge, Grub, Trollop, Nanny, Husley, &c. &c. &c. Not to mention some others, that border very nearly on indecency. Many, again, take their appellation from the lowest tradesmen and machanics; such as Smith, Mason, Gardener, Packer, Dyer, Turner,

ner, Taylor, Cook, Cooper, Carter, Draper, Glover, Butcher, Plumber, Painter, Carpenter, &c. Almost all kinds of beasts, birds, and fishes, are also to be found amongst us ; as Buck, Stag, Hart, Hind, Fox, Hare, Bull, Bullock, Lamb ; — Duck, Drake, Gosling, Crow, Hawk, Kite, Heron, Crane, Parrot, Partridge, Cock, Woodcock ; — Sprat, Herring, Crab, Whiting, Salmon, &c. The four quarters of the wind, East, West, North, and South, are also frequently used as surnames ; and almost all the colours of the rainbow are appropriated to the same purposes ; as Green, Scarlet, Grey, Brown, Black, Blackall, Blackmore, White, Whitehead, Redhead, &c. Even the different parts of our habitations furnish us with no inconsiderable number of names : We have House, Garden, Court, Wall, Hall, Kitchen, Garret, Stair, Chambers, Wood, Stone, Lock, Key, Street, Lane, &c. We have also Field, Meadows, Hills, Rivers, Lakes, Ponds, Pools, Dykes, Hedges, &c. in abundance. Some parts of the body likewise serve the same end ; as Head, Scull, Leg, Foot, Trotter, &c. But why need I dwell longer on this subject ? There are
Rich,

Rich and Poor, Sharp and Blunt, Young and Eld, Long and Short, Small and Great, Walker and Rider, Swift, Hastings, and On-flow ; with a variety of other names taken from the most common actions of our lives.

Let us then suppose, that these names, or the most vulgar and disagreeable of them, were to be changed into *Latin* : It would perhaps be objected, that the words in either language would still bear the same import ; yet it must be allowed, that the sound being altered, the ear is not so immediately shocked, or the mind so directly struck with the vulgarness or indelicacy of their meaning. For instance, though the name *Belcher* should of right belong to nobody but a *Dutchman*, the *Latin* word *Eruclator* greatly alleviates the filthiness of its meaning by the magnificence of its sound ; at least, it would not be inferior to the title of that emperor, who laid a tax on a certain natural evacuation, and was thence, by his flatterers, stiled *Urinator*. Besides, there are a great many *English* names, that nearly resemble those of the most illustrious families and offices in old *Rome* : Thus the *Smiths*, by a very fair

fair allusion, might be stiled *Fabricii*, the *Gardeners Hortensii*, the *Tailors Sartorii*, the *Drapers Togati*, the *Masons Ædiles*, &c. &c. &c. So, in other instances, *Long* would be readily converted into *Longinus*, as *Short* would be *Curtius*, *Great* or *Greathead* might be called *Maximus*, or *Capito Maximus*; *Young* (especially the reverend satirist of that name) would not be improperly stiled *Juvenalis*, as *Eld* or *Oldham* might fairly make *Seneca*: *Swift* or *Hastings* is *Festinus*, and *Onslow* directly answers to *Lentulus*. So also among the colours, *White* may be either *Albius* or *Candidus*, as *Black* or *Blackall* may at once assume the title of the emperor *Niger*: And pray what is *Fuscus*, to whom *Horace* addresses one of his odes, but downright *Brown*? Suppose, therefore, a gentleman of the name of *Wenman* or *Warton*, would he not be proud to be called after *Cicero*, who received that name on account of a *wen* or *wart* growing on the side of his face? And the *Italian* musician, whom the courtesy of the galleries have, in a manner, naturalized by the appellation of *Nosy*, would, I believe, very readily exchange it for that of the poet *Naso*; whom we may conclude to have been so called for the very same reason, if we
consider

consider his supposed intimacy with a certain lady of the first fashion in his time.

But the utility of this proceeding is still further evident from the practice of other nations in affairs of this kind. The *French*, perhaps conscious of the lightness and futility of their own language, always make use of this manner of writing on their public monuments; and their famous *Academy of Inscriptions*, &c. was established for scarce any other purpose, than to find out proper *Latin* words for the names of those illustrious personages who are, by these means, to be immortalized. Thus, on a medal struck in memory of their famous poet *Racine*, that word signifying a *Root*, they have called him *Radix*; on another, in honour of the two *Corneilles*, father and son, they have been contented, by a slight mutation, to stile them *Cornelii Pat. et Fil. i. e. Pater et Filius*; but, I am informed, they are preparing another also for the son of the latter, on which is to be inscribed the classical name of *Cornelius Nepos . . . Nepos*, in their language, signifying the *Petit-Fils* or *Grandson*.

The

The *Dutch* (who have always preserved a true state for compositions of this kind, as well as for the finest branch of criticism, that of emending letters) are very accurate in the translations of their excellent *Dutch* names into *Latin*. One instance may suffice for all. In the church of *Rotterdam*, on the monument of that famous burgo-master (the first projector of stock-jobbing) Mynheer Van Hugger-Mugger Higgleddy-Piggledy Helter-Skelter, he is concisely stiled, in the most elegant latinity... *Omnium Gatherum*.

Having then these great examples before our eyes, what should hinder this nation, which, though slow at invention, is ever ready at improvement, from making itself equally remarkable for its taste in similar undertakings. A noble opportunity offers itself in the public monument shortly to be erected; and, if the inscription concerning a city bridge must be in *Latin*, the inscription on this monument will undoubtedly be in the same language; at least it ought to be so, if for no other reason, than that the name of *Wolf* will admit to be latinized into *Lupus*.

But

But to return from this digression . . . As I have found so much fault with the present form of the *city inscription*, I may be asked, perhaps, what other would I substitute in its stead? To this I answer If we would consult elegance, clearness, strength, and brevity of expression, if we would regard the usual practice in these cases, it should certainly run somewhat in the following manner.

NON. VIII. MENS.

A. U. C. MM. C. LXXIX.

T. CHITTEIO PR.

PONT.

AP. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. CONSTR.

LAP. P. P.

What can be more plain and intelligible than this? what can look nobler and more significant than this? An antiquarian could hang over it with rapture for hours, nay years together, and find out the beauty of every single capital. But, as the author of the prolix and wordy *city inscription* will doubtless be puzzled to get at its meaning, I will condescend to become a decypherer to his ignorance.

NON

NON VIII. MENS. *Nonis Octavi Mensis*,
on the nones of the eighth month, that is, Oc-
tober 31.

If we look, indeed, into the *Roman* calendar,
as adapted to ours, at the end of the dictionaries,
we shall find it differently set down; but, alas!
the editors have never considered the *alteration of*
the style.

A. U. C. MM. C.LXXIX. *Anno Urbis*
Canditæ, in the year from the first building of the
city 2179.

The date of this æra is modestly set down
from authentic records; but there are traces
of its foundation much earlier; though it does
not appear, either from *Stow's Survey*, or *Mait-
land's History of London*, that the mayors were
called *lords*, or that any of the citizens were
knighted, till a long while after this period.

T. CHITTEIOPR. *Thomâ Chitteio Prætoræ*,
Thomas Chitty being mayor.

Though no one can be better affected to his
majesty than myself: yet I thought it necessary,
in

in a city inscription, to mention the time of his *beginning to reign*, especially if no expression can be found than *regnum jam incunte*. It is sufficient to remark the precise date by the manner I have done, from the year of the first building of the city : But if this should be uncertain, authentic records will fully prove it, by informing posterity in what year *Thomas Chitty* was mayor ; and as to *Georgio Terito Regnum jam ineunte*, it might as well have been said *Thomâ Chitty Mayoralum jam exeunte*, *Thomas Chitty* just going out of his mayoralty.

PONT. A. P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.
CONSTR. LAP. P. P. *Pontis a Prætorè, Aldermannis, &c.* (as explained before) *construendi Lapis primus ponebatur*, of a bridge to be built by the mayor, aldermen, &c. the first stone was laid . . . This is clear, short, and and significant . . . But, you will say, that as a compliment to Mr. *Pitt* is necessary, how is that to be expressed ? Why in the same concise and intelligible manner.

GUIL. FOSSÆ.

PATR. PATRIÆ D. D. D.

Is there any occasion to explain these letters ?
*Guilelmo Fossæ Patri Patriæ Datur, Dicatur,
Dedi-*

Dedicatur, dedicated to *William Pitt*, the father of his country.

It is now high time to have done with this dry and uninteresting subject ; for so it may appear to all who are not conversant in antiquity : And tho' I could easily have confirmed my remarks, by numerous quotations from ancient and modern authors and critics, yet I chuse rather to leave it to the true virtuoso to determine, whether my criticisms are just or groundless I shall only observe further, that, as the inscription, which has given rise to this little work, is said to have been engraven on *pure tin*, I think, with more propriety, it might have been upon *pure lead*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My publisher having informed me, that this pamphlet was refused a place in the *Daily Advertiser*, I sent my amanuensis to *Jenour over the door*, to know the reason; but the fellow having been accustomed only to set down so many words, without knowing, or even enquiring after, their meaning . . . consequently having very little practice of memory . . . he quite forgot what was said to him. I must therefore desire *Jenour over the door* will be pleased to acquaint my publisher, why the same favour should not be shewn by him to my learned labours, as to other works of genius and literature; especially as *Jenour over the door* could not have read a line of my work, as the advertisement was sent him before it was published.

Inscription

*Inscription for the Villa of a decay'd Statesman on the
Sea-Coast.*

OL D and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H**** form'd the pious resolution,
To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
A broken character, and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice,
(Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand)
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, tho' shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reigns the blust'ring North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,
Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast :
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Now mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,
Arches, and turrets nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled palaces delude his eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all :

“ Ah ! (said the fighting peer) had B***e been true,
“ Nor—'s, —'s, —'s friendship vain,
“ Far other scenes than these had crown'd our view,
“ And realiz'd the ruins that we feign.

"Purg'd by the sword, and beautify'd by fire
 "Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
 "Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
 "And *Foxes* stunk, and litter'd in St. Paul's."



Epistle to John Wilkes, Esq; in Confinement.

WHILE ev'ry truly English breast
 Swells with regret and rage possess'd,
 And mourns, O Wilkes, thy doom !

I rather joy, who hope to view
 Thy steady soul her plan pursue,
 And equal ancient Rome.

See *Manfield*, impotent of soul,
 In pale and silent malice scowl,
 And yield to Y—s the blow !
 Vain all their rage ! thy noble heart
 Invulnerable scorns the dart,
 Nor heeds the feeble foe.

Thus faithful to his country's good,
 Unmov'd the menac'd Roman stood
 At all the Punic rage ;

Bravely

Bravely he met the death he dar'd,
 Nor fear'd the cruel pains prepar'd,
 Their malice to assuage.

Nor less the malice of thy foes
 I deem, O man of many woes!
 And much-enduring mind !
 Nor less shall be thy fame : I see
 Thy rescu'd country smile on thee,
 And glory gleam behind.

But should a venal senate fear
 To check oppression's proud career,
 Nor vindicate thy wrong,
 Let hope, with conscience to attend,
 Be thy inseparable friend,
 And speed the hours along.

Then let no pensive thought be thine,
 Nor let thy patriot heart repine,
 But be *these things* thy sport ;
 For know—that time shall set thee free,
 Unthank'd, relentless m——y,
 Unthank'd a thoughtless court.

Oxford, June 30, 1768.

K k 3

The

The whole present Dispute in Law and Politics.

TO contradict Wilkes, now M——replies,
 'Twixt *tenour* and *purport* no difference lies :
 They both in one meaning appear to entwine,
 Like tendrils that twist round the stem of a
 vine,
 Tho' the one suits your purpose, the other suits
 mine.

To M—— cries Wilkes, I pray you, my lord,
 Give its own honest meaning to each proper word:
 Suppose you should make a proposal to B—,
 To bring in his C— (tho' we hope he can't do't)
 The *purport* means only, his kinsman to bring
 Thro' Scotland to England, and he make him—:
 But the *tenour* implies, and with very good reason,
 The unmaking another; and that's, you know,
 treason.

HARRY



H A R R Y and N A N.

An ELEGY, in the Manner of TIBULLUS.

I.

CAN Apollo resist, or a poet refuse,
When Harry and Nancy solicit the muse;
A statesman, who makes the whole nation his care,
And a nymph, who is almost as chaste as she's fair.

II.

Dear spousy had led such a damnable life,
He determin'd to keep any whore but his wife:
So Harry's affairs, like those of the state,
Have been pretty well handled and tickled of late.

III.

From fourteen to forty our provident Nan
Had devoted her life to the study of man,
And thought it a natural change of her station,
From riding St. George, to ride over a nation,

IV.

Secret service had wasted the national wealth,
But now —— 'tis the price of the minister's health:

An expence which the treasury well may afford;
She who serves him in bed, should be paid at the
board.

V.

So lucky was Harry, that nothing could mend
His choice of a mistress, but that of a friend;
A friend so obliging, and yet so sincere,
With pleasure in one eye, in t'other a tear.

VI.

My friend holds the candle—the lovers debate,
And among them, God knows how they settle the
state;

Was there ever a nation so govern'd before,
By a jockey and gambler,—a p—p and a wh—?

✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕+✕

A Sailor's Description of the Masquerade:

*As played before the King of Denmark to a crowded,
motley audience in the Hay-market.*

LITTLE Moll, faith, and I from Wap-
ping came up,

To see the fine shew and the folks;
But for fear of mistakes we thought best for to sup
For these courtiers have comical jokes.

When

When first we came in, I was 'maz'd to behold,
Night at once was all chang'd into day.
The folks seem'd to roll like a vast sea of gold,
And the gall'ry stuff'd full like a play.

Little Moll dropp'd a-stern, being afraid to make
fail,
'Till I at her helm took a spell;
When whip in a trice, she steer'd up within hail
Of the devil, just landed from hell.

Lord bless me, says she, Ben! where have we
got?

This company's too good for *we*!
Sure at home he was cold, and's come here to be
hot,
For such devils I never did see!

The devil! ne'er mind—heave a-head, my dear
girl,
And I'll shew you the KING of the crew;
Each duke, ev'ry duchess—each lady and earl,
And when I bump—do you court'sy *do*!

Like

Like a *tragedy queen*, when Moll saw the king,
Plump on her bare knees *she fell down* :
But, by Neptune, I soon made her rise with a
spring,
And swore she knew nought of the town.

We parted—and I, faith, who like to be smart,
Clapp'd on board of a shepherdess sweet,
Who, with no other hook than her eyes, hook'd
my heart,
As fast as if prest in the Fleet.

She pull'd me about (till parch'd was my mouth)
At the rate of ten knots by the log :
But I soon found this king was no tar — but a
youth
For he Burgundy gave us as grog.

This gay little shepherdess, faith, was so smart,
She tow'd me from pillar to post,
Some call'd me a lubber, unfit for my part,
And wreck'd on the masquerade coast.

Mandarins and nabobs were as plenty as *rice*,
Jews, Negroes, Banyans, and what not ;
There were characters purchas'd at every price,
Unless the raw, bra, letter'd *Scot*.

In

In this ocean of pleasure, egad, there were tars,
 Who ne'er pass'd the Buoy of the Nore ;
 There were soldiers, like Hymen, who knew not
 of wars,
 And *domino* fools by the score.

There were pilgrims and quakers, black, witches,
 and nuns,
 Minervas without sense or tongue,
 Who falter'd and lisp'd out some feminine puns :
 " Do you know me ? " — was all said or sung.

Grave conjurers too, who ne'er conjur'd before,
 And Harlequins heavy as dross ;
 Mild *Night* too, who long shone the sun of this
 shore,

But set in the fair Mrs. Rofs*.

Old wives were at once to dull gen'ral's turn'd ;
 And *Tancred* in sorrowful strain,
 Wept PHILIP'S wrongs — and then instantly
 burn'd,
 For Diana from lewd Drury-lane,

* Behold in character of *Night*,

All clad in dark array,

Fanny appears ! — the thought how right ! —

Fanny has had her *Day*.

There

There was supper they said—we got nothing to
eat;

Here a fort, there a town, here St. Paul :
But all cramm'd, as at *short allowance* of meat,
Gorging garrisons, gardens, and all.

By strange kitchen alchymy every dish
Seem'd transmuted for Epicure Mammon :
There was fishified flesh, and fleshified fish ;
A calf's head seem'd a fine jole of salmon.

When I thought I took one thing another I got ;
The French cook so well knew his trade,
That ev'ry thing look'd like what it was not,
And the dishes were all MASQUERADE.

There were none lost their wit, there were some
lost some sweat,

In short 'twas all Hebrew to me ;
So my anchor I trip'd, with my kind little Bet
And paid Moll *with a top-sail* at sea.

PARODY



PARODY on CATO, A& II. Scene II.

*On Occasion of the Middlesex Election in December,
1768, when the Candidates were John Glynn,
Esq; (who was elected) and Sir W. B. Proctor.*

Enter MURPHY.

WILLIAM sends health to *John*.

John.

Could he send it
To my poor slaughter'd friends, it would be
welcome.

Are not your orders to insult the people ?

Murphy.

My business is with you, Sir : *William* sees
The straits to which he's driven ; but as he knows
Hibernian strength, is anxious for your life.

John.

My life is grafted on the public weal :
Wou'd he save *me*, Sir, bid him spare the *county* :

Tell

Tell your employer this, and tell him, *John*
Disdains a life which *he* has power to offer.

Murphy.

All Britain's ministers combine for *William* ;
Her much-lov'd patriot's to a prison doom'd,
Who late at *Brentford* robb'd him of his triumph .
Why will not *John*, then, be this *William*'s friend ?

John.

Those very reasons thou hast urged, forbid it.

Murphy.

My orders, Sir, are to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend :
Think on the bludgeons hov'ring o'er your head,
And threat'ning every hour to fall upon it :—
Still may you stand high in the county's favour,
Which will rejoice and cast it's eyes on you,
Against the next election.

John.

Murphy, no more :

My soul disdains so base a compromise.

Murphy.

William is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:

Let

Let him but have the honour of your friendship,
And name your terms.

John.

Bid him disband his gangs, then
Restore the county to it's liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a *British* S—e—
Bid him do this, and know me for his friend.

Murphy.

The county, Sir, talks loudly of your wisdom—

John.

Nay more ;—tho' I wou'd never be employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes ;
Myself will mount the hustings in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Murphy.

A stile like this becomes a candidate,
Who knows——

John.

——A stile like this becomes a *Briton*.

Murphy.

What is a *Briton*, that is *William's* foe ?

John.

John.

Greater than *William* ;—he's a friend to virtue.

Murphy.

Consider, Sir, that you're at *Brentford* now,
At the snug table of your little priest :
You don't now thunder down at *Westminster*,
With ev'ry patriot mouth to second you,

John.

Let him consider that who drove us hither ;
His mob it was that made my friends disperse,
And clear'd the hustings.—Alas ! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which stars and titles only throw upon him :
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him
black

With twice ten thousand complicated crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes ;
But by the gods I swear, all *England's* honours
Should never bribe me to be like that *William*.

Murphy.

Do you then send this answer back to *William*,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friend-
ship ?

John.

John.

His cares for me are insolent and vain :
 Presumptuous man ! the public are my friends,
 Wou'd *William* shew the greatness of his soul,
 Bid him protect the widow and the orphan,
 Made wretched by the curfed rage of party ;
 And make good use of all his ruffian gangs,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself :
 So shall the poll henceforward smoothly run,
 And honour end what murder has begun.

SCENE III.

FREEHOLDERS.

O *John* ! we thank thee.

The mighty genius of old *Albion*'s isle
 Speaks in thy voice,---thy soul breathes liberty.
 The *Thane* will shrink to hear the words thou
 utter'st,
 And purge *Bareges*' waters, drank in vain.

M.

L1

The

The MIDDLESEX ELECTION.

A BALLAD on the same Occasion.

To the Tune of "Chevy Chace."

GOD prosper long our noble king,
And eke his subjects too ;
And grant such deeds as now I sing
We never more may rue.

In seventeen hundred sixty-eight,
All on a summers' day,
Grim death did on our member wait,
And took him clean away.

O then a writ was issued *out*,
To chuse a member *in*,
And soon began a mighty rout,
For *Proctor* and for *Glynn*.

When as the day advanced nigh,
Each party did its best ;
And *Horne* (who scornes to tell a lye)
Turn'd P——r's cause to jest.

Some worthy wights, the Lord knows who,
 Of *Irish* strength assur'd
 Provided many a gallant crew,
 True men, I'll pawn my word.

Such crowds to Brentford town did hie,
 As fill'd the place outright;
 While thousands knew not where to lie,
 And so—sat up all night.

At length the fatal morning came,
 O had it ne'er arriv'd !
 For many a wight crawl'd home quite lame,
 Full glad that he surviv'd !

Soon as the rising sun had clear'd
 The gloomy shades of night,
 All on the hustings they appear'd—
 O 'twas a glorious fight !

With ribbon and with star bespread,
 (Given by the good old king)
 Sir W——m hung his languid head,
 And look'd—*like any thing.*

The ferjeant held his head upright,
 For conscious still was he,
 That those who do the thing that's right,
 Have real cause for glee.

Mr. O'M——y too was there,
 High counsellor at law—
 His bus'ness was to strut and stare,
 And *find* or *make* a flaw

Count Gambler look'd as who should say,
 “ I'll bet ye six to one
 “ That Beauchamp Proctor gets the day,”
 —“ I take *it*, damme,” —“ Done.”

Whilst bustling still from place to place,
 Old *Brentford's* priest was seen,
 Who for this meal said many a grace,
 And fervent pray'r, I ween,

And still to heighten all they could
 This mighty gallant show,
 Close by the hustings numbers stood,
 Like—*Soldiers all a-row.*

The

The clock told two, up flew the hat,

(A signal for each wounder)

And soon the freeholders lay *flat*

As ever lay a flounder.

Then eyes and skulls, and arms and legs,

Were darken'd, fractur'd, broke ;

And those who could not keep their pegs,

Fell down—to mend the joke.

And many a ribbon flew about,

For *Favours* then were common,

And hundreds of the rabble rout

Were dizen'd out like yeomen.

What they did more, let other bards

In other guise declare ;

For, truth to say, they play'd their cards,

To make all England stare.

Now God preserve our noble king,

And grant henceforth, for aye,

Nofuture poet e'er may sing

The deeds of such a day !



*The three following Pieces are said to be written
by Mr. W——s.*

The TEMPLE of the MUSES.

To the Countess TEMPLE.

THE muses and graces to Phoebus com-
plain'd :

“ That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd,

“ That their empire of wit was now at an end,

“ And on beauty alone the sex must depend ;

“ To the men he had giv'n all his fancy and fire ;

“ Art of healing to Armstrong, as well as his
“ lyre.”

When Apollo reply'd ; “ To make you amends,

“ In one fair you shall see wit and virtue good
“ friends ;

“ The Grecian's high spirit and sweetness I'll join

“ With true Roman virtue, to make it divine ;

“ Your pride and my boast, thus form'd would
“ you know,

“ You must visit the earthly elyzium of Stow.”

To Miss W—— on her Birth-Day, August

16, 1767.

Wrote in France,

A GAIN I tune the vocal lay
 On dear Maria's natal day;
 This happy day I'll not deplore
 My exile from my native shore:
 No tear of mine to-day shall flow
 For injur'd England's cruel woe;
 For impious wounds to freedom given,
 The first most sacred gift of heaven.
 The muse with joy shall prune her wing,
 Maria's ripen'd graces sing,
 And at seventeen, with truth shall own,
 The bud of beauty's fairly blown;
 Softness and sweetest innocence
 Here shed a gentle influence;
 Fair modesty comes in their train
 To grace her sister virtue's reign;
 Then to give spirit, taste, and ease,
 The sov'reign art, the art to please,
 Good humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
 To-morrow chearful as to-day,

The sun-shine of a maid serene,
 Where all is peace within, are seen.
 What can the grateful muse ask more ?
 The gods have lavish'd all their store,
 Maria shines their darling care,
 Still keep her heaven from every snare ;
 May still unspotted be her fame,
 May she remain thro' life the same,
 Unchang'd in all—except her name.



To Miss W—— on her Birth-Day, August

16, 1768. Wrote in Prison.

HOW shall the muse in prison sing !
 How prone her drooping ruff'd wing !
 Maria is the potent spell
 Ev'n in these walls all grief to quell,
 To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
 And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
 The tribute verse again to pay,
 On this auspicious festive day.
 When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
 And exil'd from my native land,

Maria.

Maria was my sure relief,
 Her presence banish'd every grief;
 Pleasure came smiling in her train,
 And chas'd the family of pain.
 Let lovers every charm admire,
 The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
 That from those modest-beaming eyes,
 The captive heart at once surprize;
 A father's is another part,
 I praise the virtues of the heart;
 And wit so elegant and free,
 Attemper'd sweet with modesty;
 Yet may kind heaven a lover send,
 Of sense, of honour, and a friend;
 Those virtues always to protect,
 Those beauties—never to neglect.



A Copy of V E R S E S.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of CARLISLE,
on his Schoolfellows at Eton.

IN youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
 Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future
 man;

This

"This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine !
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay !

Say, will Fitzwilliams ever want a heart
Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart ?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer ?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye ?
Who feeds the hungry ? who assists the lame ?
All, all, re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee,
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh ;
Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care ;
Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart, so free from every guile ;
Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,
And * or ** pious christians be.

How

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
 Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
 Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
 Both peers and commons listening your command;
 While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
 His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:
 What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was
 due,
 In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
 Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
 He who the search of fame with rapture moves,
 Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves;
 By nature form'd with modesty to please,
 And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
 Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
 What tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
 The ecchoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,
 Than god-like Homer's elevated song;
 Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong,
 Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
 A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness,

Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers
 Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers;
 Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow,
 Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
 Well natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine
 Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine:
 Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
 Studious the depth of Plato to explore?
 To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
 Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say?
 The god of mirth shall lift thee in his train,
 A cheerful vot'ry, and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
 When every look bespeaks the inward boy;
 Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
 And all the man appears in him confest;
 In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
 Sense and good-nature must attend him still.



To the Earl of CARLISLE,

On the preceding P O E M.

MY lord, your verses, penn'd with so much
 ease,

The fair, the young, and e'en the critics please;

Such

Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,
 We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.
 That some are peers by stars and strings we find;
 You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind;
 Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn;
 We truly may pronounce you, poet born:
 And if in youth your genius we may scan,
 How will it glow, and brighten in the man!
 True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed,
 Does all desert in sciences exceed:
 And if, my lord, from what you write, we guess,
 Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess:
 The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your
 due,
 The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh;
 Ophaly's honour, Stavordale's desert,
 Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart,



The GRAND CATHOLICON:

Being a genuine Family Receipt. Written in 1753.

TO form a minister, the ingredients
 Are, a head fruitful of expedients,

Each

Each suited to the present minute
 (No harm if nothing else be in it :)
 The mind, though much perplex'd and harrass'd,
 The count'nance must be unembarrass'd :
 High promises for all occasions :
 A set of treasons, plots, invasions :
 Bullies, to ward off each disaster :
 Much impudence to brave his master :
 The talents of a treaty-maker ;
 The sole disposal of th' Exchequer :
 Of right and wrong no real feeling ;
 Yet in the names of both much dealing.
 In short, this man must be a mixture
 Of broker, sycophant and trickster ;
 Who well can pack his cards, and tell 'em,
 And knows as much as Mr. Pelham.



On HEALTH.

By the late Lord HERVEY.

THOU' life's not worth a thought,
 Yet, whilst I live, could health be bought ;
 Whate'er brib'd senators receive,
 Or back again in taxes give ;

Whateyer

Whatever force or fraud obtains,
 What Prussia from Silesia gains,
 Or Hanover from England drains;
 Whate'er the Austrian wars have cost,
 Or Hung'ry's queen disburs'd or lost;
 What France has paid to shape her crown,
 Or we, like fools, to keep it on;
 All that the Indies have supply'd
 To beggar'd Spain, to feed the pride
 Of that Italian fury-dame,
 Who keeps all Europe in a flame,
 For her two brats, those princely things,
 Whom God made fools, and she'd make kings:
 In short, to sum up all, whate'er
 Or pride, or avarice, makes its care,
 Did I possess it, I'd resign,
 To make this richer treasure mine.



*Notes on Mr. Churchill's Fragment of a
 Dedication to the B—— of G——*

In the Manner of Mr. WILKES.

THERE is nothing in the poet's works
 more highly finished than this fragment.

A most happy vein of irony runs through the whole, and the grave Cervantes mask of humour never once falls off. Tho' we have only a part of what was intended, yet the episcopal hero shines so much in the different lights of pious prelate, a profound critic, an exemplary clergyman, and a meek divine, that we are at a loss which we ought the most to admire.

The benevolence of the bishop only remains unsung: I mean, his benevolence to man. As to the other due benevolence of which St. Paul speaks, it ought in strictness to be considered as a part of justice, or family duty to good Mrs. W———. I need not tell so great a scholar as her husband, that Horace calls it *uxorius amnis*. I will only add my wishes, in the words of this dedication, that, as the bishop and his wife are most uniformly join'd, it may continue *regularly flowing from that wholesome source* his———mind.

I ask no favour, not one note I crave,
 In the Candidate he says,
 Nor soul-gall'd *bishop* damn me with a note
 My

- - - - - My mortal journey done.

The last act of his life was an act of humanity and friendship. Mr. Wilkes under the despotick administration of the Thane's deputies had the honour of being an exile. Mr. Churchill came to France on a visit to a friend, and died of a miliary fever at Boulogne on the 4th of November, 1764. The goodness of his heart and the firmness of his philosophy were in full lustre during the whole time of a very severe illness, nor were the amazing faculties of his mind in the least impaired till a few moments before his death.

An inscription, in the close stile of the ancients, engraven on a sepulchral urn of alabaster, gives us his true character, as a friend, a poet, and a patriot.

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
 Amico jucundo,
 Poetæ acri,
 Civi optimè de patria merito,
 P
 Johannes Wilkes, 1765.
 M m

In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe.

The reverend emissary of lord H——, who, waited on the poet soon after the advertisement of Ayliffe's Ghost by C. Churchill, can best explain this passage. The untimely death of the author deprived us of all that elegy; but his lordship was convinced at last, that every man has NOT his price.

Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share.
The irony here is best explained by a passage in the duellist,

No husband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No father:——

——By mistaken kings
Titles are oft misplac'd.

The same spirit of discernment, and attention to reward all true merit, which advanced the immaculate —— to be secretary of state,
and

and the brave ——— to be steward of the household, gave Mr. ——— the peerage. An universal odium had long pursued his name. Many breaches of private faith had left him not the least share of confidence with any friend; and repeated violations of public trust had ruined him in the opinion of mankind, when it pleased — the — to sign a patent, commanding us alway to call him the right honourable lord ———.

Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush lie.

I never could form an adequate idea of what Virgil calls the *lætos oculis honores*, the *lumen purpureum*, till I was blessed with a sight of W—— W——, lord b—— of G——. His fine eye carries us even beyond what a Pagan poet could possibly conceive, for it beams forth all the meakness and forbearance, all the mildness and benevolence of that gospel which is engraven on his heart. The beauty and symmetry of features in his face are indeed admirable, but beauty and symmetry are by no means confined to his face. His

whole figure excells the most perfect Grecian forms, and in my opinion is a superior composition to the Belvidere Apollo. The harmony of the soul too seems exactly answerable to that of the body. Among all the arts of ancient Egypt, which the b—— so much admires, I most regret that the art of embalming in a manner to preserve every the minutest feature, is now totally lost. The W—— set of features might otherwise have convinced our children's children, that the most heavenly fire of the eye, and true dignity of aspect, may be tempered with grace and sweetness. Our posterity in that case would have exclaimed as we do now; *how meek, how gentle, how forbearing, was this primitive christian?*

Oh! what a grace is seated on that brow!

This loss is the more to be lamented, because the heir to his fortunes is unhappily not the heir to his graces. It is generally allowed, that the boy does not in the least resemble him, but seems to be of quite another mould, or *Potter's* earth.

After

After the b—— of G——, though
at a great distance, comes F— lord H——d,
most happy in that kind of look, which
steals the heart at first glance, though the
soul still sits at squat, and peeps not from
it's hole.

If I was forced to name a third human
face divine, after all beauty and harmony
have been nearly exhausted by the other two,
it should be that of Mr. M——. I do not
however insist upon this, because I know good
judges differ as to him; and Mr. Quin once,
pointing to M——, whispered a friend; *Sir,*
if that fellow is not a villain, God Almighty does not
write a legible hand.

Those sheep, which never heard their shepherd's
voice,
Which did not know, yet wou'd not learn the
way;
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I
shou'd stray;

Instead of the two last lines, these were in
the first MSS.

M m 3

Which

Which accents of rebuke could never bear,
Nor would have heeded Christ, had Christ been
there.

Much did I wish, tho' little cou'd I hope
A friend in him, who was the friend of Pope.

I shall give only one instance of the b——'s
friendship for Mr. Pope. The judicious public
applied to the duke Chandos the character of
Timon, in Pope's poetical epistle to the earl of
Burlington. Mr. Pope denied that he meant
any allusion to his grace, and publish'd a formal
justification of himself in a prose letter to the
same earl. He says, " a report, which, in re-
gard to that noble person, was impertinent ;
" in regard to me, villainous——his huma-
nity feels a concern for the injury done to me."
——Warburton's edition, vol. VIII. p. 194.
This injury is however done him after his
death, and this villainy is charged on him, by
his friend, the b——p. After these lines,

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imprown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep

Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

follows this note : “ Had the poet lived but
“ three years longer, he had seen this *prophecy*
“ fulfilled,” vol. III. p. 288. This can only
allude to the present state of Cannons, the duke
of Chandos’s seat near Edgware.

Are these a christian b——’s ideas of friend-
ship ? The total disregard of truth, which Pope
has shewn on this occasion, admits of no apo-
logy ; but it ill became a friend to prove to the
world, that the poet had solemnly asserted a
falshood. The four lines are, we are told, a
prophecy of the fate of Cannons ; and we re-
ceive this information from a man, who is ap-
pointed by the author himself, to explain and
illustrate his works. The character of *Timon*
is in every part that of the duke of Chandos,
except a trifling circumstance or two purposely
disguised. The veil Pope used was too thin and
flimsy. Even in his defence we see his guilt.
He says, “ I had no great cause to wonder,
“ that a character belonging to twenty should
“ be applied to one ; since, by that means,

“nineteen would escape the ridicule.” Is not this a plain confession, that the character was applicable to the duke, since it belonged to all the twenty? A man, who makes free with truth, will generally, sooner or later, be detected. The public at the very time despised the meanness of the poet, and will now equally condemn the baseness of such a friend. Pope however deserved only such a friend, as this W——, from his treachery and breach of faith to Lord Bolingbroke in regard to the Letters on the Idea of a Patriot King. His three most remarkable friends were Swift, Bolingbroke, and in the decline of life, the B—— of G——. W—— has taken much pains to prove that the two former, though men of genius, were very worthless characters, but has only inadvertently shewn that the last was the most worthless of the three, without being a man of genius.

The b—— has remarked, that the most sacred of all private ties are friendship and gratitude. The force of his friendship we have seen in respect to Mr. Pope. The strength of gratitude Mr. Pitt found in his bishop to equal what the Duke of Newcastle experienced in the

the

the greatest part of the bench, very apt, in their own phrase, to forget their maker.

Might like himself teach his adopted son.

'Gainst all the world to quote a W——.

The poet does not mean his adopted son, master W——, but the sense is, he might teach me as an adopted son, &c.

Mr. Edwards in the Canons of Criticism has given us several instances from the notes on Shakespeare, that the b—— has adhered to W—— against all the world. I shall add only one from the commentator on Pope.

E'en in a bishop I can spy desert ;

Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart.

The note is, " These words are *another* instance of the malignity of the public judgment. The poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied ; to be decent (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom
" and

“and virtue.” Pope, Warburton’s edition, vol. 4. p. 323. To be barely decent is however very penurious praise, and in this passage is almost an insult ; for it is remarkable, that Secker’s being only decent, is followed, or rather contrasted, with the high compliment to Rundle of having a heart. The true meaning is evident from another passage of this very author,

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Vol. 3. p. 205.

The poet must have enjoyed to a high degree his taste for ridicule with a pedant, who believed that he was complimenting when he was sneering. The b—— of Oxford did not at that time thank Pope for the praise of being barely decent ; and after all, decency is too often like gravity, a mere outward form to conceal some inward defects of the mind.

I may now ask whether those words, or, as the b—— ought to have said, the remarks on those words, are an instance of the malignity of the public judgment, or of the folly of one private judgment.

The

The other instance of the malignity of the public judgment, to which the b—— alludes, is the censure which he says has been passed on the following lines.

Let humble Allen, with an aukward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

I must confess that I never heard these lines censured. I have heard them commended. The public indeed passed a slight reproof on an alteration made by Pope in the first line, at Mr. Allen's desire. The b—— has not noticed it among the variations. In the old edition it stood, *Let low born Allen*, which agreed better with the *aukward shame*. The epithet humble, by no means suited the man, who could not disguise that quaker-pride, which is the most disgusting thing in the world, and ridiculously assumes the name of humility.

And Potter trembles even in his grave.

Thomas Potter Esq; of Ridgmont in Bedfordshire. He was son of a late archbishop of Canterbury, but far from being himself a bigot, He was even suspected to be well inclined towards

wards several mistaken men, who differ from the Church of England. It is however certain he never went so far as to join in communion with any of the sectaries. He had great abilities for parliament, and was no less amiable in private life. The liveliness of his wit sometimes indeed carried him too far, and even revealed reli- did not always escape his ridicule; but we ought to remember Martin Luther's apology for himself; *Consider I was bred a Monk*. It is to be presumed, that he kept at least a strict guard over his tongue when he was with good Mr. Allen, or with the b—— of G—— and his lady, at least in the latter period of his life. In the former, if we believe the poet, neither he nor the b—— were very exemplary. In the third book of the Duellist it is said that the b——

liv'd with sinners,
 Herded with infidels for dinners;
 With such an emphasis and grace
 Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace.

The b—— seems by this to have out-stripped the layman in the race of infidelity, if the picture is not rather overcharged.

This

This gentleman's many accomplishments and acquired talents, with a high admiration of their two characters, recommended him to the friendship of the postmaster of Bath, and his episcopal nephew. His fine natural parts introduced him to the intimacy of the niece, no incompetent judge. Yet this excellent lady could not help sometimes lamenting that Tom was vastly wild,

—— then calls her child,

And swears that *Tom* was vastly wild.

Duellist, Book III.

the rather mention this circumstance that posterity may not be misled. Some have imagined from this passage that the child was christened *Thomas*. It is a mistake; he was not named after the father, but after his uncle, Mr. Allen. We have church authority for this. The baptismal register informs us, that we ought to call the boy *Ralph, Ralph*.

With all the conscious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself, while all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.

This

This alludes to what passed in the — of — on the 15th of November 1763. The b — of — made a complaint against Mr. W — of a b — of p —, that the name of — had been put by him to a variety of notes in a wicked poem, called, An Essay on Woman. It is said that these notes were of an erudition so deep and so uncommon, that the learned — might have been suspected of being the author, but at the same time of so ludicrous a cast, it was highly improbable a grave divine could employ his time in that way. This matter is now fully cleared up, for the b — rising in his place, and with the utmost solemnity laying his hand on his heart, declared, that he did not write *any one* of those notes, and called *his* God to witness the truth of the assertion. He obtained in this instance full credit to what he affirmed. What a pity it is that to vindicate his reputation he did not at the same time deny the notes on Shakespeare and Pope?

The christian zeal of the b — did not end with his own vindication. It flamed forth with becoming fury against the poem itself, which he declared was worthy of the devil; then after a short pause added—*no, I beg the devil's pardon,*

pardon, for he his incapable of writing it. —He would not venture even there a little satire, but being as a well bred Frenchman, with a *pardonnez-moi* to temper it. He is fearful of offending, equally prudent and polite, and keeps a very good look-out into futurity. He remembers the caution of the wary Spaniard, who always said, my good lord the devil, that he might in all events be in favour *below*. A few years ago the b—— published a treatise upon Grace, or the office and Operations of the Holy Spirit. In the preface he says, *I have a master above, and I have one below*. Lord B—— has been his master above. Is the person whose pardon he begged his master below.

Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you,

——— Seriously, my
 Lord of G—— is to be pitied.

Pope, Warburton's edition, vol. 4. 197.

But you my Lord, renounced attorneyship.
 The commentator of Pope has been careful

to

to give us not only all the blots in the foul copy of the poet, but most of the variations in the printed editions. One however, which is remarkable, he has omitted. In the first book of the *Dunciad* we read according to the b——'s edition,

What can I now ? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the bible, once my better guide.

Vol. 5. p. 101.

But no notice is taken of the former editions published by Pope himself, in several of which we read ;

But what can I ? my Flaccus cast aside,
Take up the *attorney's* (once my better) *guide*,

with this note, " In allusion to his first profession of an attorney." The b—— could not bear to copy these words, which are spoken by Cibber, the hero of the *Dunciad*, who was no dunce. Did he fear they would rather lead the reader to one of the *low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile, band*, to a *reverend Flamen in his lightened dress*, formerly an attorney ?

Dunciad, b. 2. vol. 354.

The

The name and profession of attorney my lord did indeed renounce ; the wrangling and caviling, the subterfuges and mean arts of vile attornies (as Pope calls them vol. 3. p. 247) may be found in all his controversial writings. He can however at a pinch still do business for himself as an attorney, and in the idea of the world, Mr. Allen's Will does honour to the proficiency he made in his former trade.

Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Gloster, and my Lord.

It is always difficult to mount the first step of the ladder of preferment ; this simple title of *doctor* would not for above thirteen years take to the name of W——. In 1741 Pope says, I have received some chagrin at the delay of your degree at Oxon. vol. 9. p. 341. There was indeed no small delay from the university. At last in 1754 the degree of doctor in divinity was conferred on him by the archbishop of Canterbury.

The b——k of G——— paid the petticoat obligations which a princess had to Mr. and Mrs. Allen during her residence at Prior Park.



AN INSCRIPTION.

*Written in 1749, by the late Right Honourable
CHARLES TOWNSHEND, on Lady C—
wishing to be buried in his Shrubbery at Adder-
bury in Oxfordshire.*

*Within this monument doth lie
What's left of Cælia's gallantry.*

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, bestow
One sigh in tribute ere you go ;
But if thy breast did ever prove
The rapture of successful love,
Around her tomb the myrtle plant,
And berry'd shrubs, which ring-doves haunt ;
The spreading cypress, and below
Bid lumps of arbor vitæ grow ;
Th' uxorious plant that leans to find
Some female neighbour of its kind,
With beech to tell the plighted flame,
And favine to conceal the shame ;
That ev'ry tree and every flow'r
May join to form the am'rous bow'r ;

Wherein

Wherein at close of summer's heat,
 The lovers of the green shall meet,
 While Cælia's shade propitious hears
 Their sanguine vows, their jealous fears ;
 Well pleas'd to consecrate her grove
 To Venus and the rites of love.



*Earl Delawarr's Farewel to the Maids of Honor,
 on his being promoted to his late Father's Troop,
 and resigning the Place of Vice Chamberlain to
 the Queen.*

YE maids, who Britain's court bedeck,
 Miss Wrottesly, Beauclerk, Keck,
 Miss Meadows and Boscawen !
 A dismal tale I have to tell ;
 This is to bid you all farewell.
 Farewel ! for I am going.

I leave you, girls ; indeed 'tis true,
 Altho' to be esteem'd by you
 Has ever been my pride :
 'Tis often done at court, you know ;
 I leave my dearest friends, and go
 Over to t'other side.

No longer shall we laugh and chat
In th' outer room on this and that,

Until the queen shall call :

Our gracious king has call'd me now;
Nay holds a stick up too, I vow,
And so God blefs you all ;

They tell me that one word a day
From him is worth the whole you say,

Fair ladies, in a year :

A word from him I highly prize :

But who can leave your beauteous eyes

Without one tender tear ?

No longer shall I now be seen

Handing along our matchless queen,

So generous, good, and kind ;

While one by one each smiling lads,

First drops a courtsey as we pass,

Then trips along behind.

Adieu, my much-lov'd golden key !

No longer to be worn by me,

Adorn'd with ribband blue ;

Which late I heard look'd ill and pale---

I thought it but an idle tale,

But now believe 'twas true.

Farewel,

Farewel, my good Lord Harcourt, too!

What can, alas, your lordship do

Alone among the maids!

You soon must some assistance ask;

You'll have a very arduous task,

Unless you call for aid.

Great is the charge you have in care;

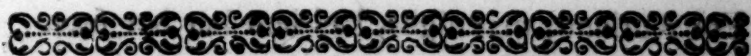
Indeed, my pretty maidens fair,

His situation's nice:

As chamberlain we shall expect

That he, sole guardian, shall protect

Six maids without a vice.



On the DUTCHESS of RUTLAND,

By the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

WHAT do scholars, and bards, and astro-
nomers wife,

Mean by stuffing our heads with nonsense and
lies,

By telling us Venus must always appear

In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star,

N n 3

Drawn

Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or
doves,

Attended in form by the graces and loves :

That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,

And her passport to hearts on a belt round her
waist ;

Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame ;

To supper last night to P——y's she came

In a good warm sedan ; no fine open car ;

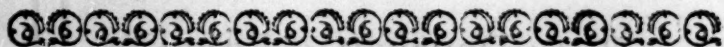
Two chairman her doves, and a flambeau her
star :

No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat ;

Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat :

Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace,

For Rutland, that night, had lent her her face.



On the Banishment of C I C E R O.

*Written by the Duke of Wharton, and first printed
when Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was
banished in 1724.*

I.

AS o'er the swelling ocean's tide
An exile Tully rode,

The

The bulwark of the Roman state,
 In act, in thought, a god;
 The sacred genius of majestic Rome
 Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom,

II.

Farewel! renown'd in arts, farewell!
 Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
 Of honours, and of friends depriv'd,
 In exile must thou go:
 Yet go content; thy look, thy will sedate,
 Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate,

III.

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
 Thy virtue thy offence,
 With God-like zeal thou didst espouse
 Thy country's just defence:
 No sordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
 No fears, nor guilty numbers could controul.

IV.

What tho' the noblest patriots stood
 Firm to thy sacred cause,
 What tho' thou could'st display the force
 Of rhet'rick and of laws;

No eloquence, no reason could repel
Th' united strength of Clodius and of hell.

V.

Thy mighty ruin to effect
What plots have been devis'd !
What arts ! what perjuries been us'd !
What laws and rites despis'd !
How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd !

VI.

And yet they act their dark deceit
Veil'd with a nice disguise,
And form a specious shew of right
From treachery and lies ;
With arbitrary power the people awe,
And coin unjust oppression into law.

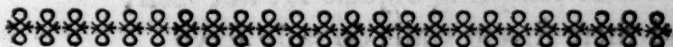
VII.

Let Clodius now in grandeur reign,
Let him exert his pow'r,
A short-liv'd monster in the land,
The monarch of an hour ;
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
And act against their senses at his nod.

VIII.

VIII.

Pierc'd by an untimely hand
 To earth shall he descend,
 Tho' now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
 Inglorious in his end.
 Blest be the man who does his pow'r defy,
 And dares or truly speak, or bravely die.



*Stanzas by Lord CAPEL. Written when he was
 a prisoner in the Tower, during Cromwell's
 usurpation.*

I.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
 Your incivilities do plainly shew,
 That innocence is tempest proof.
 Tho' furly Nereus frowns, my thoughts are calm:
 Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

II.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me;

Whilst

Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty;
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
 Make me no pris'ner, but an anchoret.

III.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve,
 Where tempting objects are not seen;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep rogues out, and keep me in.
 Malice is now grown charitable, sure;
 I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

IV.

And whilst I wish to be retir'd,
 Into this private room I'm turn'd;
 As if their wisdom had conspir'd
 The salamander should be burn'd.
 Or, like those sophists who would drown a fish,
 I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

V.

The Cynic hugs his poverty.
 The pelican her wilderness;

And

And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus.
Contentment feels no smart; stoics, we see,
Make torments easy by their apathy.

VI.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized margarite;
Or like some great mogul or pope,
I'm cloister'd up from public sight.
Retir'dness is a part of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

VII.

These manacles upon mine arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep mine ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

VIII.

Thus he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to make his purpose sure,

By

By a malicious friendly knife

Did only wound him to his cure.

Malice, we see, wants wit, for what is meant

Mischief, oft times proves favour by th' event.

IX.

Although I cannot see my king,

Neither in person, nor in coin ;

Yet contemplation is a thing

That renders what I have not mine.

My king from me no adamant can part,

Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

X.

Have you not heard the nightingale,

A pris'ner close kept in a cage,

How she doth chant her wonted tale

In that her narrow hermitage.

Ev'n that her melody doth plainly prove,

Her boughs are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

XI.

My soul is free as is th' ambient air,

Which doth my outward parts include ;

Whilst

Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
 To company my solitude.
 What tho' they do with chains my body bind,
 My king can only captivate my mind.

XII.

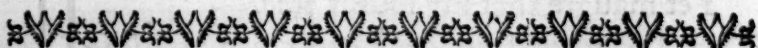
I am that bird which they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty ;
 And tho' my corpse they can confine,
 Yet maugre that my soul is free.
 Tho' I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

*In some copies of this poem the following stanza is
 inserted between the seventh and eight :*

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem ;
 And for to smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him.
 But now to suffer shews a legal part ;
 When kings want ease, subjects must learn to
 smart.

*But this stanza utterly destroys the uniformity
 of the poem, and is inconsistent with every other
 part*

part of it. The design of the whole is, to represent as benefits what had by his enemies been intended as punishments, and to shew, that "malice wants wit to effect its purpose:" but this stanza contains an acknowledgment, that malice has effected its purpose upon him; that he suffers; and that it is fit he should suffer. For this reason, and because it is not in all copies, it is omitted in this, either as composed by the author, and afterwards rejected, or as interpolated by some other.



V E R S E S

By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

GO soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant,
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must dye,
 And give them all the lye.

Go, tell the court it glowse
 And shines like painted wood;
 Go, tell the church it shoves
 What's good, does no good.

If

If court and church reple,
Give court and church the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Actinge, but oh ! their actions
Not lov'd unless they give !
Not strong, but by their factions.
If potentates reple,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell me not of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition;
Their practice only hate.
And if they do reple,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell those that brave it moſte,
They begge more by ſpendinge;
Who, in their greateſt coſte,
Seek nothing but commendinge.
And if they make reple,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but luſte;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell fleſh it is but duſte.

And

And with them not replye,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour how it alters ;
Tell beautye that it blasteth ;
Tell favour that she falters.

And as they do replye,
Give every one the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.

And if they do replye,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell physick of her boldness ;
Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law it is contention.

And if they yield replye,
Then give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay.

And

And if they do replye,
Then give them all the lye

Tell artes they have no foundnes,
But vary by esteeming; ;
Tell skollers lack profoundnes,
And stand too much on seeming.
If artes and skollers replye,
Give artes and skollers the lye.

Tell faith its fled the cittye ;
Tell how the country errethe ;
Tell manhood shakes of pytie ;
Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do replye,
Spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing.
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

A PARODY on the Foregoing.

Written in 1764.

GO, truth, unwelcome guest !
 Upon a thankless errant ;

Fear not to touch the best,

For truth is a safe warrant.

Go, since thou needs must die,

And give them all the lie.

Go tell the Tory faction,

Now in their noontide hour,

England won't bear an action

Of an arbitrary power.

If Tories should reply,

Give Tories all the lie.

Go, tell th'ennobl'd Thief,

While cares oppress him most,

He ne'er shall taste relief

From guilt—from Ayliffe's ghost.

And if the Thief reply,

Then give the Thief the lie.

Go

Go, tell the Scottish Thane,
 Rais'd high by r—— lust,
 That lust shall prove his bane,
 And lay him in the dust.
 And should the Thane reply,
 Then say, Proud Thane, you lie.

Go, tell immortal Pitt,
 Author of England's glory,
 He shall recorded sit
 Foremost in future story.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * *Cætera defunt.*

~~~~~

*On Good Humour.* Written at *Eton School*, 1729.

**T**ELL, me ye sons of Phœbus, what is this  
 Which all admire, but few, too few  
 possess ?

A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,  
 And prudes, who spy all faults except their  
 own,

Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,  
 Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.  
 Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,  
 What is the thing in which you most excell?  
 Hard is the question, for in all you please,  
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;  
 Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,  
 For non can envy him, whom all must love.  
 This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,  
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,  
 And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

LYTTELTON.



### A MAN in LOVE.

*L'Homme qui ne se trouve point & ne se trouvera  
 jamais.*

*By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

**T**HE man who feels the dear disease  
 Forgets himself, neglects to please:  
 The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves,  
 And much he thinks when much he loves;  
Pres'd



Prefs'd with alternate hope and fear,  
 Sighs at her absence, sighs when she is near.  
 The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,  
 Those trifles pass unseen along ;  
 To him a pert, insipid throng.  
 But most he shuns the vain coquet ;  
 Contemns her false affected wit :  
 The minstrels sound, the flowing bowl  
 Oppress and hurt the am'rous soul ;  
 'Tis solitude alone can please,  
 And give some intervals of ease :  
 He feeds the soft distemper there,  
 And fondly courts the distant fair ;  
 To balls the silent shade prefers,  
 And hates all other charms but hers,  
 When thus your absent swain can do,  
 Molly, you may believe him true.



JOHN, *the* ENGLISH Footman. *A Tale.*

**T**HE chiming bells from ev'ry steeple  
 Proclaim'd to well-disposed people,

That they must be repairing soon

To service of the afternoon :

That is —it now was almost three ;

My lord, still at his morning tea,

(For it was Sunday, and you know

What then good folks of fashion do)

My lady holds engag'd in chat,

In blaming this, reforming that :

“ Since, my dear lord, at your command,

“ I took the management in hand,

“ You know, 'twas always my endeavour,

“ Your house should be polite and clever.

“ How well your dignity it suits

“ To have discharg'd your English brutes !

“ I think, there now remains but one—

“ And he, because your tenant's son !

“ Must we be plagu'd with such a sot

“ In complaisance to farmer Trot ?”

My lord replies,—“ Trot pays his rent,

“ And can make votes to parliament :

“ And often sends us chines and turkies ;

“ And John, too, capable of work is.

—“ Send him to work then in your stable—

“ Oh ! such a wretch to wait at table !

“ Indeed, my dear, it gives me pain,

“ To see him shock the *Gens de bien*

“ With toes turn'd in, and awkward mien !

}  
“ So

- " So this I do insist upon,  
 " That he immediately be gone !"  
 " Since 'tis your pleasure, go he must—  
 " Yet to assign some cause—were just—  
 " At least what plausible may seem ——  
 " And that's consistent with my scheme.  
 " In the militia we will swear him ;  
 " I'll write to Fielding not to spare him :  
 " These purposes will answer double,  
 " First, in discharging you of trouble,  
 " And in procuring me the merit  
 " Of acting with a gen'rous spirit :  
 " My lord (they say) don't even spare,  
 " His own domestics from the war,  
 " How ardent for the public weal !  
 " Example rare of noble zeal!  
 " But, let us sound him first, to know  
 " Whether the rogue's inclin'd to go ;  
 " If you, my dear, approve the measure,"—  
 " Yes—call him up"—My lord, your pleasure.  
 " John, thou'rt a fellow tall and lusty,  
 " Of heart right sound, and courage trusty ;  
 " Can you yourself in humour bring  
 " To serve your country and your king,  
 " And strait some justice go before,  
 " In the militia to be swore ?"

Militia!—what is that, my lord?

I do not understand the word—

“Why, John, it means the French (ah, hang ’em!)”

“Soundly whene’er you meet to bang ’em”—

Is that the case?—with all my heart—

I’ll do my best to play my part—

John strait retires with awkward airs,

And meets the valet on the stairs,

Whom he accosts with one salute

Of rightly pois’d, elastic foot,

Which sent Monsieur a headlong falling,

And left him at the bottom sprawling.

My lord’s Friseur he next attacks

With frequent cuffs, and English thwacks;

And while he dress’d my lady’s tête

John curl’d his locks and comb’d his pate.

Then hurrying in the kitchen goes,

And bastes the cook, and tweaks his nose;

“Vat be de matter, villian, rogue,

“Me kill you, thou one English dog!”

Soho, quoth John, Monsieur Ragou,

Since you thus froth and sputter so,

I must apply my drudger too;

If that won’t do—you shall, unpity’d,

Be sent to Garrick to be spitted!

Janton



Janton he next attacks, and throws  
 Over her head at once her cloaths :  
 (And (sad disafter !) found—to shock one,  
 That poor Janton had no smock on !)  
 Who hurries strait to Ma'moiselle  
 Enrag'd her loud complaints to tell,  
 Who interfering in the rout ;  
 “ Fine vark indeed dis, Maitre Trotte !  
 “ I'll do your bus'ness strait,” she cries,  
 And up stairs to my lady flies,  
 And scarce, quite out of breath, could say,  
 “ *Eh! quelles barbares, quelles fots Anglois !*  
 “ Trot has been making such a riot !”  
 The scoundrel Trot ? lord, lady cry out—  
 Your Valet—Cook—and Friseur bang'd !  
 —Send him to Fielding to be hang'd !  
 “ And in the sight of the postillion  
 “ O'er Janton's head cast her *cotillon* ;  
 “ And *vat vas varse, à mon surprise,*  
 “ *Pauvre Janton* had no *Chemise*,”—  
 Go hang him without judge or jury,  
 Cries out my lady in a fury.  
 John summon'd now be fore 'em all,  
 With aching heart attends the call.  
 “ *Fripon, paltron*, vile English varlet,”  
 My lady screams, as red as scarlet ;

while

While the soft voice of Ma'moiselle  
 With poll and lap-dog join the yell.  
 Poor John, confus'd with wild dismay,  
 Trembling, and fault'ring, scarce could say,  
 Only—one word—my lord, I pray.  
 I'm sorry thus to have offended,  
 But I no harm at all intended.  
 Your lordship's orders, and my oath,  
 You know, my lord, oblige me both  
 To maul the French, to bang and beat 'em  
 In whatsoever place I meet 'em.

“ Hold. John---you quite mistake the matter,

“ But not on this side of the water ;

“ In Flanders beat 'em if you can ;

“ And there you'll shew yourself a man.

“ Or if they ever should be found

“ To land their force on British ground,

“ Why then you might exert your sallies

“ To drive 'em back again to Calais,

“ The French so ever *degagé*,

“ So airy, gay, polite, and free,

“ Tho' object of the vulgar spite,

“ By long prescription have a right

“ To the protection of the great,

“ Who live in affluence and state :

“ Whom

“ Whom our domestics, when we style ’em,  
 “ Our houses are their sure asylum ;  
 “ Their characters are sacred there ;  
 “ So that, if saucy scoundrels dare  
 “ T’ insult their persons, or to bait ’em,  
 “ ’Tis constru’d *Scandalum Magnatum* ;  
 “ Then breach of privilege ensues,  
 “ With fines, imprisonments and dues :  
 “ Nor, till unto our wills we bend ’em,  
 “ Can *habeas corpus*’s defend ’em.  
 “ Therefore for your pretumption, John,  
 “ Uncase this moment---and be gone !”



*The laughing* P H I L O S O P H E R.

**W**HEN I take an attentive survey of man-  
 kind,  
 From their follies and vices diversion I find ;  
 Their humours, caprices, their whims and odd  
 ways,  
 Sensations of mirth in me constantly raise.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry place is with curious, choice characters  
stor'd,

Which, from morning to night, entertainment  
afford.

In each lane, in each alley, court, square, row,  
or street,

Scenes truly Hogarthian I fail not to meet;

Scenes which would not in many a muscle pro-  
voke,

But I, from the dullest can strike out a joke.

In every man's motions I merriment trace,

And can laughter extract from the dismallest  
face.

When I see men and women industriously shun

Their own thoughts, and each ev'ning to card-  
tables run;

When dowagers, dress'd up like girls of fifteen,

In the front of a side box are mad to be seen;

When a blooming young creature to threescore  
is ty'd,

That to routs and to plays she in diamonds may  
ride;

When ladies, to show their no learning, talk  
Latin,

And tradesmen their scabbards adorn with white  
fattin;

When



When a poor tallow-chandler, deceas'd, lies in  
state,

Who alive, perhaps, had not five pounds worth  
of plate;

When fat-headed aldermen set up for wit,  
With laughter my sides are just ready to split:  
When a pert Temple beau the fine gentleman  
apes,

And prentices brag of their duels and rapes;  
When a young academic ascends, with an air,  
To the pulpit, and tries to attract all the fair,  
And oft, in the midst of his flow'ry discourse,  
Looks around to observe if his eyes have had  
force:

When travell'd young fops talk of nothing but  
France,

When old maids learn to sing, and grown gentlemen  
dance;

When pious Ned Shuter at Whitefield's appears,  
I laugh till my eyes are bedimmed with tears.

When women neglect their domestic affairs,  
And puzzle their heads with political cares;  
When with zeal patriotic they puddings despise,  
And chatter of taxes, and loans, and supplies;

When

When those who have nothing to lose f meand  
fret

At the lowness of stocks and the national debt,  
And rail at the court in a passionate style,  
I hollow so loud, you may hear me a mile.



*A Conversation between the two Heads upon Temple  
Bar : on Occasion of the Merchants Address,  
March, 1769.*

**S**AYS Townly to Fletcher, What causes this  
rout ?

Pray what are the people of London about ?  
Such noise I ne'er heard—'tis a shame and dis-  
grace——

No man can be easy or safe in his place.  
I'll tell you, says Fletcher, if rightly I guess,  
The merchants are met with their loyal address :  
My eyes are not clear, your may fairly suppose ;  
But it smells pretty strong—I can trust to my  
nose.——

Quoth

Quoth Townley, gude troth, tho' my eyes are  
but dim,

You are certainy right, for there's Eddy B—m ;  
And, as I'm alive, there's our favourite Charley,  
And afs-men, and mule-men, and W——s,  
and H—l—y,

“ What ! H—l—y, that liv'd in the city's grea  
“ houe,

“ Who made all the mob once as still as a mause?”

“ Yes H—l—y, the man—(good lord, how the  
folks hoot !)

“ The man that seiz'd petticoat, gibbet, and  
“ boot.”

“ But who's he before, on the woundy fine horse?

“ He's as stiff as his majesty at Charing-cross.”

“ Why he, sir, tho' stately and blust'ring in  
“ look,

“ Strip off his fine gear, and he's only a—Cook”

“ And who are those whom the mob treat  
“ uncivil ?

“ Why Dutchmen, and Scotchmen, and jews—  
“ and the devil.”

“ Jews, Dutchmen, and Scotchmen, present an  
“ address ?”

“ Yes'——The devil was right then—he cou'd  
do no less.

An

An address in these times !—it is much, very  
much——

An English address carried up by the Dutch ! —  
'Tis nat'ral for Scotchmen, I know, to rebel ;  
To be loyal—'tis strange ! ——but 'tis all. very  
well——

This incense of brimstone some noses may suit ;  
Tho' Britons dislike it, it likes my Lord B——e.  
The Macs have all steadily join'd in the work,  
All the Macs in the city, excepting Mac Quirk—  
But see how the mob there are breaking their  
pates——

'Tis time that we stop them, so shut up the gates;  
For if they go on with addresses and letters,  
We must shortly resign——and make room for  
our betters.

### TEMPLE - BAR.



*A DIALOGUE at St. James's Gate on the  
same Occasion ; between a Noble Lord and the  
Mob.*

*Lord.* **O** H ! Englishmen, Englishmen, can't  
you be quiet,  
For your wives and your childrens sake do not  
riot ;



The duty I owe to my k—— and to you,  
Makes me beg you'll disperse, lest the cause you  
should rue.

You've insulted the crown, and for these honest  
cits,

You've scar'd the poor gentlemen out of their wits.  
When they muster'd at 'Change they were decent  
and clean,

But are now so bedaub'd they're not fit to be seen;  
I am sent by the k—— to entreat you'll disperse;  
And hark ye, you fellow there, drive off that  
hearse.

If you don't go away all the guards will be sent,  
'Tis a desp'rate step, and I dread the event.

I suppose you're set on by some rascal or other,  
And have had money given you to make all this  
pothor.

*Mob.* The cause by your lordship is falsely  
ascrib'd,

For tho' we are poor, yet we scorn to be brib'd,  
Beside we declare, were we ever so willing,  
We don't know a man who would give us a shil-  
ling.

*Lord.* Now I vow and declare, tho' I hate all  
this strife,

Yet the people of England I love as my life.

I would down on my knees in the dirt and the  
mire,

If it would but induce you, my friends, to retire.

*Mob.* My lord, with submission, we must interpose,

'Twere a terrible pity to dirt these fine cloaths.

*Lord.* My cloaths I don't mind, and as for the dirt,

I value it not, 'tis the fashion at court.

I know you're all loyal, I wish I could serve you,  
From the danger that threatens, I fain would preserve you:

So I beg you'll disperse, and go home to your wives,

Nor foolishly stay at the risk of your lives:

If recourse must be had to the milit'ry power,

I dread the event of a single half-hour.

If such tumults as these were in France or in Spain,

Five hundred by this time had surely been slain;

But the k— loves you all with such ardent affection,

He would lay down his life for the people's protection.

*Mob.* Oh God bless the k—, he's the best of mankind,

We wish those about him were all of his mind,  
No

No guards would be wanting to keep us in awe,  
As we honour his name, and we reverence the  
law.

Let elections be free, and whoever we chuse,  
His seat in the house, you should never refuse.  
And if great men were honest the poor would be  
quiet,  
So yourselves you may thank for this bustle and  
riot.



*The* W I T C H : A F A B L E.

**A** Witch, that from her ebon chair  
Could hurl destruction thro' the air :  
Or, at her all commanding will,  
Make the tumultuous ocean still ;  
Once, by an incantation fell,  
(As the recording Druids tell)  
Pluck'd the round moon, whose radiant light  
Silver'd the sober noon of night,  
From the domain she held above,  
Down to a dark infernal grove.

Give

Give me, the goddess cry'd, a cause  
 Why you disturb my sacred laws?  
 Look at my train—yon wand'ring host!  
 See how the trembling stars are lost!  
 Through the celestial regions wide  
 Why do they range without a guide?  
 Chaos, from the confusion, may  
 Hope for his old detested sway.

I'm, says the Witch, severely cross'd,  
 Know that my favourite Squirrel's lost.  
 Search—for I'll have creation torn,  
 If he's not found before the morn,  
 Soon as the impious charge was given,  
 From the tremendous stores of heaven  
 Jove, with a bolt, revengeful!—red!  
 Struck the detested monster dead,

If there are slaves to pity blind,  
 With power enough to plague mankind,  
 That for their own nefarious ends,  
 Tread upon freedom and her friends,  
 Let them beware the Witch's fate!  
 When their presumption's at the height,

Jove



Jove will his angry powers assume,  
And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The REVIEW. Written in the Year 1719 ;  
and never before printed.*

I

SERENE the morn, the season fine,  
Great G—— advancing on the plain,  
To view his host, and concubine,  
The goodly blessings of his reign ;

C H O R U S.

The trumpets found  
The courfers bound,  
The field all blaz'd with arms ;  
The Trojans true,  
Their tacticks shew,  
And Helen shews her charms.

The

II.

The gods of war, and love, by turns,  
Preside upon his phiz ;  
One while you think for war he burns,  
Another while for Miss.

III.

You think, when he surveys his men,  
He'd waste the world for fame ;  
And that he'd people it again,  
When he surveys the dame.

IV.

But all is farce, and nothing more,  
This am'rous martial wight  
Age won't allow t'enjoy his whore,  
Nor courage let him fight.



F I N I S.

